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Contents

Editorials 2
Thanksgiving 2
Thanksgiving Day 3
Revisiting an Old Haunt 3
On Being a Senior 4
Atomic Power 4
Running for Office 5
Music on the Radio 5
Scenes I used to Enjoy 5
Dawn of a New Era 6
The Blind Can See 6
My Faults According to My Family 6
On Knitting 7
Peace Time Problems 7
On Doing One's Hair 8
The Freshman and a Blob of Paint 8
K. B. Notes 8
Cartoon 9
C. H. L. S. Spotlight 10, 11, 12
A Senior at Last 12
Book Review 12
Cartoon 13
Freshman Notes 14, 15
Literary Club 15
Cartoon 16
Sports 17
Outing Club 18
Christmas Seals 18
Music Notes 18
Cartoon 19
Alumni News 20, 21
Dramatic Club Notes 21
Girls' Sports 22
Junior Red Cross 22
G. A. A. Notes 22

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WE LIKE OUR SCHOOL BUT

WE really don't show our loyalty and interest in the activities of the school. We don't attend the football, hockey, and basketball games as often as we should, nor in as large crowds as we should. Obviously, "esprit de corps" is as scarce in our makeup as brilliant ideas when we are first confronted with a theme assignment. Even if we do not have a champion team, our claim to fame can be an awe-inspiring cheering section. Can't it?

We do not have a school song, although a great deal has been said about composing one. Couldn't someone with musical talent and imagination make an attempt at writing a piece which could be sung at assemblies in future years? The music need not be original, although it would be wonderful if someone could compose an entirely original song for our school.

We want our school periodical, the Review, to be a publication that will be read literally from cover to cover by all the student body. We hope to have a greater subscription this year than ever before. We hope to print in this magazine what the pupils of this school would like to read. We trust that most subscribers will find the Spotlight, sports section, movie and book reviews, cartoons, clubs news, essays, editorials, and other articles interesting, amusing, and worth the time spent in reading them.

What we can do to show our interest in our school has been suggested. There are two privileges which we would appreciate having. We would all like to have actual study halls. In most cases we could do the assignments for one or two subjects well if we did not have to attempt to study in a regular class.

Secondly, the seniors would like to wear their class rings all their senior year. Therefore, the rings would have to be bought at the end of the Junior year and given to the new "Seniors" at that time or at the beginning of their Senior year. Getting permission to do this could be a project for the Junior class president.

C. C.

COURTESY

ALTHOUGH derived from ancient practices, courtesy is just as important today as it was one thousand years ago in Europe. Modern society is and ought to be built upon the fundamental respect for the feelings of those with whom one comes in contact and deference where deference is needed.

We ought to practice this essential to civilized being in our daily lives, and become so accustomed to it that we would be shamed to be found discourteous or lax. Here in school we all attempt to practice courtesy in the treatment of our fellow classmates and our teachers. In the same manner we ought to consider our behaviour elsewhere just as important and follow the same reasoning.

Consider the origin of courtesy—People from time immemorial have attempted to practice this simple code. For centuries the Romans, the Normans, the Saxons, the Egyptians, the Chinese, and even the Turks and Saracens have treated each other and even their enemies with consideration for certain basic principles. This timelessness of courtesy shows that it is no passing whim but an idea which has been respected for centuries and which will probably be respected for centuries to come.

Since courtesy has been present in men and women for so many generations, we must assume that it is an inborn quality which we possess. This inborn quality can be easily unearthed if we would only lend it a helping hand. Consider the returns made upon that slight effort. If we resolve to act in a manner befitting our better natures, we shall gain the respect and kind regard of our fellows as well as a profound peace of mind for ourselves.

S. D. H.

THANKSGIVING

THIS year, Thanksgiving will mean more to me than turkey, cranberry sauce, squash pie, and other delicacies; it will really mean something. The war is over, and once more, people of every race, color, denomination, and creed, can hope to live free from want and fear.

On V-J day, thousands of people surged to offer up their prayers of thanks to God. The eyes of even the sternest man misted over as he realized that at last the long strife was finished. All the celebrations held could never possibly fully express the joy of the nation; instead, prayer was offered up silently to God by relatives, friends, and loved ones of men and women overseas.

This year also, the countries of Europe which may never have had a Thanksgiving Day, are experiencing once more the wonderful realization that there will be some food for everyone, some clothing, and no more fear of bombings, or sudden disappearances. These people feel Thanksgiving in their hearts everyday; no one waits now to express his thanks on only one day, but prayers are forever being offered up to the Almighty.

The guns all over the world are silent now, and all over the world, people's hearts are once more filled with gladness. Chinese, French, Russian, Dutch, English, American men, women, and children once more feel that they can really live.

Citizens of liberated countries may this year feast on food which to us would not be edible; they may still be hungry after their feast, but nevertheless they will be eating free from the yoke of a tyrant. Although the food is meager, it is given by the good-will of helping nations who wish to see these people returned once more to pre-war living.

As our Thanksgiving Day draws closer and closer, the full realization of our deliverance from fear, want, worry, and hunger has suddenly struck me. Now I fully understand just how much V-J day means to each and everyone of us. It may mean only a little relief for some, a new life for others but everyone, everywhere feels the same Thanksgiving in his heart, as was felt by the Pilgrim Fathers so long ago when after a winter and summer of hunger and fear, a plentiful harvest gave promise of a happy year ahead and thanks were offered up to God for their deliverance.

ELEANOR WADDEN '46

THANKSGIVING DAY

THE words "Thanksgiving day" are in themselves quite unpretentious, meaning simply a day on which thanks are given. However to those of you who are intrepid wanderers in the wondrous realms of the imagination, they are a veritable open Sesame to a cubicle in your mind wherein is stacked an assortment of pictures, which if actually on canvas would be collector's items.

On top of the pile, so realistic that one can almost hear the scuffling footsteps in the leaves and thrill to the majestic swelling of the organ's music, is a scene of the congregation leaving a small church after the Thanksgiving service. In the background the minister, warmed by the ardor of his sermon, stands in the open doorway, unmindful of the cold and gazes thoughtfully after his departing parishioners. They, exhilarated by the tingling November air and full of religious contentment, think of the traditional Thanksgiving dinner about to be eaten. A few of the women seem a trifle anxious; perhaps the sermon was longer than expected and they are worrying about the tenderness of their birds.

The woman in the next picture must have prudently turned her oven quite low for there she stands, beaming with understandable pride, as her family looks appreciatively at her masterpiece of culinary perfection, a regal turkey seated on a throne of parsley and flanked by courtiers, both sweet and white. In place of the usual ermine mantle, a necklace of succulent cranberries, strung by the youngest member of the household, adorns his magnificent chest. The cranberry stringer, a dimpled young miss of about five, is describing her arduous task to her silver-haired grandmother. Since Thanksgiving is the time for family reunions, especially in New England, there are seated at the table members of the immediate family, relatives from out of town, and a few friends whose homes are too far away to permit their spending the day with their own families. There is the continual chatter of family news as Aunt Peg tells of her new granddaughter and Aunt Charlotte learns what Cousin Jane's wedding was like. All is merry and gay, and the table, with its tall candles and gleaming tablecloth, forms a festive setting for the feast.

After their meal, the younger generation of this group may visit the scene of the third picture. The Thanksgiving day football game is a scene of happy throngs of people, rooting for their teams. Hot dogs smothered in mustard and piccalilli vie with popcorn and peanuts for predominance. Colorful banners float from the grandstands in contrast to the emerald green of the field. Everywhere the joyfulness of the season is evident! The spirit of gayety and religious thankfulness has been beautifully caught in all the portraits of this imaginary art exhibit, conjured up by the words, "Thanksgiving day."

LYDIA SPENCER, '46.

REVISITING AN OLD HAUNT

IT was the bright noon sun and the crisp October air, as I was coming out of church Sunday, that made me think of taking a hike. I hurried home to get into my walking shoes and to get "bundled up." It had been years since I had been to the pond. This was naturally where I was thinking of going. In years gone by, I spent a great deal of time there in the spring. At the height of the migration, I used to be there at six in the morning with my field glasses and my *Peterson's Bird Guide,* so that I could get some "birding" done before the heat of the day. I used to go back again in the early evening, when it was cool. I had been away from bird study for a long time, but the clear autumn air brought back all my old love for roaming.

As I searched the attic for my *Peterson's* and my field glasses, I wondered if the pond would be changed. I remembered it as it was in summer. At that time, the maples, elms and oaks were stretching themselves over the hill side; the goldfinches and warblers were fluttering in and out the bushes, and every other tree had a robin's nest in it. The golf course, which led down to the pond, was spread with a thick green carpet and the water was as blue as the sky.

Now, as I stood on the hill overlooking the pond, the whole country side was spread out be-

fore me. The pond lay in the middle of the scene like a mirror reflecting the bright lights and costumes at a masquerade. Along the edge of the water, a few baby oaks and some small bushes still had their deep green coloring. The maples, rising behind them in vivid reds, yellows and oranges, seemed to burn a path between the cool blue of the lake and the deep green of the hemlocks, pines and spruces that lined the hill. From where I was standing, the brilliant sun and all the color of the pond dazzled my eyes, so that I had to walk down to the pond to get a good look at it. Black and malard ducks were swimming around the edge, but as soon as I approached they flew off, and only swarms of herring gulls hovered over me. I walked along the edge of the pond and I thought of what a glorious day it was to be alive. I crossed over the golf course and climbed the hill to my favorite spot, the pine grove. I walked along crumpling the fallen needles under my feet and smelling the pine. I sat down on "my" old rock and the memory of all my friends came back to me. I heard the blue jay scolding, the song sparrow's shrill song, the chickadee's piercing note, and the starling trying to imitate them all. I sat there a long time, listening, and remembering.

When I came out of the grove for a last look at the pond, the whole scene had changed. The ducks had gone. Even the herring gulls were flying to a place for the night. The hill side, silhouetted in the faint yellow light from the fading sun, had become dark. I felt sad when I boarded the bus that took me back to the crowded city. It was the sadness one feels in saying goodbye again to an old haunt.

NOREEN BUCKLEY, '46

ON BEING A SENIOR

I have been a senior for one week, and strangely enough, I feel none of the excitement and elation which all normal seniors are supposed to enjoy. Perhaps this might lead to a debate concerning my normality, but that is irrelevant. The main point is, I still appear as I have during the past three years. My knees continue to shake when I enter a Latin class, my imagination persists in deserting me whenever I attempt a theme, and, instead of attempting a casual stride, I still rush madly for the lunch room at the end of fourth period.

However, being a senior very definitely has its good points. The average person in his final year is tempted to adopt a feeling of slight superiority toward the lower classmen. There is something singularly satisfying in stating "I am a Senior," in a slightly affected tone intended to influence the lowly sophomore. This duly impressed pupil usually gulps, nods a hasty farewell, and heads towards the nearest swinging door, followed by a slightly bored look with just the right amount of contempt in the upper classman's half smile. Then, immediately following the sophomore's departure, the senior whips out his trot and continues translating Virgil.

Of course, everyone is not easily impressed as the gullible sophomore. Evidently the teachers in Cambridge Latin have had experience with seniors even before the class of "46" entered these portals. They continually demand excuses for unfinished homework just as teachers in former years have done.

Also, many experienced instructors have an annoying habit of suspecting perfectly legitimate absence excuses.

But being a senior isn't all unfinished homework and affected poses. It is responsibility, hard work, and an ultimate reward which is overshadowed only by the prospect of being an insignificant freshman the following year.

BARBARA KARBAUM '46

ATOMIC POWER

ALTHOUGH most Americans do not realize it, the greatest discovery ever wrought by human minds has recently made its startling debut in an unfortunate and world shaking manner. When the atomic bomb was dropped on Japan, the entire trend of man's inventive genius began a new era; here was unlimited power never before realized by any living thing.

But what is to result from this incredible power—will it be used as it has been, for utter destruction and chaos? Or will it be an implement for serving mankind in the eager pursuit of a happy and more substantial basis of living? Imagine the possibilities of harnessing such power for use in everyday life—transportation rates and time would be diminished to an almost unbelievable degree, practically every task now performed by electricity would be performed with much more efficiency and speed, and even the possibility of exploring outer space would be a possible aftermath of increased speed in transportation.

The world of atoms is a new and unexplored region of the broad land of science; its usefulness depends on what the world makes of it—the tool of contented nations or the grim, devastating weapon of a belligerent world.

DAVID WALSH '47

RUNNING FOR OFFICE

ALTHOUGH I have never run for a class office, I can fully sympathize with anyone who undergoes this trying experience. Most of these students have gone through a series of debates with themselves about whether or not they have any chance of winning or at least making a good showing on election day. However, the student having once decided to enter the political life in a small way, and having informed all his classmates of his intention, there is no turning back.

The nomination papers must be taken out, and he must take pains to be pleasant to everybody, even the people whose acquaintance he formerly considered too unimportant to cultivate. The candidate swoops down, pencil in hand, gives his classmate a brisk pat on the back and shoves the pencil into his unwilling hand, hovering over him all the while to make sure he signs the fatal document. The only consolation the victim has in these circumstances is the knowledge that on election day he can vote for whomever he wants.

When that important day finally arrives, a worried look can be observed in the face of the average candidate, when he is not busy being jovial to everybody, that is, everybody who is eligible to vote; he may even stand in the corridor and give pep talks to all passersby. Finally there comes a time of anxious waiting while the votes are counted, and last of all, a feeling of keen disappointment if he has lost or of happy triumph if he has been victorious.

HELEN SCANNELL '46

MUSIC ON THE RADIO

THE radio offers a variety of music. Indeed, the variety is so great that the kinds at the extreme ends can be called music only by a very free use of that word. The soft, soothing, romantic ballades sung by groaners (groaners or moaners?) are very effective as sedatives, a spirited march rouses patriotism, a lively tarantella brings humor, and a tender serenade captures the heart more readily than candy and flowers. The ultra-modern music of Igor Stravinsky reminds me of the clatter mother makes in washing the dishes, whereas the delightful tunes of Mozart bring me back to the elegant drawing rooms of the Eighteenth Century. The Boston Symphony Orchestra performing some of Beethoven's stately music is a long way from Xavier Cugat's band playing a "hot" South American tune. Nelson Eddy's glorious baritone is hardly similar to Lily Pons's shrill soprano. Yes, the radio certainly offers a variety of music.

LENSEY CHAO, '46

SCENES I USED TO ENJOY

YEARS ago, I lived in a little valley formed among the Alps by the Rhone and Lac Leman, which is known as Lake Geneva. The countryside was beautiful in an ageless way. Remembering it makes me think of Belloc's "A Pleasant Place."

Vineyard-covered hills which rose from the lake, fields of wheat which grew near the water, all lined the road which I used to follow on my walks in the summer. The wheat was wonderful when it stood in the fields before the harvesting; tall and golden, it seemed to symbolize the richness of the land. There was one spot which I frequented on the Genevese side of the lake among the poplars, grasses, and fruit trees. From there I would look across the lake to Geneva, the old university city which had been attacked by the Savoyards so many centuries ago. Behind Geneva were the Saleve and Carouge, and behind them were the Alps.

On the other side of the city was the land which separated Geneva from France. Jean, my friend, and I loved to go fishing in the stream which flowed between the two nations. It was a shaded stream filled with fish and bordered by grassy meadows. Old gnarled oaks, poplars and hazel bushes sometimes shut off the view of the Saleve, which rose only a few miles off. Where the Saleve, a long, high, tree-covered mountain came to an abrupt end, rose a hill, the petit Saleve. In the spring we would hunt for cowslips, violets and primroses which grew near the hedges; then we would wade and fish in the stream. It seems strange to me now that once I used to wander freely from Switzerland into France and back without interference from the friendly "Douaniers."

In the summers I had another favorite rendezvous. It was the path of the thirteen crosses at the top of a rocky mountain. There had been placed an avenue of carved crosses which lead to the heights and a lovely blue Madonna. There I sat and wondered about the land which stretched out before me. The Mole, Mt. Blanc and other imposing peaks lay in the blue distance, while nearer were little mountain villages, streams and desolate pasture lands. Nowhere was to be seen a large town!

Those years have passed, and with them have gone those views and scenes of familiar landscapes. Of so great charm were they that when I think of them, "The Pleasant Place" seems to change from a dream to reality.

SYLVIA DUNCAN HALL, '46

DAWN OF A NEW ERA

THOUGH smaller than the point of a common pin, the mighty atom, source of the sun's energy, has altered the course of humanity, perhaps forever.

When scientists performed the final successful experiment in the wilds of New Mexico, they gave to mankind infinite power, which he could utilize either toward a life of ease and pleasure, or toward the destruction of civilization. The bombing of Hiroshima startled the world because one explosive charge, weighing only fifteen pounds, wrought so much carnage in a modern city. It had a crushing effect on the Japanese people, for eight days later, the long Pacific conflict ended, and the Nipponese race tasted the bitter dregs of defeat for the first time.

Immediately, a spirited controversy arose, as people conjectured about the future of the atomic bomb. A share-and-share-alike clique proposed that Russia and other United Nations be included in the plans. Others favor a strict policy of isolation. However, it seems to me that our allies should be allowed plans of the bomb, in order to insure international accord; for, sooner or later, they will develop one, and the enmity caused by our failure to reveal its contents will provoke disorder.

As to the future of atomic energy; first, the industry of the world will be revolutionized, drastically. Also the field of medicine will be conquered by leaps and bounds. Radio-activity prevolent in the atom is said to be capable of checking cancer and leukemia, cures for which scientists are still far from attaining.

The atom exerts a terrific heat, which is 6,000,000 times that of coal; thus, the aid to steel industries can easily be seen. Typical of the treats in store for John Q. Public is the startling revelation made by a scientist that a mere handful of snow, properly treated, will heat an apartment house for a year.

War, as prosecuted in the one just ended, may now be obselete. No longer may navies be a striking force; no longer may armies use the blitzkreig; perhaps only the air arm will remain as a potent force.

With the development of the bomb, our ocean boundaries no longer exist, except, perhaps, in the imagination. We are no longer immune from the blows of any enemy.

Division of the atom leaves mankind in a precarious position. We have learned that freedom is a precious commodity, fought for nearly every twenty-five years. Let us hope that we will profit by the atom, and not suffer the fate of Hiroshima. WILLIAM CRAIG, '47

THE BLIND CAN SEE

IT was past five o'clock at Longfellow House and the weary guide was about to close the door upon her last group of sightseers when she saw the three visitors coming up the path, two women and a man. One of the women, spokesman for the group, explained that she could see a little; the others were quite blind. They had come all the way from Georgia to visit the home of their beloved poet, Longfellow. The guide could not find it in her heart to turn them away and so began another tour of the great man's study.

The study was as Longfellow had left it sixty-three years ago. The privileged three took turns sitting in the chair made of the famous chestnut tree. The attendant, her weariness forgotten, broke all the rules and allowed them to handle the precious corncob pipe, the bag of Bull Durham tobacco, and even let them run their fingers up and down the yellowed keys of the Steinway grand. "He loved music," she informed them, "and would have been as great a pianist as a poet had he so desired."

"Ah," responded the blind, woman, "now we know why there is so much music in his poems; why 'Hiawatha' and his 'Evangeline' will go singing down the centuries."

They were told of John Vassil, colonist, who had built the house for himself; the finest house in Cambridge. The Continental Army, however, took the property for headquarters and Vassil fled, taking with him all his possessions except a large library table, which had probably been too large to be removed in a hurry. From this table, General Washington, assisted by his aide, Craigie, issued orders to his army. When the Continental Army dispersed, Craigie was left behind. He and his bride immediately set up housekeeping in this lovely place. Hence, the name, "Craigie House."

And so at last the attendant and her thrilled guests returned to their starting place, the front hall. The old clock was striking seven. A warm glow enveloped them all. "Grave Alice, laughing Allegra and Edith with golden hair" could have been pattering down those very stairs.

RUTH LEVY '46

MY FAULTS ACCORDING TO MY FAMILY

MY family aren't likely to keep opinions to themselves; they're very free with criticism; therefore, they do not hesitate to tell me what I do that displeases them.

To begin with, the fault that displeases them most is the fact that I talk to them while they're using the telephone. I myself know that this interference isn't polite, but always I have something vitally important to say at that time. Usually

on my way out, I want either to leave word where I am going or to get last minute instructions. This fault, I believe, is my worst offense.

One of my good points, I am proud to say, is that I am fairly tidy. Nevertheless, this pride is dampened by the fact that whenever I play the victrola records, I never put them back as they were found. The reason is that I'm always interrupted while playing them. Usually my favorite Frank Sinatra record is left on the stool, while a couple of Bing's records remain on the couch.

Moreover, my family doesn't exactly approve of my system of ironing. They tell me that if I were smart, I would set aside some time to do my weekly ironing. Yet I do just the opposite; I put up the ironing board for the least little thing. If I want to wear a white long-sleeved blouse to school the following day, I must iron it the night before.

In conclusion, I have one fault that irritates my mother in particular. No matter how much perfume I have of my own, I always borrow my mother's. Recently, though, I recognized my mother's perfume as the bottle I received from Cousin Mary last Christmas. Could it be that my mother is trying, in her subtle way, to cure me of my fault?

Although I have not revealed all of my faults, I have disclosed some to which my family object. Eventually, by repetition of their disapproval, I hope to correct these faults. Until then, however, I'm afraid my family will be compelled to bear with me.

DOROTHY DOOLEY '46

ON KNITTING

I should prefer to write about dancing, but, after struggling in words with that subject, I have decided to leave dancing to the intelligentsia. Knitting is better suited to my mentality. As far as I am concerned, in knitting there are only two steps, knit and purl.

To be a good knitter, one needs to possess only three things: First, an imperviousness to the derisive remarks which friends humorously make, such as "What's that?" or "What do you plan to do with that?" Secondly, one must promise herself to finish what she starts. Floating somewhere in the circle of my friends is a white sweater which I passed on three years ago to a friend who handed it on to some one else to finish. Last, but indispensable, are the yarn, knitting needles, and pattern book. The last item is not necessary until the knitter begins her first important project.

For beginners I recommend squares. Knit squares until proficiency is attained; urge oneself on with the hope that some day there may be enough for an afghan, one which will at least cover the knees.

From here, the novice proceeds to a scarf which, after all, is just a prolonged square. Then, if she feels venturesome, a pair of mittens is just the thing to knit, not ordinary mittens, for at this step her ego becomes a trifle inflated, but ones with a design, preferably a skier. If the knitter, some day, is going to graduate into the class of experts, she pursues her work with enthusiasm, impatiently watching the pattern grow.

As her first mitten progresses, a struggle rises between the knitter and the pattern and her friend, who has already knitted four pairs of mittens and a luscious pearl-grey sweater, feats which make her an expert. The latter gives the novice one set of instructions, but the beginner follows another, probably of her own invention. For a while, she will rip out more stitches than she knits. Mathematicians may think that this is impossible, but I have discovered otherwise. Finally the beginner becomes adept enough to knit a whole row without making a mistake.

Complacently, she finishes her first mitten and starts on the other, dreaming of socks, sweaters, yes, even jumpers to be knitted in the future. But, in all probability, she will spend the rest of her life admiring this one wonderful pair of mittens.

LUCIA TOSCANO '46

PEACETIME PROBLEMS

THE end of the war brings many problems to be solved. The most pressing problem is that of providing jobs, respectable jobs, for those who have been fighting for us, our veterans. The "G. I. Bill of Rights" has done much toward helping returning service men to continue in college or to start small businesses. The threat of a business depression in the near future strikes fear into the hearts of those who have lived during the depression which followed World War One. Although much has been, and will be done to prevent it, many believe a business depression is inevitable. We are also confronted with the dilemma of feeding and clothing the starving and ill-used peoples of Europe during the coming winter months. We must strive to teach the suppressed and misled Europeans the basic principles of democracy so that in time they will learn to govern themselves wisely. These are only a few of the numerous tasks which must be accomplished if we are to secure a good and lasting peace.

KATHERINE T. CONNOLLY '47

ON DOING ONE'S HAIR

BY the time they enter high school, most girls are sadly familiar with the tedious task of doing one's hair. However, the majority of boys fail to realize the frustration involved in hair-dressing. In relating the ghastly details of this ritual, I hope to arouse sympathy for the weaker long-suffering sex. The boys will sigh with relief because they look so handsome with short hair, or in the case of the majority, because short hair is the style for them. I cherish the hope that I shall gain fame, not notoriety for preparing the youths of America for one of the most disconsolate sights of life, a girl with her hair done up in pin-curls.

What does one do when one does her hair? I consider it most practical to collect first the apparatus and materials . A sink, a shower or spray, shampoo, towels, hot water, and a wash cloth to keep the burning drops of soap from my eyes are all I need for the first operation, shampooing. Over me lurks a helpful mother who decidedly believes in the theory that the scalp should be rubbed until it tingles. In fact, when Mother plants her hand on my head, I wonder if there is Iroquoian blood in her veins.

A little while later, when my hair has been rinsed thoroughly and has dried a bit, I attempt the precarious operation of putting my straggly mop up in pin-curls. Impatiently and resolutely, I grasp huge hunks of hair, practically tearing them out by the roots in combing them. I break a comb every time I wash my hair! Next, I put my finger against my head and twist the pieces of hair round and round the finger. When this operation is accomplished, I slide a bobby pin in place. I usually lack coordination and lose the curl before I get the bobby pin in! Nevertheless, the curls are finally in tightly, with the exception of a few independent corkscrews which insist on popping out. I can now offer great competition to any Medusalike side show artist touring the roads.

I could endure this torture if I knew that when the pins were taken out, my hair would be softly waved and would fall gracefully into the page-boy style. However, when I comb my earth-colored tresses I find to my utter disappointment that while one side of my hair is in the page-boy style, the other side turns up!

CATHERINE CURTISS '46

THE FRESHMEN AND A BLOB OF PAINT

I don't suppose anyone would feel particularly complimented if he were compared to a blob of paint, but of course, I don't mean that you are a worthless lump of color.

Have you ever watched an artist paint a picture? First, he must find a subject worthy of his attention, then, he sets out the materials he will need and last, he puts on canvas the picture as he sees it. Where does the blob of paint come in? I expected that question. If the artist painted the scene without harmonizing his colors or without bringing together all the different things to make a complete picture, what sort of painting would he have? It would be nothing but a hopeless blob of paint, something without imagination or life.

This is perhaps a round-about way of giving advice, but it helps to express my thoughts. I mentioned you Freshmen particularly in the caption, although it could refer to anyone, because you are just beginning to cross the bridge that may well bring you success or failure in future years.

Freshmen are often thought of as silly adolescents or as children, but actually this period is a turning point in your life. It is time for you to think of the future and to prepare accordingly. Like the artist with his picture, you must choose your vocation and way of life. Having done so, you must make ready for it. Take each subject as the painter would his colors and melt them together harmoniously never losing sight of your chosen goal.

Of course I don't mean that you should put your nose to the grind-stone and keep it there. I'm afraid you would soon tire of even the most interesting course. Wouldn't an artist get bored painting the same scene over and over? He needs variety and you need diversion. Join one or two of the school clubs. They offer fun, variety and sociability, all of which will bring life and imagination into your school years.

Be an artist in your fashion and plan now for the coming years so that when you get to the last lap you can turn back and see the picture perfected.

ALICE M. HARRIS '46

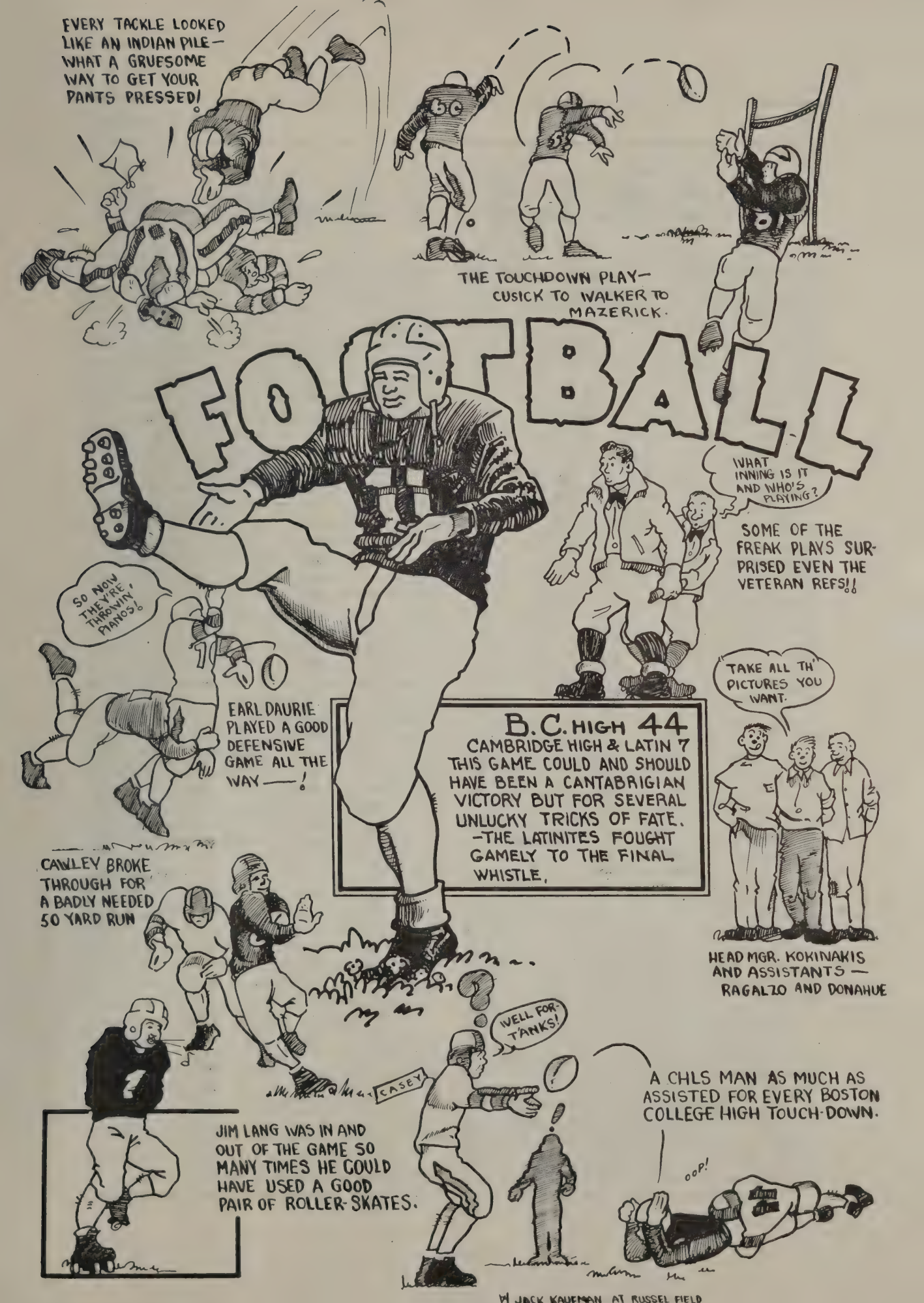
K. B. NOTES

THIS year, K. B. officially opened its twenty-fifth season at a wonderful dinner on the night of October 19, at the home of Basilla Neilan, president of the club.

Previously, several informal meetings were called in school, and among other things, the winter formal and the initiation of new members were discussed. A letter from the Cambridge Chapter of the American Red Cross was received thanking the club for the afghan knitted by the members last year.

We all hope that by the time this issue is published, at least twenty new girls will have been added to the club.

ELEANOR WADDEN '46, *Secretary*


EVERY TACKLE LOOKED LIKE AN INDIAN PILE— WHAT A GRUESOME WAY TO GET YOUR PANTS PRESSED!
THE TOUCHDOWN PLAY— CUSICK TO WALKER TO MAZERICK.
FOOTBALL
WHAT INNING IS IT AND WHO'S PLAYING?
SOME OF THE FREAK PLAYS SURPRISED EVEN THE VETERAN REFS!!
SO NOW THEY'RE THROWIN' PIANOS!
EARL DAURIE PLAYED A GOOD DEFENSIVE GAME ALL THE WAY——!
B.C. HIGH 44
CAMBRIDGE HIGH & LATIN 7
THIS GAME COULD AND SHOULD HAVE BEEN A CANTABRIGIAN VICTORY BUT FOR SEVERAL UNLUCKY TRICKS OF FATE. —THE LATINITES FOUGHT GAMELY TO THE FINAL WHISTLE.
TAKE ALL TH' PICTURES YOU WANT.
HEAD MGR. KOKINAKIS AND ASSISTANTS — RAGALZO AND DONAHUE
CAWLEY BROKE THROUGH FOR A BADLY NEEDED 50 YARD RUN
WELL FOR T'ANKS!
CASEY
JIM LANG WAS IN AND OUT OF THE GAME SO MANY TIMES HE COULD HAVE USED A GOOD PAIR OF ROLLER-SKATES.
A CHLS MAN AS MUCH AS ASSISTED FOR EVERY BOSTON COLLEGE HIGH TOUCH-DOWN.
OOP!
W/ JACK KAUFMAN AT RUSSEL FIELD

C. H. L. S. - Spotlite

CAMERA! Action! Shine the spotlight on Pat Francis who always looks as if she has just stepped out of "Seventeen" . . . Seen sitting two and three on a chair in the lunchroom are Loretta Sheehan, Barbara Casey, Nancy McMenimen, Kay Connolly, and Barbara Stack . . . Roller skating has become a popular sport especially among Barbara Publicover, Helena Zinfon, and Marie Ahern . . . Richard Wood likes to bang his desk cover on his head . . . (Where did we read that only wood blends with Wood?) . . . Seen at the Arlington football dances every week are Marilyn Knox, Doris Duffy, and Jean Kennedy . . . We wonder where Robert Doyle spends his occasional vacations . . . Leo Pero has girl trouble . . . lucky Leo? . . . Edith Young and Natalie Wyman are always ready with repartee . . . We hear that Bill Cusick, one of the C. H. L. S. football stars, is very quiet . . . in school . . . Barbara Tager, Francis Ehler, Betty Dawe, Jeanne and Joanne Rose have organized a club of their own and positively refuse to divulge the name . . . John Parades and Joe Murphy were seen in Filene's, modeling what the well dressed boy should wear . . . Edith Rephsis is a talented pianist . . . Our repertoire is confined to "Chopsticks" . . . Betty Galvin, Phyllis Gosselin, Teddy Goolst, and Ed Goodhue are the four earbenders of 119 . . . Betty Goldberg and Edna Linnehan model for Gilchrist's . . . Ann Foley, Eileen Dynan, and Barbara Casey enjoyed G. A. A. freshman initiation . . . We bet that wasn't the way the freshmen felt about it . . . Jackie Keenan answers to "Dimples" and Billy Miller to "Dink" . . . We were sorry to hear that Edward Krohn has appendicitis . . . If you ever have any adventures, tell them to Phyllis Kane. She loves to listen . . . One of these days, Chris Kokinakis will fall off that high stool in her chemistry class . . . Dramatic Club members who went to New Bedford recently were entertained by Dallas Burrows on the bus coming home (Just take any card, as long as it's the two of diamonds) . . . We understand that Joan Dubuque has recently made an entrance into the business world . . . We were sorry to hear that Leona Smith is transferring to Waltham High — Leona, by the way is a part time model, as are also Barbara Casey and Betty Goldberg . . . Pink bow ties are becoming a mad passion among Dave Brown and his friends . . . Steve Minkiel and Douglas Crockett are always asking questions in Latin — Are they interested or unprepared? . . . Johnny O'Conner has plunged himself into debt by betting bags of peanuts on every star football game . . . Has anyone noticed that dreamy, far-away look in David Walsh's eyes after fifth period? . . . Nancy Watson has made several wild attempts to combine gym marching with some new jitterbug steps . . . The results are alarming, to say the least . . . That efficient looking typist in the Review office is Irene Barr . . . If you see anyone going mad beside her, it is probably Ricky Garojan . . . We've never seen anyone who has so many pictures in her wallet as Georgie Nyman has . . . And what a variety! . . . At the Dramatic Club tryouts, Carolyn Townshend was seen writing furiously, and munching away on a chocolate bar . . . If you ever want Joan Kilfoyle, you can locate her at Marie Harrington's . . . Why is Edna Reed so attracted to Room 104? (We'd like to know too) . . . Despite the unpredicted rain storm, C. H. L. S. turned out for Latin-Rindge game . . . Among those present were Joyce Kelly, Teresa Fitzgerald, Eleanor Wadden, Deirdre O'Brien, Betty Magnuson, Kay Marathas, Carolyn Cremens, Ann Delaney, Jeanne Tillson, Teddy Downs, Lawrence Donnelly, Robert Toomey, Francis Murphy, Joyce Tessmer, Joe Freeman, and hosts and hosts of others . . . Before we go further, congrats Barb Geopper, Joan Howard, Betty Grove, Jean Foley, Joan Fitzpatrick, Eleanor Lepore, Freddy Sherman, Pat Donovan, Loretta Sheehan, and Jean Emery for a grand cheer-leading job, done in spite of the downpour . . . Special laurels to Gep who led them and Loretta who injured her ankle while cheering . . . Mary Kenealy and a group of Rindge boys sat under the shelter of Mary Hilderbrand's raincoat throughout the game . . Mary had stiff competition when it came to cheering . . . Jerry Dansereau and Kay D'Ambrosio didn't come prepared for rainy weather, but Dede Nevins was clothed in slacks and a raincoat . . . Sandra Baylis and Cooky Banks used paper bags to protect their heads, an infectious idea which soon spread . . . Billy Monteith hobbled around on crutches as a result of an injury received during the Quincy game . . . He kept himself busy collecting autographs on his cast . . . Noreen Buckley and Marie Larrey looked like twins in their yellow slickers . . . Enuf said about the game, let's switch the scene back to the corridors of C. H. L. S. . . . You can identify Abby Wise and Lillian Winkler by their colorful socks and bows . . . Motorists and pedestrians, beware, Margo Downey

drives to school in the morning . . . Weary from answering questions about her dislocated shoulder, Basilla Neilsen is thinking of pinning on her sling a placard telling about her injury.

The Latin ice skaters started their season off last Sunday night at the Boston Skating Club. Among those present were Rose Callahan, Anna Cash, Doran Burke, Polly McGillvery, "Honey" Boudreau, and Hugh Graham . . . Patsy Kokinakis, Ann Foley, and Jane Butler always disappear from their home-rooms during recess periods. The question is "Where do they go?" . . . They tell us that some day Lillian Kenny is going to come to school all prepared with her pen and pencil . . . Break it gently to us when it happens . . . At Barb Goepper's party, Dick Conlon acted as head waiter . . . "Red" Hogan and Dick Harrington spent most of the night eating peanuts . . . What's this we hear about Irene Sack's not being home on Friday and Saturday nights? . . . Who is this unknown boy Colleen Jorden is going to the formal with? . . . Sarah Dalha and Joanne Kiernan make it a point every morning to catch that Rindge bus . . . (We know some other people that don't do so badly, either) . . . The captain of the hockey team, George Costa, is eagerly waiting for the season to start rolling . . . If Lois Campbell brings any more lunch to school, she will have to carry a suitcase . . . Among those who sport their cars once in a while are Chuck Pope, Sumner Kaplan, Al Saidnawey, and Buddy Winn . . . "Regulars" at the Y-High dances are Nancy Nugent and Lois Campbell . . . Bill Kokinakis is keeping his track legs in trim by running around doing errands during recess periods . . . Laury Jones always has that far away look in his eyes . . . "Sonny" Curcio shys away from anyone who calls him Salvatore . . . A weenie roast organized by Karen Enebuske and Kirk Talor was held at Karen's home after the Rindge-Latin (dare we mention it?) football game. Among those who attended it were Gordon Clark, Richard Barberra, Russell Wood, John Holman, Stan Poole, Lucille Greniere, Leona Smith, Richard Wood, Vicky Gabriel, and Joyce Kelly.

After school Myrna Clancy and Jessie Conley are usually seen in a drug store sipping cokes . . . Welcome back, Alice Blue and Eugene Sullivan . . . Frieda Alexander says that she can't tell the Rosenburg twins apart until they start talking . . . Is them the teachers' sentiments, too? . . . Eddie Mulcahey and Billy Mullin, two discharged veterans with wonderful records, are finishing their senior year . . . Angela Cotter is looking for some one to hold the door open for her as she dashes in at 8:29 . . . Dot Harrington and Clara Zuwskiare are seen together frequently . . . Eleanor Russell and Pat Grogan are recent additions to the junior class . . .

. . . Item for Music Lovers: Cecelia Fletcher and Jewell Grigsby pratice the latest songs every morning while book hunting in their lockers . . . Also among the newcomers at Latin are Margaret Atkins, Ellen Landis, Marion Murray, Tom Hertuett . . . Election week Jean Sullivan, Mary Reilley, Claire Rodgers, Anna Tracy collected senior autographs . . . Some people, like Alice Harris, who never take home a book, must be born brilliant . . . Wish we were . . . Have you seen Tom O'Loughlin's pink socks . . . sharp, to say the least . . . Jean Massey has started to curl her hair; there must be a boy in her life

. . . We seniors would like to know if there are any more cute Navy men, like the one Lydia Spenser has, floating around Harvard. . . . Joan Kelley wears that "I Wish I Knew" expression in English class . . . David Most is that obliging study pupil who supplies the right (?) answers all the time for a certain math class . . . Marilyn Wright fooled everyone with her fake broken arm . . . Among the Latinites who turned out for the Rindge dance were Lois Hanlon, Hugh Graham, Theresa Fitzgerald, Bob Hughes, Lorraine Palmissano, Hank Sullivan, "Babe" Kelly, Pat Sargent, George Costa, and Mary Panzier . . . Arthur MacKensie looks so-o-o serious hurrying to classes . . . When General Kenny was riding through the Square, Joe De Feo was seen scurrying around catching glimpses of him . . . Gorden Clark's biology class would be miserably dull without him . . . On occasion you may see Doddie Voss walking her little nephew, Rollie, on the Common . . . Did Virginia Schnieder ever finish that book she started last year? The last we heard, eleven or twelve people had been killed! . . . Warren MacIssac is quite the joker . . . P. G.'s Monny Babin, Edith Reading, and Jimmie Hughes were in the Review office hauling in the ballots on election day . . . Congrats to President John Paredes, Vice-President William Coveny, Secretary John Fitzpatrick, and Treasurer Barbara Goepper . . . Over the Columbus Day holiday, Claire Rodgers played hostess to a group of week-end guests including Anne Rosie, Edna Fairbairn, Mary Reilly, and Norma Bertochi . . . "Red" Polaro sets quite an example as a home room chairman . . . That industrious errandboy for the Harvard Trust Company is none other than Paul Burke. His colleague, Dave Sheehan, retired recently . . . Pearl Boise has that "Out of This World" look about her these days . . . Pussie Monroe is one of the cutest things that have happened to C. H. L. S. in a long time . . . John Boucher is that person with the wonderful

French accent, while we still pronounce fois like foy. (We're naturally gifted that way) . . . Josephine Trobasso likes murder-mysteries. She and Ginny Schnieder should get together . . . S. O. S. Wanted — some one, female preferably, to teach Martin Martinian how to correct French papers . . . Regina Tierney and Dot Tobin think the seniors should inhabit the first floor. Couldn't be the stairs, girls . . . When Helen Fougere sees a sailor approaching, she has difficulty deciding which way she is going . . . Remember Frankie, Helen . . . Kay Curtis and Caryl Hayes are inseparable . . . Manny Lakis will no doubt learn to drive in time, won't you, Manny? . . . At Dan Nyman's Hallowe'en party were Bill and Bernie Goldberg, Barbara Goepper, Hugh Graham, Joan Larsen, Chuck Pope, Steve Biddle, Georgie Nyman, Anne Sullivan, Joan Fitz, Bill Mottler and many more . . . Christine Karen is the girl who can talk and talk and — well, you get the general idea . . . Two really hot jitterbuggers are Millie Larsen and Burgie McConnel . . . Roberta Eagen has a lovely voice . . . she entertained in room 313 on Navy Day . . . Rita Kelly is having an awful time; she is taking biology and chemistry in the same year:

And now the lights dim and the cameras are put away; the first reel of the season is finished.

Barbara Karbaum, '46
Lucia Toscano, '46

A SENIOR AT LAST!

ALL through the long years of school, with its brain-spraining tasks, the pet ambition of every pupil is to attain some day the enviable position of senior. At times, especially in his fumbling freshman days, anticipating the realization of this cherished dream was the only thing that kept up his sagging spirits. In his eyes, seniors were creatures endowed with super-intelligence and wondrous wisdom in the ways of the world.

However, now that this goal has finally been reached, I, for one, am rather disillusioned. It is disappointing to realize that no marvelous transformation took place in my life at the moment when "senior" was scrawled across my report card. Although the senior has through necessity accumulated knowledge, he still finds that he will never become a menace to the "Quiz Kids;" he is forced to admit that no drastic change has taken place either in his I. Q. or his personality. He finds, too, that his family apparently doesn't understand the dignity of his new status. Mother coaxes him to drink his orange juice as she did ten years ago, and Dad still seriously doubts his ability to maneuver the car into the garage without smashing all the fenders.

Coming from his own relatives, this undignified treatment can be borne, but one of the things that irks seniors most is the utter lack of respect from the lower classmen. This grievous fault in the younger generation is remarked upon wherever wise old seniors gather together. For example, in the lunchroom they are obliged to stand grouped around a trash barrel to eat their lunches while all the youngsters sit comfortably in the seats which they were able to snatch because they didn't have to race down so many flights of stairs. When the average senior remembers the feeling of awe with which *he* looked upon seniors in his younger days, he feels cheated at this lack of consideration in his old age. However, there is left to him as consolation the memory of how he enjoyed imagining what fun he would have when he was a senior, at last!

Helen Scannell '46

BOOK REVIEWS

Now That April's There Daisy Neumann

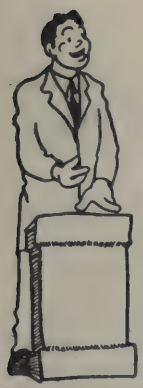
This is an appealing story of an English boy and girl who return to their home in Oxford after spending nearly five years as refugees in America. The girl, Wincy, is fifteen, and she holds the center of interest as she shocks her family with her American clothes, ideas, and slang. Of special notice to C. H. L. S. are the many references to Cambridge and Belmont, Mass., where Wincy and her brother stayed. The author writes this entertaining tale in a very enjoyable manner, which anyone and everyone will like. In fact, the M. G. M. studios liked it so well that they have bought the production rights. I recommend that "Now That April's Here" will give you a delightful evening.

My Favorite War Story
Compiled by editors of LOOK

How would you like to read a thrilling up-to-date collection of war stories from all battle fronts? "My Favorite War Story" takes you from occupied France to China, from the Pacific Islands to Egypt, in tanks and jeeps, and in airplanes and submarines. These incidents were written by thirty-four war correspondents and reporters, some of whom were later killed in action. Ernie Pyle, Vincent Sheean, Ira Wolfert, and Stefan Heyn are only a few of these authors. Each offers his own favorite story; some are humorous, some sad, but all are true, exciting, and very realistic. A brief biography of the correspondent accompanies each selection and helps to add to the value and interest of this book.

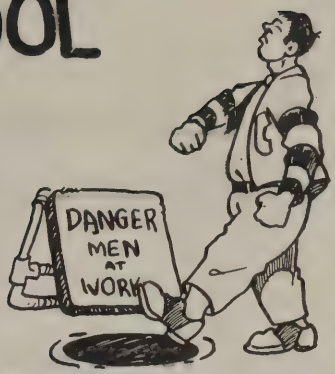
Helen Bequart, '48

AROUND THE SCHOOL



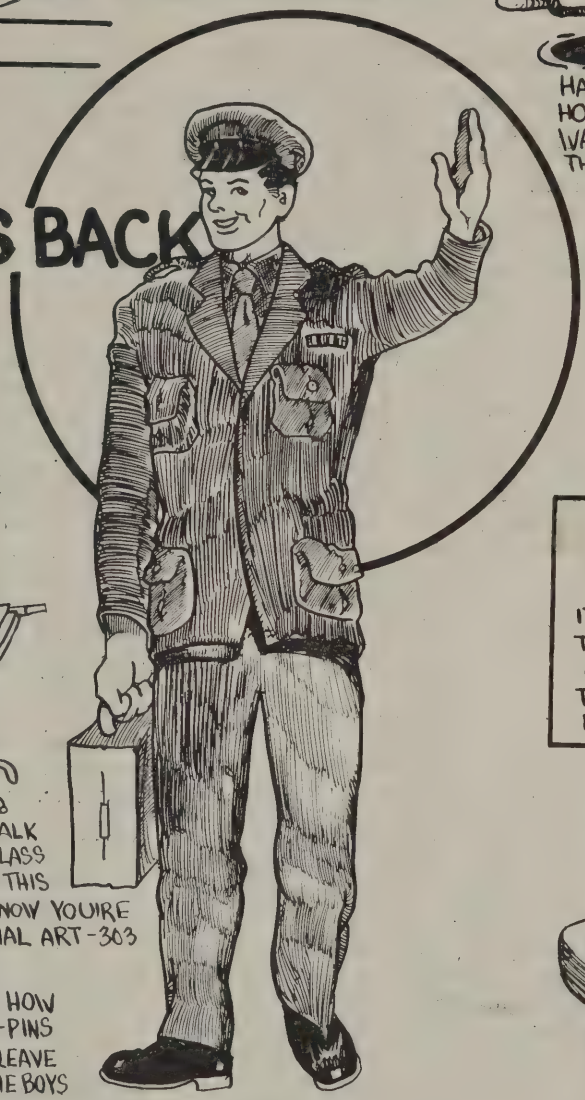
NEW SENIOR CLASS PRESIDENT AND A VERY COMPETENT SPEAKER IS JOHNNY PARADES.

RECESS AND LUNCH PERIOD

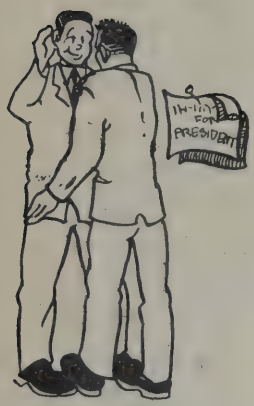


HAVE YOU NOTICED HOW THOSE NEW SENIORS WALK AROUND WITH THEIR NOSES IN THE AIR?

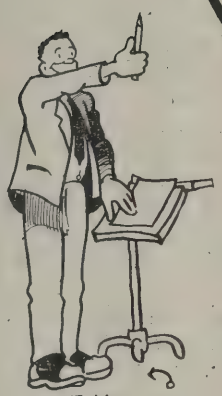
HE'S BACK



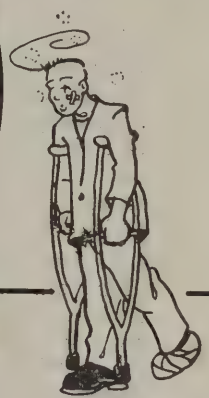
BY JOHN KAUFMAN



WITH SENIOR ELECTIONS THE CHLS PASSWORD WAS — 'YOU VOTE FOR ME AND I'LL VOTE FOR YOU'.



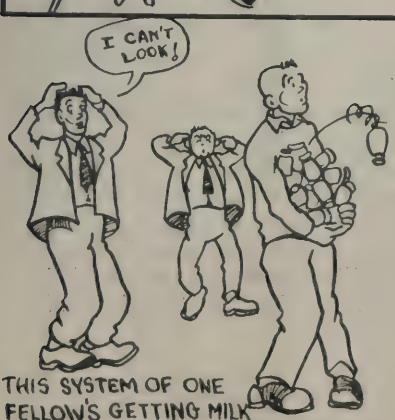
IF YOU WALK INTO A CLASS AND SEE THIS YOU'LL KNOW YOU'RE IN SPECIAL ART-303



IT'S VERY EASY TO TELL THE FOOTBALL SQUAD, EVEN WHEN THEY'RE OUT OF UNIFORM.

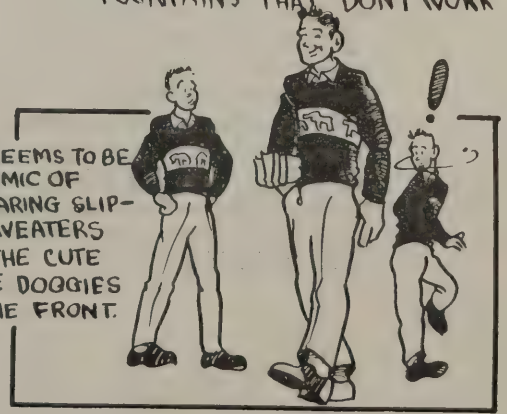
NO MATTER HOW MANY HAIR-PINS THE GIRLS LEAVE AROUND THE BOYS ALWAYS SEEM TO FIND THEM.

BEWARE OF THOSE BOOBY TRAPS IN THE FORM OF WATER FOUNTAINS THAT DON'T WORK



THIS SYSTEM OF ONE FELLOW'S GETTING MILK FOR HIS PALS IS SLIGHTLY HECTIC.

WHAT PUPIL WAS SEEN IN WHAT ROOM COPYING A DICTIONARY SEVENTH PERIOD?



THERE SEEMS TO BE AN EPIDEMIC OF THOSE DARING SLIP-OVER SWEATERS WITH THE CUTE LITTLE DOGGIES ON THE FRONT.

Freshman Notes

TO THE PUPILS OF C. H. L. S. 1949:

A GREEK philosopher's counsel to his followers was summed up in two words — "Know thyself." The advice has held good through the ages.

The report cards which came to you recently will help you to know yourselves. If you have done good work, we congratulate you and urge you to carry on. If the results have been disappointing, do not be discouraged. Many boys and girls get off to a poor start because of difficulty in adjusting themselves to the size of the school, different methods of instruction, or the variety of teachers encountered.

If you have studied faithfully, you have done your part. Perhaps the fault is ours that you have not done better. Whatever the character of your work may have been, let us plan together for improvement so that four years hence the record will be one to make your parents and teachers proud of your achievement.

T. F. DOWNEY, *Headmaster.*

TO THE CLASS OF 1949:

YOU are entering upon your high school career during one of the most critical phases in history. Probably never before has a high school training been so vitally necessary to future social and professional success.

The rush and fury of battle have ceased; transports are debarking endless numbers of service people who are getting out of uniform as rapidly as possible. Industry has already begun to dispense with thousands of untrained workers. Competition in every field grows keener each day.

Varied educational opportunities await you here — opportunities which must be grasped by anyone who hopes to succeed in the business or professional world. It is your responsibility to take advantage of these. Here you can acquire the knowledge and training that skilled teachers are eager to impart to you. Here you can learn to accept the discipline that any organization must impose upon its members.

Whether you succeed or fail in your first year depends primarily upon you. If you do your job well, you will not only be successful in your studies but you will also acquire the ability to get along with your classmates, your teachers, and your school authorities.

Should you encounter any difficulties in your scholastic or social routine, your master and dean are ever ready to help with your individual problems.

JOHN J. SHEEHAN,
Asst. Headmaster.

HILDA R. RUSSELL,
Dean of Freshman Girls.

FRESHMAN NOTES

WELL it's a brand new school year and cheerful new faces of freshmen take the place of last year's "green crop," which then brightened the halls of old C. H. L. S. And a set of brand new notes are presenting themselves in the Review below.

First of all a speedy recovery to you, Margaret Horton . . . have you heard Paul Greenstine's one man orchestra? piano, saxophone and clarinet . . . singing holds top billing in 128, especially among the boys . . . Oh, Bing . . . Mary Lanzi does this honor for 109 . . . congratulations to Fred Kibit and Harvey for their Navy Day Exercises . . . there seems to be a new pastime during study period — "Tittattoo" . . . some girls in 106 can play better football than the present freshman team . . . it certainly needs something . . . maybe a little school spirit on the student's part would help . . . Shirley Weddleton sang at the U. S. O. in Quincy one Tuesday night . . . good for you, Shirley . . . what young lady from 106 loses her appetite AND her lunch by 12 o'clock . . . . it will be a pleasure to be sick if Alice McMillan follows up her future ambition to be a nurse . . . best of luck to you Mary Carvalho in the hospital . . . Pat Yutkins is still clowning in spite of a badly sprained wrist . . . the Hayeses may look alike but there's 15 months' difference . . . John Kelso holds the flag for 108 . . . Room 128 regrets the loss of that scarce quantity . . . a boy . . . Dot Whitely, known as "Dimples" . . . Catherine Cullinane plays the piano beautifully . . . Claire Kenny is well known as the "the Voice" . . . James Lehan sees the funny side of things . . . Hallowe'en seems to have done things to our usually wide awake class . . . that goes for most of it, at any rate . . . have you seen Barbara McKinnon in her bangs . . . Eleanor Kennedy has a super voice so they say . . . Who is 108's breezy student . . . why is Danny Collins sometimes known as "Sonny" . . . ask Noreen Collins to show you the "42" class pin she wears . . . whom do the girls call

"Sharpie" . . . the Red Cross representative of 108 is Jean Ladd and a mighty good one too . . . Marion Gardner likes lipstick to top off her lunch . . . Nancy Bicker and Mildred Baird sing the nicest duets together . . . room 122 is mourning the loss of three members . . . Mary Richards is always eating candy . . . Florence Saunders is always talking about Van Johnson . . . Ann Curran is arousing all her friends with her French . . . Margaret Duane has a tooth-paste-ad smile . . . Elizabeth Banati has a beautiful disposition . . . John Balfe is a quarterback on the freshman football team . . . Irene Sharpe and Mary Richards talk a lot . . . Alvira Palari is always ready to giggle . . . I believe the freshman could compose an orchestra among themselves: Irene Babin plays the mandolin, David Boyer plays the flute, Kathryn Bradshaw and Mary Lou Bryan play the piano, Kathleen Nicall and Janet Morreson are very promising singers.

NOREEN BUCKLEY, '46
MARILYN WRIGHT, '47

FRESHMAN FOOTBALL

FRESHMAN football new to Cambridge Latin, is having a fair season. After trouncing Shady Hill, 27 to 7, we lost to a strong Arlington team, 12 to 0. The Brookline team which outweighed us just won, 6 to 0.

Brookline 6 **Cambridge Latin 0**

AFTER an exchange of fumbles, and good running by Joe Mealsanson, Brookline intercepted a pass and was stopped after a long march. We had a good chance to score, when the half ended. Early in the 4th period Brookline scored from the one foot line after about a 60 yard march. As the game was nearing the end, Ed Frotto snared a pass and raced over the goal line, but the referee called the play back! In a few seconds the game ended.

The constant running of Joe Mealanson and Ed Frotto, passing of Salvy Corriere, and line play of George Reed made this game one of the most exciting.

Somerville 13 **Cambridge 0**

THIS game, which was strictly a defensive game for Cambridge Latin, was well played by our boys. Somerville had the ball twice as many times as we had it. It was a great game; and our next game with Rindge is going to be the best played by our team this season.

Our line-up this Fall was as follows: Ends—Leo Flannigan and "Clay" Woodworth; Tackles—Fred Laplace and Paul Readern, with Bob Robertson and John Soo Hoo seeing a bit of action too; Guards—"Nick" Cololias and George "Stonewall" Reed; Centers—Tony Tragellis and Lenny Curcio; Sid Fratto at quarterback; Joe Mealanson at left half; "Salvy" Corriere at full and Bob Stewart, Paul D'Agostino splitting right half. Acting captains were Ed Fratto and Joe Mealanson.

Cambridge Latin 20 **Rindge 6**

The best played game of the season by the Freshmen saw Latin on top 20 to 6.

We got our touchdowns in the second and fourth periods. Outstanding was Ed Fratto's 50 yd. gallop through center on the last play of the game. Joe Mealanson and Salvy Corriere played above their usual standards. Our class is to be congratulated on such a fine team.

Mgr. Paul Kramer

LITERARY CLUB

DURING this fall season our club has been so busy, little time has been left to review books. However, our activities have been worthwhile, considering the places we have gone and things we have done. For the present our officers are:

President .....Theodora Downs
Secretary .....Alice Seelinger
Treasurer.....Lily Root

Some of our members have seen *The Tempest,* others *The Winter's Tale.* Both plays were well-liked. We hope to see *Hamlet,* arrangements for which will be made, if possible, at the next meeting.

In addition, the Hallowe'en party held at Lily Root's home was very successful and lots of fun. The officers and one of our newest members, Sandra Baylis, came dressed as men, but after a while the ladies began to arrive. Veronica Aslanian wore a beautiful long black dress which was a hundred and fifty years old. Freida Alexander came dressed in a green Syrian silk gown belonging to her grandmother.

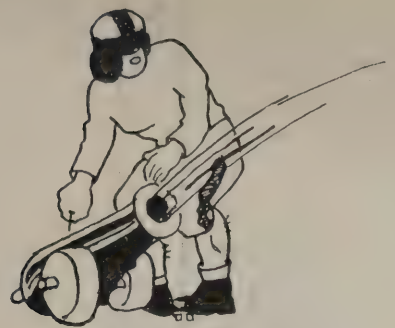
A few days later we went to the Wayside Inn. The fall scenery alone was worth going to see, and at the Inn it was particularly lovely. Surely, some of the sophomores who are reading Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn* would have enjoyed going.

At our next meeting, *The White Tower* by James Ramsey Ullman will be reveiwed and discussed. We shall also comment on Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn* from the angle of setting, with which we are now so familiar.

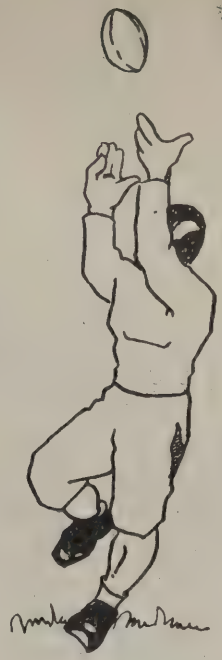
Though our club is necessarily limited, we have representatives from practically all the courses in the school.

THEODORE DOWNS, '46

STARS OF TOMORROW'S VARSITY TEAM

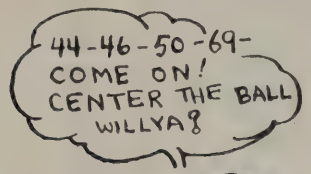


THE WAY THOSE PASSES FLY TO THEIR MARK, IT LOOKS AS THOUGH FRATTO USES A POCKET SIZE CANNON - FLANNAGAN IS THE ACE RECIEVER.



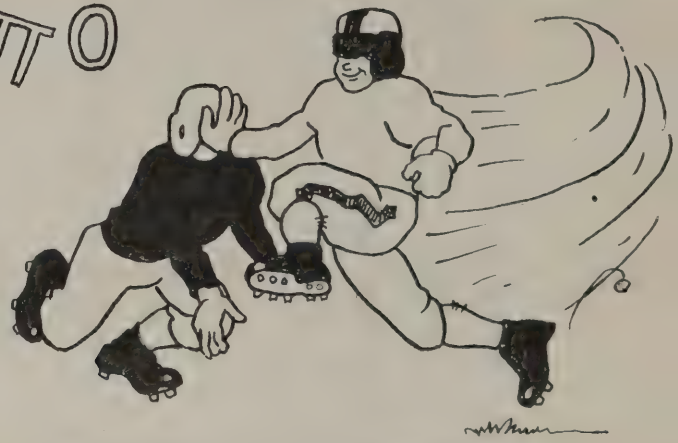
EDDIE FRATTO

THE FROSH FOOTBALLERS MIGHT LOOK MASSIVE TO THE FRESHMEN THEMSELVES, BUT I DUNNO —



CENTER CURCIO MUST BE PRETTY GOOD AT MATH THE WAY HE DECODES THOSE SIGNALS.

FRESHMAN EDDIE FRATTO SHOWS HIGH PROMISE IN HIS BACKFIELD POSITION - HE PASSES, RUNS, AND CALLS PLAYS WITH THE EASE AND COOLNESS THAT MARKS THE NATURAL ATHLETE — OTHER BOYS DESERVING MENTION ARE: CORREIA, REARDON, SOO.



MELANSEN CUTS OFF SOME NICE CHUNKS OF TERRITORY WITH HIS SWEEPING GAINS.

by Kaufman

SPORT NEWS

BEFORE I begin the first edition of this year's sport news, I should like to wish the best of luck to Francis Heffernan, who enlisted in the Navy a few weeks ago. Fran, before he left, was playing as a tackle on the football squad. Good luck, Fran!

Latin Bows 19-0

At Russell Field, September 22, C. H. L. S. got off on the wrong foot by dropping its opener of the '45 gridiron season to Milton High, 19-0. The Miltoners proved obstinate, and although our boys outplayed them, managed to retain a sufficient lead to win the fray. Mr. Bad Luck seemed to have a bit to say about the outcome. Tom Lyons, Earl Daurie, Jack Cawley, Dan Mazurek, Bill Cusick, and Capt. Ken Lyons all deserve a big hand for a good game,

B. C. Romps

Boston College High teaming up with Capt. Jack Casey pulverized the Cantabs by a score of 44-7. The powerful B. C. line and experienced backfield proved too much for the green Latin eleven. The Eagles tallied three times in the first half against Cambridge's one. Cusick bulleted a short pass to Daurie; Daurie in turn threw a lateral to Cawley, who went 50 yards before he was brought down. The same play around the other end went from Cawley to Walker to Mazurek who dashed across for the touchdown. Cawley then dove over the line for the conversion.

In the second half B. C. scored 26 more points against the badly bruised and exhausted Latineers to end the game.

Shipyarders on Top, 28-0

The trip to Quincy provided no enjoyment for our talwarts, as Quincy soundly whipped them, 28-0. Fumbles, the old nemesis, proved our downfall, after an early show of offense. Earl Daurie, Bob Sordillo, Ritchie Walker, and all the linesmen as well as the entire backfield should be lauded for their efforts in this and previous games.

Technicians Squeeze By, 6-2

The lure of a clash between the traditional rivals, Rindge and Latin, brought a large gathering to Russell Field on Columbus Day. Dogged by bad luck, Latin yielded a touchdown early in the game, but blocked the attempted point.

Despite persistent drives deep into enemy territory, the Cantabs couldn't muster the knockout blow. Jack Cawley did race for a touchdown, but it was nullified as he had stepped off side. Their only score came as a gift; a Rindge back was trapped behind his own goal and tackled.

Belmont 26 — Latin 6

Latin dropped its fifth consecutive game in a hotly contested battle to an unbeaten, untied, highly favored Belmont eleven. The Belmontites staged a devastating first half which netted them nineteen points.

In the second half, Latin, taking to the air, fought their way down the entire length of the field for a touchdown. On both the offense and defense, the team played heads up ball, and the game ended with the final score being 26-6.

Weymouth 28 — Latin 18

Weymouth proved a rude host, defeating the Cambridge team 28-18. Liver and Coveney Inc. scored most of the points; the former being the same Liver who is king of the Weymouth board speedsters.

Lenny McGrath, who played his first full game this season, proved his worth by scoring twelve of Latin's eighteen points. He went 30 yards around end for one touchdown, and 75 on an intercepted pass for the other.

WILLIAM KOKINAKIS, '46.
WILLIAM CRAIG, '47

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CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

OUTING CLUB

THE Outing Club is beginning another busy year of hikes, outdoor sports, weenie roasts and bird walks, and extends a special invitation to Freshmen to join us. We have no dues, and expenditures for our various activities are kept at a minimum. Our aim is enjoyment of the out-of-doors through physical exercise and a knowledge of nature. We meet on the first Friday of every month in order to decide our activities for the month. We belong to the Junior Audubon Society, which is an advantage to those of us who are interested in working as counsellors at summer camps. But for those of us who merely want to get out of doors and let the fresh air clear the cobwebs from our brains, we offer plenty of opportunities.

So come and join the fun! Every one is welcome. Watch for notices of our next meeting.

Noreen Buckley, '46

CHRISTMAS SEALS

FROM now until the Christmas season is over, you will probably be hearing much about one of Cambridge's big annual drives—the sale of Christmas seals. The willing workers who have volunteered their valuable time are depending on YOU to make this drive a huge success.

By the sale of these little bits of paper, depicting a youth carrying a holly wreath, the enemy tuberculosis has been pushed back again and again. Movie actors, radio stars, newspapermen, and citizens have all given their time and energy to this worthy cause.

Several facts about this campaign you should know are

1. These sales provide money—money used for equipment, labor, laboratories, and research with which to carry on the fight against this dread disease, tuberculosis. Equipment for use in preventing and curing the disease includes X-ray, the atomic bomb of the tuberculosis battle. These powerful rays were discovered by Wilhelm Konrad Roentgen on November 8, 1895.
2. Tuberculosis can be prevented.
3. It can also be cured.
4. Tuberculosis cannot be inherited.
5. X-ray finds. Tuberculosis in people who seem well.
6. The seal was first used in Denmark in 1904. A penny greeting stamp was sold there to raise funds for a hospital for children.
7. A woman conducted the first Christmas seal sale in the United States, and a woman, Mrs. Born, is chairman of the sale in Cambridge this year.
8. Cambridge residents were among the beginners in the field of tuberculosis control.

All of you are invited to visit the Cambridge Tuberculosis and Health Association at 689 Mass. Ave.

Let's get on the beam and into the fight!

Marilyn Wright, '47

KEY NOTES

HELLO, music lovers! During the last month I've been hunting around for some new recordings, both classical and popular. Unfortunately, the geniuses don't seem to be functioning at present, and I can only give you *ancient* platter chatter of two and three months ago.

Have you heard Morton Gould's "Latin American Symphonette" (Victor), played by the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Jose Iturbi? If you've been looking for something modern, South-American, to dance to, which also makes good listening, this is your answer.—Rumbas, tangos, congas; everything worked out in a classical strain. What more can you want for $3.50?

Arthur Rodzinske and the Philharmonic Orchestra play "Mozartiana" (Columbia), an adaptation of four little-known Mozart themes by Tschaikowsky.

Bruno Walter conducts the same orchestra in Symphony No. I, Opus 9 by Samuel Barber, a young modern composer who is "different." It may be interesting to note that this symphony has only one movement instead of the usual four.

Some new, *unbreakable* Victor records have just come out, this set with "Till Eulenspiegel" by Richard Strauss, conducted by Serge Koussevitzky.

There seems to be a lot of light music around, however, and I can just see that gleam in your eye, jazz fiends, but don't get your hopes up too high because it's just hearsay as yet.

Freddie Slack has contrived a whole album of boogie-woogie. I hear it's good, too.

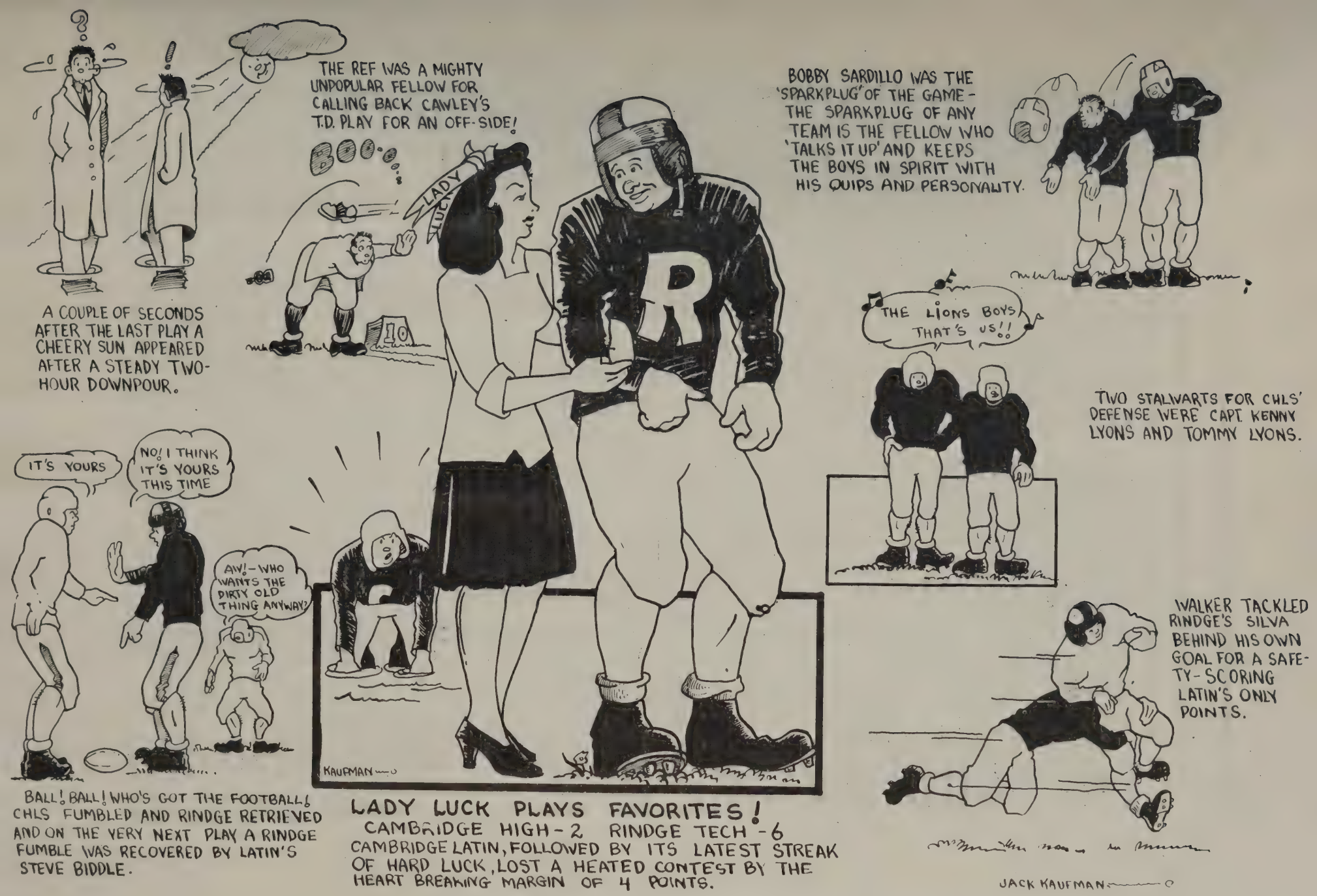
Betty Hutton (Capitol) waxes "Doing It the Hard Way" from "Duffy's Tavern" and "What Do You Wanta Make Those Eyes at Me For" from "Incendiary Blonde."

Xavier Cugat gives out with a couple of Americanized rhumbas.—"You Forgotcha Guitar" and "No Can Do." Hot stuff, if you ask me.

Freddy Martin is swell to dance to in "Lily Belle" and "And There You Are."

Well, that's all, I guess, but if you run out of records, there's always the radio, you know.

LILY ROOT '46


A COUPLE OF SECONDS AFTER THE LAST PLAY A CHEERY SUN APPEARED AFTER A STEADY TWO-HOUR DOWNPOUR.
THE REF WAS A MIGHTY UNPOPULAR FELLOW FOR CALLING BACK CAWLEY'S T.D. PLAY FOR AN OFF-SIDE!
BOO...
LADY LUCK
10
BOBBY SARDILLO WAS THE 'SPARKPLUG' OF THE GAME - THE SPARKPLUG OF ANY TEAM IS THE FELLOW WHO 'TALKS IT UP' AND KEEPS THE BOYS IN SPIRIT WITH HIS QUIPS AND PERSONALITY.
THE LIONS BOYS THAT'S US!!
TWO STALWARTS FOR CHLS' DEFENSE WERE CAPT. KENNY LYONS AND TOMMY LYONS.
IT'S YOURS
NO! I THINK IT'S YOURS THIS TIME
AW! - WHO WANTS THE DIRTY OLD THING ANYWAY?
BALL! BALL! WHO'S GOT THE FOOTBALL! CHLS FUMBLED AND RINDGE RETRIEVED AND ON THE VERY NEXT PLAY A RINDGE FUMBLE WAS RECOVERED BY LATIN'S STEVE BIDDLE.
LADY LUCK PLAYS FAVORITES!
CAMBRIDGE HIGH - 2 RINDGE TECH - 6
CAMBRIDGE LATIN, FOLLOWED BY ITS LATEST STREAK OF HARD LUCK, LOST A HEATED CONTEST BY THE HEART BREAKING MARGIN OF 4 POINTS.
WALKER TACKLED RINDGE'S SILVA BEHIND HIS OWN GOAL FOR A SAFETY - SCORING LATIN'S ONLY POINTS.
KAUFMAN
JACK KAUFMAN

ALUMNI NEWS

C. H. L. S. has alumni of which it can well be proud; their records and activities make them a credit to the school. Last year's president, Fred Sateriale, is now at Cambridge Academy, taking a preparatory course for Tufts College. Fred, by the way, is trying to organize a kind of alumni club among the class members of '45. It ought to be very successful. Bob Guest, '43, is currently appearing with productions on the stage sponsored by the Treasury Department for the Victory Bond drives. Marilyn Shine, '45, is enjoying her work as a secretary in one of the many departments at Lever Brothers. Sharing Marilyn's good fortune as employees in Cambridge's important industry are Dorothy Sullivan, Sophia Miskevitch, and Mary Linehan, all of '45. Last year's co-editor of the "Spotlite," Ann Walker, is a freshman at Vassar, and Ardys Karbaum, '45, started Jackson in November. Tom Leamon, whose cartoons brought much pleasure to readers of the Review in '44 is a freshman at the Rhode Island School of Design. Before his enrollment, Tom was in the army, and saw a great deal of action overseas. Another alumnus in the service, Tom Campbell, '38, who served as a first lieutenant in the Army Air Corps, is now enrolled at Dartmouth College. Mary Pat O'Brien, '45, is studying at Fitchburg to be a school ma'am and incidently enjoying herself quite a bit on the side. Haskell Paster, '44, and Arnold Schutzberg, '45, entered the Army in October. Both left with the draft contingent from Cambridge. Dottie Butler hops a car to Boston University every morning where she ponders daily over weighty problems. Cpl. John J. Sheehan, Jr., U. S. M. C. returned home early in November after thirty months service in the Pacific area. Thomas M. Sheehan, '45, 2/c R.M., U. S. N. is stationed at Okinawa. Unknown to each other, both brothers were at one time on duty on one of the more remote islands. Peggy Puddister, '45, is enrolled in the Kathleen Dell Secretarial School. Last year's track star, Bill Braithwaite, is at present waiting for orders to go into the Army. Marie Russell, '44, was among the limited group of last year's freshman at Wellesley College to be awarded highest scholastic honors. Pvt. Francis Kennedy, '45, of the Air Corps visited the school recently while home on furlough from Keesler Field, Miss. Mary Agnes Collins, '35, is now Sister Mary Placidin, and is teaching at Cathedral School in Baltimore, Maryland. James Sullivan, '44, has completed his boot training at Sampson, and has been assigned to a California station. Jinny McCorrison, '45, is now attending Oberlin College in Ohio. A letter was received recently from Private Joseph Sheehan. Joe's present address is Cas. Co. 20, A.P.O. 21273, C/O P. M., San Francisco, California. Ann Corcoran is enrolled as a freshman at Bryn Mawr this year, and Betty Alden has a position at the Dewey and Almy Chemical Company. Bobby Heavern, '44, former hockey star, is now Sgt. Robert Heavern, A.E.S. 42 Operations, Cherry Point, North Carolina. In the Navy is Ellen Gorman, who is serving as a Pharmacist's Mate at the U. S. Naval Base Hospital, in San Francisco, California. P. G.'s Monny Babin and Jimmy Hughes left for the Navy in October. Mary Sullivan, '42, was graduated with honors from Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and is now teaching mathematics at Foxcroft, Virginia. Captain Larry Mahoney, '35, and Captain Joseph Stokes, '40, are home on terminal leave after active service with the Army Air Forces. Lt. Philip Taft has been assigned to New Bedford High as instructor in Military Science. Marvin Rosenburg is studying at M. I. T. this year.

Tom Sgouros, '45, who supplied the cartoons for last year's Reviews, is now in the Navy . . . . George Saideh, '44, is now in Japan with the army of occupation . . . . Michael Najarian, '44, is a sophomore at Tufts . . . . . Audrey Hayes, '45, and Isabel Gudas, '45, are at Simmons and Rubye Morgan, '45, is at the University of Syracuse . . . . . Marine Pvt. Paul Hanlon, '45, is in China . . . . . Joe Guiney, '44, now wears "Bell-bottom trousers" . . . and so does Joe Winn, '45, who, by the way, was home on leave recently . . . . . Among the graduates at the Latin-Rindge games were Rosemary Ryan, '45, Mary Messinger, '45, who is attending Sargent College, sailor Buzzy Cullen, soldier Stan Brinkerhoff, '43, former captain of the C. H. L. S. football team, and marine Wally Lyons, '45, last year's captain who is stationed at present at the Boston Navy Yard . . . . . Katherine Cooper, '44, a Cadet Nurse, is stationed at the Mt. Auburn Hospital and Claire Massey, '45, at the Cambridge City Hospital . . . . . Joan McPartlin, Elizabeth Zacharchuk, Ruth Marshall, Leslie Melville, Marion Hayes, and Mary Eleanor Herlihy, all '45 graduates, are freshmen at Radcliffe . . . . . Jack Harrington, '45, and Melvin Marlowitz, '45, are in the Navy . . . . . Mary McMenimem, '45, and Yvonne Bulger, '45, are continuing their schooling at Emmanuel . . . . . Teresa D'Aveni, Marie Silva, Richard Bond, and Peggy Fraser are students at B. U. . . . . Florence Kidston, '45, is at Wyndham . . . . . Corinne Carwile, '45, is at Wellesley . . . . Studying at Harvard are John

Loofburrow, Bobby Wise, William Klopstock, Eddie Guiney, Lenny Roseman, Jimmy Downey, and Herbert Schlein, all of the class of '45 . . . . Marine Claude Doucet, '45, is expected home soon . . . . . John Wilson, '45, is studying at Wilson College . . . . Charlie Mains, '43, who was recently discharged from the Army, is president of the freshman class at B. U. and also on the football team. Congrats, Charlie . . . . Jimmy Lakis, class treasurer in '45, is in the Army and is going overseas soon . . . . .Sailor Eliot Croft, '45, visited Latin recently . . . . . Paul Foley, '45, is at Quonset . . . . . Diana Kanavos, '45, is at the Quincy Hospital studying nursing . . . . . Evelyn Mix, '45, is working at the Harvard Trust, and Ruth Powers, '45, is now a long distance telephone operator . . . . . Barbara Sullivan, '44, and Mary Barrett, '44, are sophomores at Regis and Barbara Sullivan, Eileen DeWire, Jean Francoeur, all of '45, are freshman there. . . . . Frank Good, '45, now in the Navy, was seen at the B. C. High game . . . . Wolf Shapiro, '45, and Joe Wenckus, '45, are studying at Northeastern . . . . . .Ray Foley, '45, is at B. U. . . . . .Among those who entered Wyndham this fall were Doris Reagan, '45, Mary Sweeney, '45, and Marilyn Viering, '45. . Marilyn was elected vice-president of the Student Council . . . . . Marjorie MacKinnon, '45, Louise Waldfogel, '45, and Barbara McSorley, '44, are attending Salem Teachers' College . . . . . Richard Rancatore, '45, and Billy Supple, '45, are freshman at B. C. . . . . Joan McPartlin, '45, and Robert Berman, '45, anticipated English A (freshman English) at Radcliffe and Harvard respectively . . . . . Jimmy Feloney, '43, is with the Marines on Guam and Marine Jimmy Finnigan, '43, is on his way there . . . Although our Alumni are scattered far and near, thanks to the cooperation of the students we have been able to trace their activities for you . . . . .

Margo Downey, '46
Barbara Karbaum, '46
Lucia Toscano, '46

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

The Dramatic Club officers are:

Bette Grove .....President
Alice Harris .....Vice President
David Walsh .....Secretary
Jean Foley .....Treasurer

Executive Committee: Janice Banks, Dallas Burrows, Basilla Neilan, Mary Reilly, and Claire Rodgers.

The main event of October was the initial showing of "Priscilla's Technique," a fast-moving, one act war bond play which was performed in the Cleveland Auditorium and New Bedford High School under the auspices of the Treasury Department. The cast included: Basilla Neilan, Dallas Burrows, Rose Garoian, Bette Grove, Edward Mulcahy, David Walsh, Joseph Canney, Eleanor Sullivan, John Leary, Deidre O'Brien, Claire Rodgers, Thomas O'Laughlin, Roland Perkins, Janice Banks, and Loretta Lavoi. The play was successful due to the able coaching of Miss Hartigan.

The members of the club wish to congratulate and welcome the following pupils who were accepted at the recent tryouts on October 19.

Margaret Atkins	Joan Larson
Claire Barrett	Arnold Levine
Sandra Bayliss	Ruth Lynaugh
David Boyer	Peter Nelligan
Valerie Broussard	Muriel Nevins
Jane Butler	Edna Newell
Evelyn Cherelli	John Nunes
Demetria Chilikia	Donna Parris
Jean Culhane	Stanley Poole
Leona DeGioia	George Pope
Evelyn Donoghue	James Prior
Margo Downey	Iris Roach
Karin Enebuske	Rowena Ridgley
Doris Foley	Loretto Sheehan
Arthur Furtato	Anne Sherman
Victoria Gabriel	Kirk Taylor
Betty Ann Galvin	Mary Winslow
Patricia Kokinakis	Mildred Zimmerman

Among the many activities planned are the Dramatic Club Formal on November 16, which promises to be one of the best ever, the annual Christmas Party and impressive Christmas Tableaux.

So, until next issue, the curtain comes down on the first act of the activities of the new year.

David Walsh, '47, Secretary

Compliments of . . . .

CAFETERIA

GIRLS' SPORTS

WELCOME, class of 1949! May your four years of High School be pleasant and happy, with the activities and school spirit now centered around you. Before I go on to acquaint you with the present activities in girls' athletics, I would like to mention the marvelous school spirit shown by the team of cheer leaders at the Rindge—C. H. L. S. game.

The final tennis matches have been played, offering the following results:

Mary Ann Francis defeated Joan Fitzpatrick in a heated contest, while Gloria Byron lost to Mary Fraser. Lillian Marshall stopped the progress of Claire Barrett in the same stage.

In the second round Mary Ann Francis defeated Lillian Marshall, while Mary Fraser lost to Jennie Sinowski. The finals brought the tennis championship to Mary Francis after defeating Jennie Sinowski. We close our page on tennis now until next spring when we expect a lot of Freshmen to compete.

The basketball teams are beginning to take form, and familiar calls of "Guard your man!" "Stop that basket!" and "Shoot!" are echoing throughout the gym.

Members of the class of '46 who reported for practice are as follows:

Lucielle Grimm, Mable Grimm, Janice Banks, Mary Hildebrande, Muriel Nevins, Cris Kokinakis, Claire Rodgers, Jeanne Masse, Yola Marcotte, Peggy Dynan, Lorraine Roffer (after an absence of a year), and yours truly.

Rumor has it that the Juniors and Sophomores have a lot of good material. Your reporter hopes to witness a practice game of these teams along with the candidates for the Freshman team, to give you a more detailed report on basketball in the next issue. Until then,

Sportingly yours, BASILLA NEILAN, '46

JUNIOR RED CROSS

ENTHUSIASTIC and serious-minded home room Junior Red Cross representatives have again made it possible for Cambridge High and Latin School to be 100% enrolled in the American Junior Red Cross.

For the second successive year, Room 317 leads with the greatest amount of money contributed.

With enrollment now completed, the next assignment will be the formation of an active Junior Red Cross Council to carry on peace time activities which help destitute children in war-torn countries, veterans in hospitals, and local needy cases. Already the activities of the Junior Red Cross have begun, with the members volunteering to assort materials for enrollment and to pack 300 Christmas boxes at Red Cross Headquarters.

MARGO DOWNEY '46

G. A. A. NOTES

GREETINGS to all you members of the G. A. A. This year the G. A. A. opened with the initiation for the Freshmen in the gym on October 18th, and the candlelight ceremony October 22nd.

The enrollment of the Freshmen Class was very large this year, and we are sure that they will spend as many happy years with the G. A. A. as we of the upper classes have.

Our G. A. A. officers: President, Barbara Goepper; Vice-President, Claire Rodgers; Secretary, Betty Grove, and the Executive body which consists of Jane Butler, Eileen Dinan, Ann Foley and Patricia Kokinakis have already proven to us that they are going to make this an exciting year.

The proof of this is the Freshmen initiation. On approaching the gym, one would think that there was a sale of nylon stockings as shouts of laughter were heard from all the inexperienced Freshmen. As they were permitted to enter the gym, they were greeted by the efficient G. A. A. members, Eleanor Wadden, Alice Seelinger, Helen Culolias, Mary Reilly, Barbara Casey and Barbara McQuabe. The Freshmen were very graceful doing their duck-walk. Dad's shirts were borrowed which made the girls look very smooth, and their blue ribbons also added to their charm. Red-haired Betty Grove entertained with her delightful voice.

Then the initiation took place under the direction of Miss Brown. Screams were heard from the girls who put their hands in fish-eyes, ketchup, peeled grapes and cooked soggy spaghetti. They came out with open mouths and their faces covered with lip-stick. Rumors are that the girls did not take time to introduce themselves to the soap when they arrived home.

Many thanks should be given to our cheerleaders who have shown great devotion to our school and our team. Our Captain, Barbara Goepper and her Co-captain, Joan Howard have done a splendid job.

The first G. A. A. party will be held in the gym on November 9th, from six-thirty until eight-thirty. This promises to be a grand time even though we will be without our "men" of C. H. L. S. It is to be a comic-strip party so be sure and come and join the fun.

In the finals of the Tennis Tournament, Mary Francis defeated Jenny Sinowski.

In the future, we shall have more fun, not only for the Freshmen but for all you loyal members.

ANNA CASH, '46

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BOSTON, MASS.

UNIVERSITY THEATRE

HARVARD SQUARE, CAMBRIDGE

Thurs., Fri. and Sat. — Nov. 22, 23, 24

"YOU CAME ALONG"

ROBERT CUMMINGS — LIZABETH SCOTT

"ADVENTURES OF RUSTY"

Conrad Nagel — Margaret Lindsey

Sun., Mon. and Tues. — Nov. 25, 26, 27

"GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS"

JOAN DAVIS — JACK HALEY

"JEALOUSY"

John Loder — Jane Randolph

Wednesday, Review Day, Nov. 28

'KITTY FOYLE'

GINGER ROGERS — DENNIS MORGAN

"OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY"

Cornelia Otis Skinner

Thurs., Fri. and Sat. — Nov. 29, 30, Dec. 1

"JOHNNY ANGEL"

GEORGE RAFT — CLAIRE TREVOR

"COLONEL BLIMP"

Anton Walbrook

Colonial Beverages

ARE SERVED AT

Cambridge High

and

Latin School Cafeterias

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The following have contributed to send Reviews to C. H. L. S. students in the armed services:

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Mrs. Lynch
Paradise Spa
A Friend
T and M Spa
Middlesex Cafeteria
Home Bakery
Dine's Syndicate
Mr. and Mrs. Shrago
Miss McLaughlin 317
Clarence McIntosh
Sam's Delicatessen
Hy-K Cleaners and Laundry
Snow White Cleaners and Laundry
Legion Market
Morse Pharmacy
Mr. Jerry Sullivan
Miss McCaffrey

A. Connell

Home Room 304
Home Room 314
Home Room 311
Home Room 331
Home Room 315
Home Room 310
Home Room 318
Home Room 327
Home Room 115
Home Room 108
Home Room 217
Home Room 210
Home Room 316
Home Room 330
Home Room 308
Home Room 329
Home Room 127
Home Room 230
Home Room 122
Home Room 123
Home Room 201
Home Room 110
Home Room 302
Home Room 112
Home Room 102
Home Room 333
Home Room 120
Home Room 213
Home Room 215
Home Room 207
Home Room 07
Home Room 118

Home Room 211

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Cambridge High and Latin School
Cambridge, Massachusetts

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The Cambridge Review

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DECEMBER, 1946

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Contents

Editorial 2
"Silent Night" 3
"A Child is Born" 3
Christmas In Other Lands 3
How Santa Claus Came to America 4
Christmas 1945 ..... 5, 6
Christmas Book List 6
Christmas Reveries 6
Christmas Across the Sea 7
Christmas Eve Ponderings 8
Jerome Kern 8
Thoughts Upon Looking At My Saddle Shoes 9
It Won't Be Long Now 9
Cartoon 10
Freshman Notes 11
"Escalade" 11
On Cape Cod 12
Key Notes 12
Cartoon 13
Spotlite 14, 15
Cartoon 16
Sports 17
Alumni News 17
Girls' Sports 18
Cartoon 19
K. B. Notes 20
G. A. A. News 20
Junior Red Cross 21
Literary Club 21
Outing Club 21
Dramatic Culb 21
Exchanges 22
Honor Roll 23, 24

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Christmas

IN the filth and ruin of Europe, the frozen bleakness of Alaska and the Aleutians, the sweltering heat of New Caledonia, and the devastated cities of Japan, American men are dreaming of Christmas at home. Some will have their dreams realized when, after anxiously straining their eyes, they see the first dim outline of San Francisco Golden Gate Bridge or the proud profile of the Statue of Liberty or perhaps the glint of early morning sunshine striking the State House Dome in Boston. No matter what landmark first greets their eyes, it will be merely a symbol of home to them. Gazing at the graceful lines of the San Francisco Golden Gate Bridge, one boy will be looking into the laughing blue eyes of his pretty young wife and imagining the dimpled baby he has never seen. Another will see the waving grain fields of a Minnesota farm and the bent figure of a tired old man whose work is never done. Still another boy, whose cosmopolitan air has been camouflaged by khaki for three years, visualizes the bright marquees, the honking frustrated traffic, and teeming activity that make up Times Square. But not all the boys will be home for Christmas. Millions of them will hear not youthful voices caroling joyfully of "peace on earth to men of good will" but instead, the clatter of a rickshaw passing over rough cobblestones or the shuffle of feet as homeless Germans wait in long lines for a piece of bread. These men want the people at home to be conscious of the fact that although much has been sacrificed to win the peace, they are sacrificing a great deal to preserve it. When you sing your Christian hymns in church, remember that the peace and good will of which you sing will endure only as long as you and the rest of the people at home work to make it last.

L. S.

"SILENT NIGHT"

AS the sweet strains of the beautiful hymn "Silent Night" filled the room, I suddenly realized that this Christmas Eve will really be a peaceful, quiet night. For a decade now, Christmas has been only another day of terror and murder for people in war torn lands.

Last August, guns were laid down and a surrender was signed. Over the battle-fields only a sombre silence remained to remind us of the struggles that took so many lives. No longer are nights feared by people of European and Far Eastern countries. Whistling bombs, the even more dreaded silence of the "buzz-bombs," far away rockets, are now only horrible thoughts of war. At the first sign of dusk, men, women, children do not cower in lightless homes or rush to bomb shelters. No longer are homes shaken by concussion; families are not separated, perhaps forever, in the mad rush to safety from impending danger.

Yes, Christmas Eve will be silent, but also joyous. Men and women who for long years have only dreamed of Christmas at home, will once more be able to share in the happy excitement of the opening of beautifully wrapped gifts, the falling of snow, the walks to Midnight Mass, and the sparkling beauty of the Christmas tree. Many are still only home in their dreams, but even these will do their best to make a Christmas wherever they are. Still others will never again feel the joy of Christmas; the silence of Christmas Eve will have for them a deeper, sadder significance. Snow falling on countless graves will only increase the quiet of the night engulfing the white crosses.

Christ lived, suffered, and died on earth to atone for the sins of Man but we still continue committing grievous offences. Only when people of all nations can look to each other with the love and trust of brothers can war be banished from the earth. With the return of peace, let us all hope that in spite of the growing friction in countries that only a few months ago were freed from the dictator's cruel hand, our leaders will be able to provide for a lasting peace and thus for countless more "Silent Nights" to come.

Eleanor Wadden, '46.

"A CHILD IS BORN"

THE night was cold, but the moon gave forth her celestial light more brilliantly than usual. The stars winked in a friendly manner at the shepherds spending their lonely vigil on the grass-covered hills. In the far distance we could see a small town dimly outlined on the black horizon. Towards the city moved a long stream of people, coming there for the census to be taken. Among the others, two figures stood out. I wonder why they seem different from the rest? Maybe it was the strange light that seemed to surround the woman riding on an ass, or the impoverished clothes of the man leading the animal. Let us follow these two into the city.

While his spouse waited, Joseph, for that is the man's name, went through the town looking for a place to spend the night. The town was crowded, and Joseph was poor, so there was no one to give him lodging. As he trod back, discouraged, to his wife, Mary, an innkeeper's wife, seeing their distress, told them that they might sleep in the stable. Mary and Joseph were grateful for this favor because the birth of Mary's child was near at hand.

The kind innkeeper gave them food and straw for their beds, and made them as comfortable as possible. During the night, a brilliant star came and shone over the stable, and a heavenly choir chanted celestial music. The people of the town were awakened by the music of the angels, and seeing the star over the stable, they went to see what had happened.

"Hark the Herald Angels sing,
Glory to the new born King." There in the stable at Bethlehem a child was born who was the king and savior of the world.

Jeanne Masse, '46.

CHRISTMAS IN OTHER LANDS

"AND it came to pass, that in that day, a decree went forth from Caesar Augustus that the whole world should be enrolled."

—Luke II; 1-19.

Thus, with the Gospel story of the nativity is ushered into all the Christian countries of the world the Christmas season. This story has been told through the centuries, and from it each country has formed its customs at Christmas time. The story of the wise men and the star is as well known to the children of Syria, Iceland, and Mexico as it is to any American child.

The customs of the different lands are interesting, not only because they are unlike ours but even because they essentially are the same. Everywhere the spirit of Christmas is one of giving and one of joy. Though in far away Syria, the children don't wait for Santa Claus, they expect the visit of a little camel who accompanied the wise men. Syrian children set out grain and water to feed the little animal and in the morning all good children are rewarded.

The custom, now widespread in our own coun-

try, of setting a candle in the window originated in Ireland. The people there believe that the spirits of Mary and Joseph are again searching for a place to rest, and these candles are to guide them to safety. Another Irish custom is that of "feeding the wren." On Saint Stephen's Day, a wren is caught and placed in a cage. Then the younger people go about collecting money to "feed the wren." The proceeds are used for a dance held New Year's Eve.

In Russia, before Stalin, it was "Babushka" (the grandmother) who delivered the presents. Now, of course, any observance of Christmas is forbidden; even the selling of Christmas togs and singing of carols are not allowed. This to us seems harsh, but before we censure the Russians too greatly, we should look into our own past.

In New England in colonial times, any observance, such as hanging a wreath at the door, was considered "an act of sedition." It was actually a crime against the state! With the arrival of more broadminded Europeans, fortunately, the keeping of Christmas was revived. Only prior to eighteen hundred and fifty and only in the Pennsylvanian Dutch and German families were such customs allowed.

Each country has its own Santa Claus or Père Noel. Whether he is called Kris Kringle, Babushka, or is represented by the wise men, as he is in Spain, the spirit is the same. In many countries it's the Christ Child, himself, who gives the presents and though these foreign customs may seem odd, they mean the same to those boys and girls as Santa Claus to Americans. The more solemn, religious Père Noel is to a French child the symbol of giving. Throughout the Christian world, at this season, it's the spirit of Christmas that knits the people and lands into one common spirit and everything, for a time, is peaceful and joyous to men of good will.

Theodora Downs, '46.

HOW SANTA CLAUS CAME TO AMERICA

ON Christmas Eve the children of the Chapel of the Intercession, in New York City, make a candlelight pilgrimage across the street to the grave of Clement Clarke Moore, D. D. This honor is rendered to him because of a set of verses he dashed off in an hour of Yuletide inspiration on December 24, 1822. It was these verses that brought Santa Claus to America.

On that snowy day before Christmas in 1822, Dr. Moore had been shopping for a turkey to complete a gift basket for a poor family of his parish. As dusk settled he encountered his friend, old Jan Duyckinck, chubby, jolly and Dutch, with rosy dimpled cheeks and a luxuriant white beard from which protruded a stump of a pipe and a wreath of smoke.

For years Duyckinck had fascinated Moore with legends of Saint Nicholas, a bishop of the early Christian church and patron saint of all good Dutch children.

As Moore headed home in the darkness, his imagination became stimulated by the old Dutchman's yarns and he saw racing across the starlit sky a miniature sleigh heaped with toys and drawn by eight tiny reindeer.

With the thoughts of Christmas, of his children, and of Saint Nicholas dancing in his head he went to his study and wrote the immortal words of, "A Visit from Saint Nicholas."

That night Dr. Moore amused his family with the verses he had written and then put the poem away in his desk. His children, however, did not forget it and the following summer they read it to a relative who was visiting them. The guest gave a copy of it to the Troy "Sentinel," and on December 23, 1823, Santa Claus made his first public appearance to the children of America.

This simple and previously untitled poem has become traditionally a part of Christmas. I do not believe there is a child who at one time or another has not been fascinated by its enchanted words.

Marion Sullivan, '46.

CHRISTMAS

Snow-covered hills slope
gently . . .
Gleaming stars twinkle
merrily . . .
Around the yule-log,
a contented, happy family
gather and thank Providence
for peace, on this,
His day.

David Walsh, '47.

Christmas 1945

AT last, after four war Christmases, we are going to celebrate the Birth of Christ this year in a world no longer torn by great conflict. True, there are still numerous misunderstandings among the nations of the world, but there will be no more Okinawas, Iwo Jimas, or Battles of the Bulge.

There will, once again, be Christmas lights in the windows of Main Street, and Spruce Street, and all the other streets of America. Some of these lights will shine upon the blue service flags in the windows of the homes of soldiers, sailors, and marines not yet returned from their distant posts; some will shine upon the gold service stars of those gallant fighters who lost their lives for a great cause. But in all these homes, saddened by the absence of loved ones, there will be a thanksgiving for peace and a prayer to the New Born Child that the dead may not have died in vain.

The homes of those fighters who have returned will be a different scene from those same homes last year. There will be much celebrating and gaiety. The veteran of this ugly war will want to forget all the horrors he has seen. He will want to see old friends, to join once again in the family gathering around the Christmas tree, and to eat the traditional turkey dinner. In his heart there will be great joy because he has found that his home and the people for whom he suffered so much have changed little during his absence.

At Christmas this year we should pray to the Christ Child to help us iron out our misunderstandings with our valiant allies, and to spread a Christian spirit among all nations of the world, that we may make good on our last chance for keeping peace in the world.

Jean Marie Foley, '46.

ONCE again Mars has sheathed his war sword in reverence to the immortal birth of Christ, the birth of the Prince of Peace.

No longer must the English huddle close together in their air raid shelters, with fear of the pesty, but death dealing "buzz bomb." Once again, the children will be able to grow sleepy in their own homes, waiting for the arrival of Santa Claus. Once again the parents will be waiting impatiently for their children to fall off to sleep, in order that they may perform their secret task of placing the gifts beneath the Christmas tree. Once again England is beginning to know a Christmas in peace.

Right across the channel from England, still in a stupor from German occupation, France too is preparing for Christmas, although the mark of the German military boot has not yet been erased entirely from the face of France. There still remains the rubble of ancient Gallic cities with homeless children, who will never again know the comfort of happy parents. To them Christmas no longer means a Christmas tree, Saint Nick, gifts for good little children, and the great feast in the country. But for them, perhaps there will be a few choice bits from the messkits of an American soldier or a British Tommy, who is also lonely and away from home. The bells are ringing, telling the late comers to hurry, for the services are beginning, and a Christmas snow is beginning to fall on France.

In the meantime, snow has also fallen in Holland, along the dikes and canals. The snow is no longer red with blood of loyal Dutchmen, but a white blanket against which the children are skating along the canals. Looking closely down the little streets, a figure dressed like Saint Nicholas, with staff in hand, is followed by a group of children with visions of candy sticks. We find little proof of war here in Holland at Christmas.

Many people will not be home for this Christmas and many never will again, but in the heart of every person, all over the Christian world there is being said to the Savior a prayer thanking Him for the peaceful Christmas of 1945.

Earl Hagstrom, '46.

CHRISTMAS 1945 will be for some families, a time of rejoicing. Loved ones have come home safely and in those homes where boys are still over seas there is inward joy because now that peace is here, they will be safe.

There would be no joy in the Kestway home. It would be a lonely Christmas for Mrs. Kestway. Her only son was killed in action; her husband, in the first war. Don, her son was her pride and joy. He was tall, good looking, friendly, and popular. It was a shame that a boy as nice as Don should be killed. But war and bullets make no distinction between men; they strike all.

Christmas approached, but Mrs. Kestway

didn't notice. True, she made little gifts for the orphans' home as was her custom, but her heart wasn't in them. She was thinking only of Don.

Christmas Eve came. Snow was falling gently. Christmas trees were lighted and carollers were singing of "Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will." Suddenly, breaking the silence, a knock was heard in the Kestway home. Mrs. Kestway went to the door. Standing there were two marines. One of them was carrying a big basket of fruit, nuts, and candy, whereas the other had an arm full of packages. A bewildered Mrs. Kestway asked them in.

The boys were ill at ease but they were soon comfortable in Mrs. Kestway's presence. She was like that; she made people feel at home. The boys told her that they were friends of her Don and how he had always looked forward to coming home for Christmas. Just before he died — one day after V. J. day — he had said, "Well, boys, I won't get home for Christmas but at least Christmas, 1945 will be a Peaceful one, and that's just as good."

When the boys were finished there were tears in Mrs. Kestway's eyes, but there were more tears to come, for after she found out that all the packages were for her, since the boys had no home, she just broke down and cried. But it was a happy cry. Christmas 1945 did not bring Don back, but it had brought her two boys who needed a home. Yes, this would be a merry Christmas after all in the Kestway household.

Alice Seelinger, '46.

CHRISTMAS BOOK LIST

"What shall I get them for Christmas?" You ask frantically. Give books for gifts that are inexpensive, satisfactory, and much appreciated. Here are some suggestions that should solve your last minute problems.

For little brother and sister:

"Amber" and "Me Too" by Fritz Willis. (The Mistletoe Press, $1.00 Each.)

Amber is a mischievous puppy; Me Too is an unlucky duck. Their unusual escapades, attractively illustrated, will certainly entertain the youngest members of your family.

For your grammar school friends:

"Mystery of the Secret Drawer" by Helen Fuller Orton.

Here is a mystery that will excite the detective abilities of the younger set. The reader won't put down the book until he finds out why the money disappeared from the drawer. (Lippincott, $1.50.)

For your high-school friends — Boys

"Hull Down for Action" by Armstrong Sperry. (Doubleday-Doran $2.00.)

This is a modern mystery set on Guadalcanal. You'll want to read it yourself before you give away this thrilling, fast-moving story of Japs and British soldiers in the jungle.

For Girls (who like dogs):

"Short Leash" by Bertrand Shurtleff, illustrated by Diana Thorne.

Every dog lover should read this exciting, up-to-date tale of war dogs in the Pacific. You will marvel at the training and almost human intelligence of the K-9 Corps.

For Everyone:

"The Fireside Book of Christmas Stories." Edited by Edward Wagenknecht.

Here are all your old favorites and many new stories that will entertain the whole family for many evenings. $3.50.

"The Sad Sack" by Sgt. George Baker.

Of course your family must have a book of cartoons. Young and old, civilian and soldier will enjoy these extra funny selections from "Yank."

Helen Bequaert, '47.

CHRISTMAS REVERIES

"WHEW! That's over with for another year," I sighed, throwing a shopping bag full of packages on my gay red and white checked bed-spread and myself onto a slightly lumpy chaise lounge. My commodious loafers were kicked off, but with a groan I stood up and put them away, bemoaning the fact that I was too fastidious when it came to leaving articles scattered haphazardly around my bedroom. Neatness may be an admirable quality, but it is also a tiring one.

I began undoing packages and opening bags to examine my loot. These gifts constituted my method of spreading Christmas cheer. After walking from store to store in a mild blizzard, my vocal cheering ability was suffering from a slight case of laryngitis. "Gosh, I'm tired. Guess I'll relax for a while before beginning the exhausting job of wrapping my presents," I said.

I lay down once more on my bumpy couch and closed my eyes. I have always been an object of curiosity to a friend of mine who thinks it weird that when I close my eyes before going to sleep, I see many, many pictures. On the other hand, it is impossible for me to understand why she doesn't experience similar visions. As it was but a week 'til Christmas, it was only natural that pictures relating to that holiday

should flash before my shut eyes.

It was frighteningly black for a moment; then I saw red! There was Santa Claus complete with cherry red nose, snowy white hair, and a round little belly that shook when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly. Of course, I was on his knee, and although there is never any talking in my visions — that's how they differ from dreams — I remember that at this time I was telling Santa about the doughnuts and coffee I would leave for him at the fireplace. I had unwittingly employed good psychology, because where the snack was hung my long, expectant, begging stocking.

The scene changed; I was in a restaurant in a very southern city. It was Christmas Day, but a thunderstorm had just abated. With me were my Mother, Dad and brother; we were all away from home at Christmas, but it was December, 1941 and we were too happy at being together to grieve for a lost holiday. That day was to be reflected upon when no news was forthcoming from a certain spunky destroyer in the Coral Sea.

Suddenly, I was transported from the restaurant to a stage. I stood in a flowing white gown on a stool. My hands were uplifted in blessing, as I gazed with fond reverence upon the Blessed Mother and the Infant Savior as enacted by a school chum of mine and a healthy-looking baby doll. Forgetting my role of an angel, I allowed myself a glance at the audience. The taut lines about their mouths softened; their tight grips of their crutches loosened. There was a holy, peaceful feeling in that Marine Hospital. I don't know whether all these seamen believed in Christmas as I believed, but I felt certain that many messages of thanks were winging upward from grateful, rescued torpedoed Merchant Marine men.

All of a sudden, I was in a church which was softly lighted by candles. My attention was directed toward a side altar where the traditional cave stood. The unmoving figures in the scene were life-sized, making the whole effect very impressive. The devoted mother smiled sweetly upon the Babe who lay in His crude bed of straw. The protecting husband and father knelt in awe. The cohorts of majestic angels hovered above the crib as the poor shepherds offered adoration and the three kings offred luxurious gifts. One by one a group of schoolchildren knelt and offered their prayers to the new-born King.

All at once, I was shocked out of my reverie by the sharp trill of the telephone. I sprang up, finding much to my surprise that I was no longer tired.

Catherine Curtiss, '46.

CHRISTMAS ACROSS THE SEA

NOWHERE in th world is there more festivity at Christmas than in the land of our conquered enemy, Germany. That is, until the era of Naziism came into being.

Beginning several days before Christmas, on St. Nicholas' Day, families in every city, town or hamlet begin feasting. In each community, a man dressed as St. Nicholas travels from house to house, asking the children if they have been good during the year. For the nice little kiddies, there is candy; for the naughty type, only the switch.

When Christmas Eve rolls around, groups gather about huge lighted trees and sing ancient carols, dating back to the fifth century, such as the "Kristleider." Then, maybe the fabulous Kriss Kringle, or a reasonable human facsimile will visit the little Teutons waiting expectantly.

One of the beautiful sights during the holiday season is a pageant, whether in Bavaria or along the Rhine. These colorful parades, depicting the life of Christ, or the story of the Three Wise Men, are steeped in tradition and beauty unsurpassed in the world.

England, also steeped in tradition lends us some of her Christmas customs. For instance, the plum puddings which we have at Christmas are English innovations. Likewise, mince pie, which was formulated from a recipe in 1344, is an accepted dish in merry Britain. Charles Dickens has told of the blazing Yule logs which adorn the fireplaces of country manors. Last, but not least, are the carolers, who wind their joyous way through the streets singing exuberantly, if a bit off-key.

Unlike Germany, England celebrates mostly on Christmas Day. In London, the great bells of St. Paul's and Big Ben toll a message of peace.

In the towns of Normandy, Brittany, and the valley of the Seine, and in the valleys of the Rhone, and the hills of Alsace, the spirit of Noel pervades the atmosphere.

Like their German neighbors, the French have gay parties on Christmas Eve in every home. At midnight, the air is filled with the peal of the church bells, calling the townsfolk to solemn prayer. Each person walks along with a multicolored candle, lighting his way. Immediately after the church services, sumptous meals are eaten, and wine flows freely. These affairs last for hours, sometimes well into the morning. Not forgotten, however, are the stockings of the urchins, which dangle over mantlepieces and hearths. They aren't filled with oranges, crackers or apples, as in America, but with ripe plums and sometimes coal.

This Christmas will be the first happy one in many years for most of Europe, but Germany will have to suffer for a while longer, as the country is in ruins and its people are destitute.

William Craig, '47.

CHRISTMAS EVE PONDERINGS

IT'S Christmas Eve, and your little brothers and sisters are excitedly hanging up their stockings, or pressing their little noses flat against the frozen window pane, in the hope of getting just one little glimpse of Santa Claus as he comes whizzing through the clouds. Suddenly a small boy's voice pipes up, querying, "Is there really a Santa Claus?" You think it over a little while, not wanting to disillusion him and yet, knowing he is fast outgrowing the belief. Consequently, you begin to tell that St. Nicholas, (much too dignified to be found soaring over house tops, by the way), was an Italian bishop, extremely kind and generous, who was canonized after his death. Ever since his time charming legends have been woven around him, making him patron saint of school boys and even a provider of husbands for spinsters. St. Nicholas' Day is December 6th and that's the time he is supposed to come knocking at European homes to bring candy, nuts, apples, etc., to good children. (I've seen him myself, and you know it's the queerest thing, but every time he comes he looks entirely different). The children in central Europe place their shoes outside the house door and these are then filled with goodies and gold or silver threads, according to the child's behavior during the year. In Germany, as in England, Father Christmas leaves presents on Christmas Eve, sometimes accompanied by the Christ Child. This belief comes from the idea that everything good is given us by the Christ Child.

Hanging gifts on a tree, they say, originated from the Druids who believed the tree was the giver of all good things. The Scandinavians used to decorate their homes with holly and ivy to drive away the woodland spirits.

Our beloved Christmas hymn, "Silent Night" is traced back to the year 1818, in an Austrian mountain village, where a young village priest had just come home from blessing a newborn babe. Beautiful words came to him and turned into rhyme, and easily flowed from his pen. Suddenly, the school teacher and organ player, Franz Gruber burst in, excitedly reporting that the organ had broken down, and the children would have to have a simple hymn to sing because of the little time to rehearse them. That night, Franz Gruber composed the music to "Silent Night," and the next morning the children's sweet voices rang out in the carol that was to become the world's best loved song.

Speaking of youthful sponsors, did you know that the first Christmas card dates back to only 1842, when a sixteen-year-old English artist sketched several winter scenes which he enclosed in a white lattice border with room enough for a signature? The design was then etched in copper, and a number of copies printed.

Jolting me from my reminiscing, a petulant voice cries, "But you still haven't told me whether there's a Santa Claus?"

"Hmm! — Well! — Uh — Yes, there is a Santa Claus. Whether you call him Father Christmas, Chris Kringle, or just Christmas Spirit, he'll always be there, for the grownups, as well as for the children, just as long as, on Christmas Eve, a perfect stranger will call across the street, "A Merry Christmas, to you, neighbor!"

Lily Root, '46.

JEROME KERN

ON November eleventh, Armistice Day, America's beloved composer, Jerome Kern, succumbed at last to death's cruel hand. He will be mourned for and missed for many years to come. His music filled the hearts of Americans with a joy and happiness not often incited by music.

A few notes trilled by a bird outside his room often gave him an idea for a new song. He couldn't copy the notes exactly but he could put them on paper as best he could remember them. Thus a robin-red breast or perhaps a whip-poor-will unwittingly provided the key note for a song soon to be sung in the hearts of all the people of the nation.

Although Jerome Kern wished to make his career a musical one, his father, a department store proprietor, thought otherwise. Kern, therefore, became an employee of his father, and remained one until the time when he was sent to New York to purchase two pianos and returned with two hundred. He then took a position in one of a chain of "five and ten cent stores," as a promoter of popular songs. Although the work was strenuous, and the pay meagre, Kern remained at the job until one day he was called to a nearby theatre to accompany a comedienne who had an urgent need for a musician. After that, he began to write music for new musical productions, but his work remained anonymous until one of his songs became such a hit that his name was put on the book as

that of the song writer. One of the foremost critics of Broadway asked who this Jerome Kern was. Soon after this, his name began to acquire its due fame.

Before Kern's time, all musicals were written with the same plot which had the hero save the heroine from the villainous villain, and only the music varied. However, after Kern read the novel, "Showboat," he was inspired to write perhaps his most famed work, "Showboat." Although his friends, advisors, and critics were all strong against his originating a new type of musical play, "Showboat" became a wonderful success. Strangely enough, it was while he was working on a revival of this, his first great work, that Jerome Kern met his Maker.

Although he wore staid, almost sombre clothes when he was not working in the theatre, back stage he wore suits of bright hues, flashy silk shirts, and loud neckties. If Kern was working on a musical and a new song came to him, he assembled all the people in the theatre, from the director to the janitor, and played the tune for them. From their reactions, he decided whether the song would appeal to others or whether it was not worth working on.

The work of the actors and actresses who took part in these musical comedies will soon be forgotten, but the music will live on and on. Deeply implanted in the hearts of the American people, Jerome Kern's appealing melodies will be sung when their quiet but forceful composer has long been forgotten. Eleanor Wadden, '46.

THOUGHTS UPON LOOKING AT MY SADDLE SHOES

SITTING in my history class, I am listening to my teacher explain the Articles of Confederation. Because a term test is coming up very shortly, too soon for comfort, I resolve to listen attentively. My eyes wander around the room as his pleasant monotone fills the sunny room.

I hear the sound of gum snapping and lower my eyes innocently as Mr. Beezle, the teacher, looks up. The two objects that come into the line of my vision are brown and muddy gray, well worn saddle shoes.

My mind flashes back to all the wonderful times these shoes have seen. The most wonderful of all was when, turning a corner in the school corridor, Les Carter stepped on the right one. Gee, imagine me, a mere sophomore and having the honor of a football hero's imprint on my shoe!

I wore them the time Sis and I went shopping for my first long evening dress and I came home with a dream of a gown, but in an awful dither. I wasn't sure Mother would let me keep it. My shoes seemed to feel my excitement and danced around nervously. Yes, these shoes had carried me through most of my high school days but now I am a sophisticated, polished senior. Soon I will be graduated. Soon there will be no more use for them. I will take my place as a citizen and my saddle shoes, which signify to me, baggy sweaters and pearls, plaid skirts and a certain local emporium after school, Rindge Dances and K. B. Formals, will be put on the top shelf of my closet and . . . "Miss Lepore, are you listening to me?"

My wandering brain is pulled back into harness and I have to admit to Mr. Beezle that I was not paying attention. As I am ordered to a seventh period that night, I realize that if I look at my shoes and go off into a dream like that very often, I won't have to discard my old saddle shoes. I'll be wearing them to school for a fifth year before I graduate.

Eleanor Lepore, '46.

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW

MONDAY morning at last and soon the intolerable waiting will be over! The plodding footsteps of the mailman will turn the corner and at an agonizingly slow pace, mount the steps. The creaking knob will utter protestations and the hinges will groan as the heavy door is opened. With a tired sigh, the mailman will slip the leathern bag from his shoulder and extract a packet of mail. Slipping each letter into its allotted cubbyhole and ringing the corresponding bell, he will little realize the importance of his simple actions.

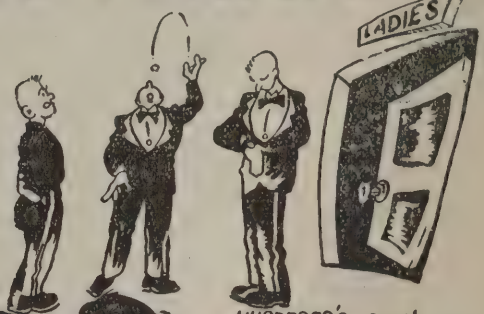
A single staccato note of the bell could allay the tension of the past week and obliterate my doubts and fears. Will he be home soon? Does he still miss me? Why hasn't he written?

At any minute, the mailman may appear and yet the window holds no attraction for me. The merry laughing of the children, playing ball in the street, penetrates the glass and to avoid the mockery of their joy, I walk across the room, sit in the armchair that faces the door, and think. The words of his last letter, so full of hope, come to me again. "As to my future, big news is about to break. I may be sent home but don't bake that apple pie you promised me, quite yet. Things are still uncertain." To bake him an apple pie again is something I've dreamed of.

Why doesn't the mailman come? I can't stand this waiting much longer. The bell! The bell! I did hear it ring, I did! Run down the stairs and open the door. Unlock the mailbox and there — an airmail envelope! It is a letter from him, my darling brother, and it begins, "It won't be long now." Lydia Spencer, '46.

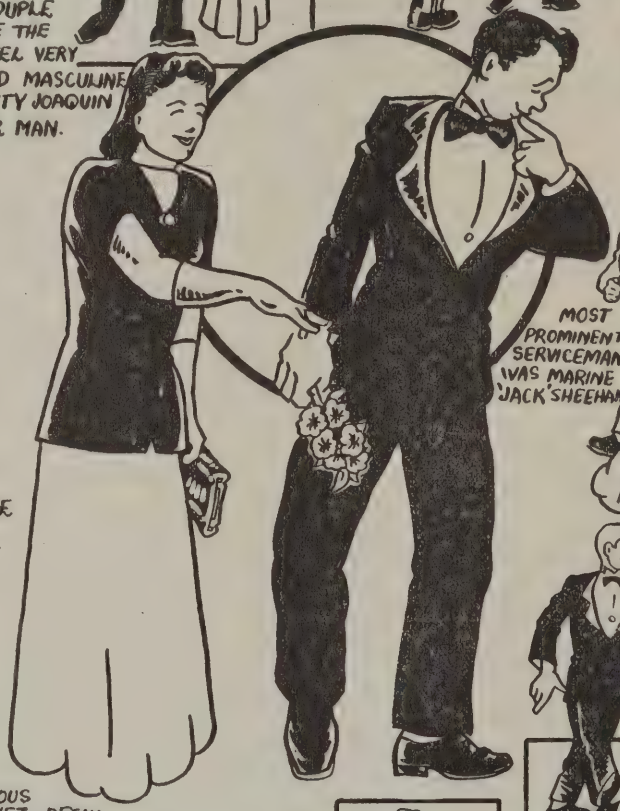
DRAMATIC CLUB FORMAL

ONE TINY COUPLE THERE MADE THE SENIORS FEEL VERY MATURE AND MASCULINE ABOVE: BETTY JOAQUIN AND HER MAN.



MURDERER'S ROW! —— THE GENTLEMEN WAITING OUTSIDE OF THE POWDER ROOM FOR THEIR LADIES?

CLIFF HERMAN AND MARY MILES MADE A HANDSOME COUPLE.



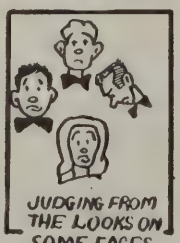
MOST PROMINENT SERVICEMAN WAS MARINE 'JACK' SHEEHAN

WHY DO THE TALLEST GALS ALWAYS GET THE SHORTEST GUYS?

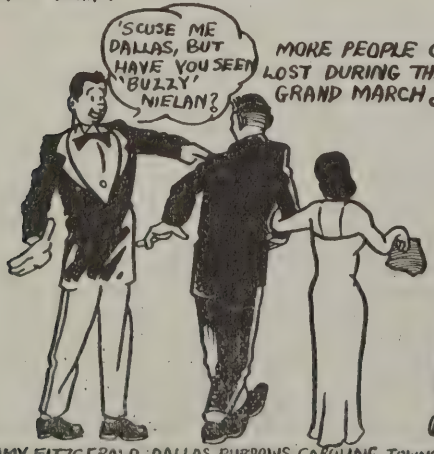
FOR THE INDUSTRIOUS GALS AT THE TICKET DESK: MARY REILLY, CLAIRE RODGERS, JANICE BANKC.

THIS WAS THE PASSWORD AT THE FORMAL.

'CHUCK' POPE AND 'BUDDY' WINN.



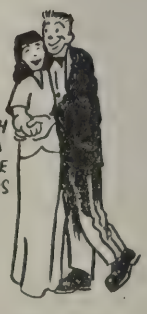
JUDGING FROM THE LOOKS ON SOME FACES, REPORT CARDS WEREN'T TOO GOOD.



MORE PEOPLE GOT LOST DURING THE GRAND MARCH!

JIMMY FITZGERALD, DALLAS BURROWS, CAROLINE TOWNSEND

THE MAN WITH THE CAMERA, CHARLEY CAREY, CAUGHT GEORGIA NYMAN AND RUSS WOOD OFF GUARD!



DAVE WALSH AND LEONA SMITH WERE OUT OF THIS WORLD!

JACK KAUFMAN ——

FRESHMAN NOTES

FIRST term exams are over and our Freshman class is rejoicing in the prospect of Christmas holidays while recuperating from the effects of Thanksgiving. With the former in mind, we hope you will enjoy your own contributions to the Review.

Congratulations to Ed Frotto who is fast becoming one of the "spark plugs" of C.H.L.S. football . . . Tommy Irwin has a reserved seat . . . beside the teacher's desk . . . we wonder how he got it . . . It's early to school with Danny Collins . . . no diller a dollar psychology here . . . the dictionary can be interesting, that is when Richard Tuardzik "gives out" with it . . . where did he get that vocabulary . . . Debating seems to have fired a new ambition in John Murphy . . . well, anyway, politics can't be too bad . . . If you're a real hepcat look up Nancy Beeker and Mildred Baird . . . They're solid, so they say . . . Hockey has three new assets (we hope) this year, Paul Cosgrove, Dickie Freeman, and Paul Cleary . . . Who has the golden voice in 109 . . . the boy with the sweet, sweet smile is Johnny Tregallis . . . Two inseparables since kindergarten are Mary Bond and Ruth Greene . . . 128 did well by electing Bella Chao for chairman . . . Gladys Lynch looks for the hard way to get to her classes . . . most of us look for the long way . . . Give your extra pencils to Elaine Cormier, she usually needs them . . . Billy McCurdy is often seen glorifying the drums . . . could we be nurturing a future Gene Krupa . . . Betty McMillan has the Michael Angelo touch to her drawing . . . You can identify Elva Layne by the trouble which seems to shroud her most of the time . . . Forgetful Gertrude Thurston is minus her glasses most of the time . . . June Sutherland was heard practising madly at the piano one bright day . . . does Philomena Ferracane ever meet Trivie in the corridor . . . would that be good or bad . . . don't tell us Robert Gomes has finally settled down . . . Margaret Herman is quite a talker about "things" . . . Why does 106 laugh when asked "Has Iris been a good girl?"

Suzanne Gilman, '49.

"ESCALADE"

DARK and misty nights bring back to my mind recollections of an old Genevese holiday. Thoughts of gaiety intermingled with patriotic pride were most prominent on the evenings of the eleventh and twelfth of this month. I remember the early dusk at about four o'clock when all the children scurried home from school to don their finery.

During that day and the few days preceding it, I would wander among the narrow cobbled streets of the old city and would gaze at window displays which consisted of enormous chocolate "Marmites" and brilliant flags and coats of arms which displayed the city colors, red and yellow. These scenes switch back to the city state of 1602 when, on a similar dark night, the arrogant Prince of Savoy began his silent march on the city. The Genevese, who had been asleep, woke up just in time to stave off the worst effects of the attack. From one rampart of the walled city came a cannon ball that splintered and shattered the ladders erected by the furtive mercenaries. In another spot an attacking soldier was about to raise a spiked gate when an old woman, whose window was directly above his head, removed an enormous marmite of hot vegetable soup and energetically tossed it onto his head. A third single engagement was the defense of a house which was the essential, connecting link to another quarter of the city. There lived another woman who, when she heard the Savoyard approach, dragged a gigantic armoire about 8 feet in height and shoved it against her front door. She cowered there listening with horror to the battering of a wooden pole. Later, when the city was safe, a large group of grateful neighbors removed the obstruction.

Grateful to God for having delivered them and their homes in time of stress, the Genevese continued to celebrate their victory for approximately three and a half centuries. The only material custom derived from the battle is that marmite which is now made of chocolate and is eaten with great glee. During the night of the twelfth, adults and children alike done costumes and either join neighbors to tour the city which is holding open house or attend costume parties and fancy dress balls.

It is not without a feeling of pride that these people remember their brave ancestors and sing songs, such as "Ce Que les N'Haut," in the ancient tongue and many other patriotic songs from all the twenty-two Swiss cantons. Now as then, the people are proud and also thankful that they have continued to retain their hard won liberty from oppression.

Sylvia Duncan Hall, '46.

ON CAPE COD

AS I set forth, early that August morning, a thick heavy mist was just beginning to rise from the Cape Cod shores. The fresh, clean vapor clung to my skin, making me feel refreshed and wide awake; but the haze soon disappeared as the rays of the sun grew warmer. The cool, fine sand felt good against my bare feet. It seemed that only a week or two had passed since I set out at the dawn of another summer's day with my pail, the same one I now was carrying, in search of shells. It was easy to forget that instead of two weeks, nine years had passed and that I was once again at that enchanted, carefree age of seven years. Occasionally my progress was hindered by patches of grass, a type peculiar to sandy land, the blades of which are sharp as a knife. But even the stinging sensation they caused when I was careless enough to brush by too close was pleasant because it felt so familiar.

Before long I reached the edge of a cliff of sand and clay, overlooking the ocean. Far down below, tall peaks of green, rising higher and higher, moved in orderly rows, like files of soldiers marching to battle; suddenly, on their edges, appeared frills of white making the waves look like highly polished emeralds encrusted with pearls; they finally crashed to their destruction on the beach in a tumult of foam. As I watched this fierce activity below and followed the long, even curve of the beach with my eyes, a sweet nostalgic feeling crept over me. Only the ever-shifting sea of dunes had changed, yet their forms and shapes were still familiar. Down the steep decline I flew, as if with the winged sandals of Mercury, my feet sinking deep into the loose sand.

When I reached the bottom, I soon became engrossed in my search. With a cry of delight, I pounced upon a flat, round shell with a star-shaped design in the center called a sand-dollar. I was jarred out of my childish world by the deep chuckle of a fisherman standing near by. Although it was early for me to be up and out, he was already on his way back from a trip to his lobster pots. Upon remarking that it was a very nice day, I received the laconic reply, "It'll do." I ventured further and asked him if he had caught anything, to which he replied, "a fair amount." After this brief exchange of pleasantries, we passed on our ways. I now had a very satisfied feeling, for the morning had completed its pattern, modeled after my last trip along the beach. Only then, I had talked at great length with the fisherman of that day which I could not do now, for you must remember, as I was forced to, I am sixteen, not seven, and such loquacity is unforgiveable in a young lady on Cape Cod.

Ann Rosie, '46.

KEY NOTES

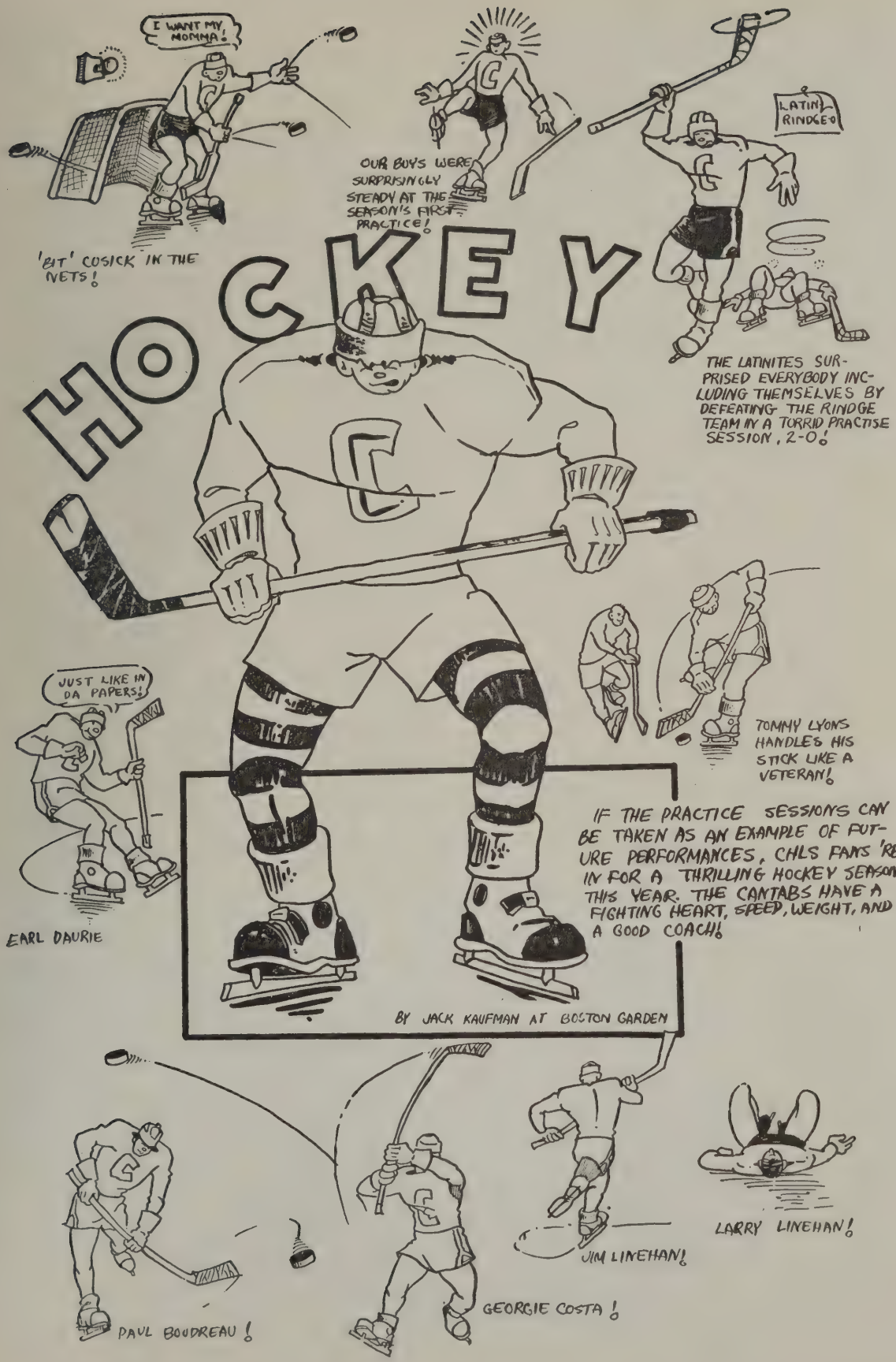
HI, platter fans! Yours truly is back again, just in time to fill up your Christmas vacation with a brand new stack of plastic. Most of you have probably heard "Aren't You Glad You're You" and "In the Land of Beginning Again" (Decca), crooned by Bing Crosby, from "The Bells of St. Mary's." Victor offers the former, backed by that wonderful new tune, "A Door Will Open." Tommy Dorsey is the maestro, and Stuart Foster does the lyrics. Although we're in the middle of winter, we have "It Might As Well Be Spring" with Dick Haymes. "Hubba! Hubba! Hubba!" ought to be released by the time you read this. In passing I'll mention that Spike Jones beats out some more boogie woogie and stuff, and Ethel Smith does herself proud on several new pieces.

Believe it or not my "long hair" has been cut this week to suit everybody's fancy. The ever-popular José Iturbi, you'll be glad to hear, presents us with a multitude of his heavenly playing. The first is "Boogie Woogie Etude" by Morton Gould, and the second that great favorite "Clair de Lune." There's also a charming little album called "Music to Remember" ($1.75) containing Chopin's "Fantasie — Impromptu," "Waltz in D-Flat," "The Minute Waltz," "Waltz in C-Sharp Minor," and "Mazurka in B-Flat." Waldtenfel's "Skater's Waltz" has been recorded again on both sides of a 12-inch record by Arturo Toscanini. It couldn't be better.

By the way, have you heard about those marvelous new unbreakable records. They're light, red and transparent. The first albums I've seen is Richard Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel" by the Boston Symphony Orchestra with my hero, Serge Koussevitsky conducting. The other one is an $8.50 set of Rossini's Overtures, conducted by Toscanini. That sensational young soprano, Patrice Munsel, trills the "Hymn to the Sun" from "The Golden Cockerel" and "Je Suis Titania" from "Mignon." It sure is nice music. As a parting thought, you haven't really enjoyed the "Warsaw Concerto" unless you've heard Arthur Fiedler's rendering of it. Of course, any record made by the "Pops" orchestra is faultless.

Now, I guess I'll just sign off, humming, "I'll See You Again."

Lilly Root, '46.


HOCKEY
I WANT MY MOMMA!
'BIT' COSICK IN THE NETS!
OUR BOYS WERE SURPRISINGLY STEADY AT THE SEASON'S FIRST PRACTICE!
LATIN
RINDGE
THE LATINITES SURPRISED EVERYBODY INCLUDING THEMSELVES BY DEFEATING THE RINDGE TEAM IN A TORRID PRACTISE SESSION, 2-0!
JUST LIKE IN DA PAPERS!
EARL DAURIE
TOMMY LYONS HANDLES HIS STICK LIKE A VETERAN!
IF THE PRACTICE SESSIONS CAN BE TAKEN AS AN EXAMPLE OF FUTURE PERFORMANCES, CHLS FANS 'RE IN FOR A THRILLING HOCKEY SEASON THIS YEAR. THE CANTABS HAVE A FIGHTING HEART, SPEED, WEIGHT, AND A GOOD COACH!
BY JACK KAUFMAN AT BOSTON GARDEN
PAUL BOUDREAU!
GEORGIE COSTA!
JIM LINEHAN!
LARRY LINEHAN!

C. H. L. S. - Spotlite

WE open our door to an icy, wintery blast and Noreen Buckley warmly wrapped in her red plaid sarf . . . Eliot Knight now holds the coveted title of 1-A with the girls . . . Evelyn Andleman has adopted an exotic hairstyle . . . Johnny O'Connor can easily get lost in his 6th period seat . . . Carl Bourque has joined the hockey team . . . Joe DeFeo's latest nickname is the "eager beaver" . . . Arthur MacKensie is practicing to be a future Joe Louis . . . Abby Wise is having difficulty with her new ice skates . . . We sympathize, but definitely . . . Mary Turkos' desk cover has been dubbed "The Curtain" . . . Beverly Garfield is an ardent Van Johnson fan . . . oohhh Van, we sigh . . . Gloria Nelson corresponds with a young gentleman in Sweden . . . Heat from a certain source tells us that George Danis is quite the man . . . Seen at the Rindge dancing class at the "Y" were Lucille and Mabel Grimm, Jeanne and Janet Massé, and Helen and Irene Carr . . . Audrey Mangan's friends have nicknamed her "Giggles" . . . Joan Williams has an individualistic pastime, dropping books . . . Betty Anne Grove, future Powers model, recently spent the week-end in New York with the buyer of Filene's High School Shop. She met the editors of "Junior Bazaar" and "Seventeen." Betty has made an excellent start in modeling at Filene's High School Shop and we predict a brilliant future for her.

William Connell entertains his home room Launcelot Gobbo of C.H.L.S. . . . Peggy Atkins is a member of the 8:31 club . . . Roger Carwille with his antics . . . Mary Boudrot is the current is the silent type, girls . . . Doug Crockett's new nickname is "Skeets" . . . When it comes to her gym outfit, Ann Jacobs believes in "share and share alike" . . . Fashions around Latin: Alice Sokes has a darling set of hair bands . . . Margaret Coleman sports a lovable rose suit . . . Rose Lucenti looks tres chic in her yellow blouse and black velvet skirt . . . Girls, we discovered that Betsy McKinley makes all her clothes, even her suits . . . a medal for Betsy from two who can't even baste a hem correctly . . . Mary DeYoung wears the latest in sweaters, a russet-colored corduroy one with a turtle neck . . . Eileen Ennis's favorite branch of the service is the Naval Air Corps . . . Evelyn Sullivan's eyes are usually twinkling . . . with mischief . . . Among the Latinites earning their Christmas "pin money" at Cocoran's are Edgar Mohn, Catherine Dambrosio, Eleanor Santoro, Eleanor Sullivan, Jerry Dansereau, Alice Seelinger, June Grant, and Doris Monroe . . . Madeline Beckles renders enjoyable tunes on the Latin Hall piano every Friday afternoon . . . Phyllis Braxsten has an "Ipana" smile . . . Isabel Maxwell is setting the style in glasses with colored frames. She has a set of each outfit . . . Maureen Coleman and Jane Butler are hockey enthusiasts . . . Jimmy Cahill, High Graham, and Jack Galvin, the Three Musketeers of C.H.L.S. . . . The whirlwind that sweeps out of 112 at the end of third period every day is Marilyn Barber . . . Senior Girls have one less man to ask to the G. A. A. Chuck (sigh) Pope has left for Chicago . . . Kenneth Lewis's hobby is making false teeth . . . ugh.

Eleanor O'Brien's new nickname is "Brooklyn" . . . Leonora Costa, Mary Gomes, Joyce Kelley, Eleanor Pacheco are seen jitterbugging at the "Y" every Friday night . . . Rumor has it that conversations between Eugenia Filipe and Bea Korenthal usually end in Spanish . . . unique to say the least . . . Have you seen Phylis Shertzers' darling brown and green argyle sweater? . . . Who is the Marine that Jeanne Jarston writes to every third period . . . At the Cambridge-Norwood game were seen Eileen Dinan, Joan Sullivan, Noreen McSorley, John "Red" Hogan, Jean Emery, Jim Cahill, and Jim Kelly, and Lorreta Sheehan . . . After the game, Noreen held a victory party at her house — Among those present were Tommy Lyons, Lorraine Palmissano, Steve Biddle, Pat Sargent, Hank Sullivan, Joan Howard, Rick Harrington, Babe Kelly, Joe Murphy, Lois Hanlon, Jim Kelly, and Betty Grove . . . You can practically hear Sonny Curcio coming in that loud checked jacket of his . . . Among the members in the recently formed C.H.L.S. "Spud Club" are Anne Villani, Nancy Watson, Jeanne Yorston, Pat Delery, Barbara Murphy — Hot Spuds . . . Angela Sgouros has never been late for school, unbelievable says we . . . Barbara Sullivan is a diligent Red Cross worker . . . Mary Terry and Joseph Cava are "quiz kids" in Spanish . . . Have you noticed the miniature basketball that Mary Miles wears? . . . Leo Hamel is a recent addition to the track team . . . Ellen Armstrong is a regular at the Arlington dances . . . The manpower shortage has so depressed Pat Grogan that she plans to be an old maid . . . You can spot Terry Falbo in a crowd by her sharp lumberjackets . . .

Seen at the Boston Skating Club on Saturday afternoons are Margie Gossett, John Holman, Lorraine Fulkerson, Marshall Fosgate, Mary Lowry, and Joan Archibald . . . Dedie O'Brien's skiing exercises are amazing everyone these days, including Dedie . . . 'tis said that Eleanor Sullivan is very uncooperative these days . . . Stanley Rodgers, a former Latinite now at Bordentown Military Academy, was seen around Cambridge during the Thanksgiving Holidays . . . Betty Grove, who recently resigned her position as Secretary of the G. A. A., was entertained at the Bella Vista by President Barbara Goepper, Vice-President Claire Rodgers, and Ann Foley and Jane Butler of the Executive Committee . . . Those pencils that Manny Lakis chews on continually must be flavored . . . Inseparables are Muriel Nevins and Mary Hilderbrand, Mary Kefalis and Jennie Katsulis . . . Dan Nyman has been dubbed the John Barrymore of C.H.L.S. All he lacks is the profile . . . Rosemary Botello is that girl who knows all the history answers . . Just a brain, that's all . . (Wish we had one) . . . Anne Rosie is the talented artist who drew the cover of this month's issue . . . Chuck Conley is now known as Charles Conley, Esq. . . . Seen at the Arlington Thanksgiving dance were Doris Duffy, Paul Cantrell, Joe Murphy, Peggy Dinan, Bob Bradshaw, and Pat Foley

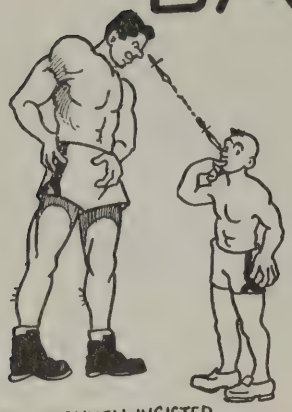
During her lunch period, Prisilla Wharton tries in vain to digest her food and geometry at the same time . . . Welcome to Latin, Ellen Earle. Brookie, that's her nickname, kids, hails from Nova Scotia, Canada . . . Joan Haley, Jackie Towers, Nancy Becker, Joan Sullivan, and Marie Burns were seen at Hood's sipping cokes . . . Every morning before 8:30, Peggy Sullivan and Peggy Keefe take their daily "constitutional" through the corridors of C.H.L.S. . . . Gordon Palaro is very popular. One Monday night he had three different 7th periods to attend . . . Alba Amoroso and Jaunita Alfaro are boning up on their foot work these days . . . Wonder if they already have bids for the Junior Prom.

Among those who attended the Dramatic Club formal were Helen Foley and Johnny Gouveia, Doris Duffy and Jack Rice, Georgianna Nyman and Russell Wood, Evelyn Arenella and Albert Gomez, Betty Joaquim and Gilbert Pimental, Basila Nielan and Jimmy Fitzgerald, Jane Parsons and Fred Buckley . . . Ruth Turner and Jeannene Santonne were escorted by the Army . . . Lucky Ruth wore an orchid . . . Helen Fougere was there with her Frankie . . . Teddy Downs and Lily Root were also escorted by the Navy . . . Seen sitting one out were Joan Hayes and Jackie Curtiss, Mary Panzer and Bob Toomey, Caryl Hayes and Bob Haley, Jean Walsh and John Winn, Anne Sherman and Lefty Hanson . . . Cathie Curtiss and Tom Kennedy seen jitterbuging . . . They are only a few of those who passed an enjoyable evening at the dance . . . Rose Garoian is a member of the dramatic cast of Youth on Parade which broadcasts over WEEI . . . Marjorie Isnor monopolizes the lunch room chatter with her reminiscing about Maine . . . Ethel Haywood and Doreen Healy possess a perpetual sense of humor . . . Billy Monteith entered one morning with an ocular contusion (black eye to you illiterates) . . . At present Dotty Hamilton is bewitched by a Belmont lad . . . Edna Sargent is a unique person. She's quiet! . . . First period every day Nancy Watson and Anne Villari have a gab fete . . . Among the Sunday night skaters are Marion Sullivan, Peggy Dinan, Dave Sheehan, Helen Scannell, Jim Haley, Doran Burke, Anna Cash, Jimmy Linehan, Polly McGillvery, and Eleanor Wallace . . . A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all . . .

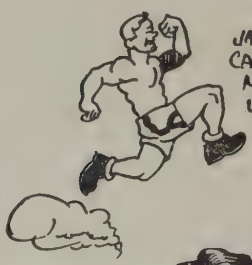
Lucia Toscano, '46.

Barbara Karbaum, '46.

BASKETBALL



THE FRESHMEN INSISTED ON REPEATEDLY WINNING THE DRIBBLE-RELAY RACES AT THE FIRST DAY'S PRACTICE!



JACKIE CAWLEY IS OUR CANDIDATE FOR THE MAN MOST LIKELY TO WEAR OUT THE OPPOSITION!

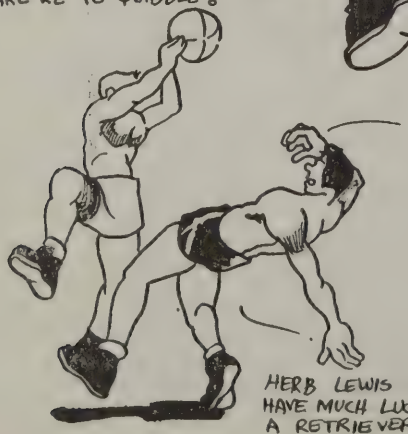
PROMINENT AMONG THE CHARLES ATLAS-MEN IS KENNY LYONS!

JACK KAUFMAN —'46

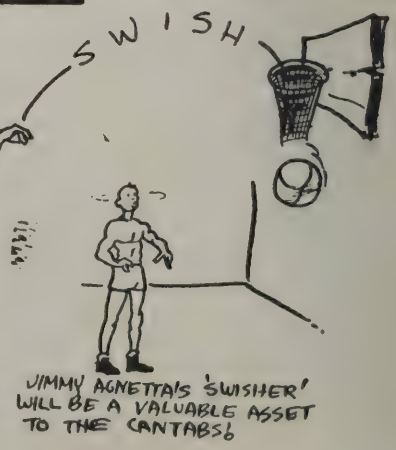
CAPTAIN PARADES SEEMS TO BE VERY PLEASED WITH IT ALL, AND IF JOHN IS PLEASED, WHO ARE WE TO QUIBBLE?

FRESHMEN FLANAGAN, ED FRATTO AND HARY KAUFMAN MADE A GOOD SHOWING!

THE 1946 BASKETBALL SEASON SHOULD, FROM ALL INDICATIONS, BE A HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL ONE DESPITE THE LACK OF HOOP VETERANS — JOHN PARADES, CAPTAIN-STAR OF THE TEAM AND HIS TEAM-MATES HAVE KEPT THEMSELVES IN SHAPE FOR THE TOUGH SCHEDULE AHEAD!



HERB LEWIS DOESN'T HAVE MUCH LUCK AS A RETRIEVER!



JIMMY AGNETTA'S 'SWISHER' WILL BE A VALUABLE ASSET TO THE CANTABS!

SPORTS

THE 1945 football team had a not too successful season, tallying but one victory against eight losses. After downing Norwood High, 7-6, they finished the season by dropping the last two to Brookline and Arlington. With a little luck, the boys might have broken about even.

After beating Norwood, 7-6, for their first win of the year, the C.H.L.S. eleven met powerful Brookline. Being a decided underdog, Latin was no match for the class B champions. Sparked by Hal Moffie, Brookline rolled up five touchdowns to clinch the victory. A single score was all that Latin could muster, and it came when Jack Cawley, Cantab stellar back, threw a 30-yard pass to the lanky right end, Earl Daurie, who, leaping above a couple of would be tackles, pulled it down.

The C.H.L.S. record now stands at one victory and six defeats; the sole win coming over Norwood. Jack Cawley and Bill Cusik were the heroes; Cawley, amid the hopeful eyes of scores of breathless spectators, kicked the winning point through the goal posts after Cusick had smashed five yards for a touchdown.

This final game of the year started out like another Brockton affair, as the big brawny Arlington boys raked up 26 pointers in the first half. This was enough to put the game on ice, but just for good measure they added 12 more in the second half against Latin's six. The boys marched from midfield to the thirty-yard striper, where some mighty fancy broken field running by Lenny McGrath netted the lone score. Final score, Arlington 38, Cambridge Latin 6.

Space allowed us to enumerate only the outstanding features of the various games, but the following boys who have played scrappy, heads up ball, and were constantly in there pitching, deserve a big hand; ends — Daurie, Walker, Biddle, and Harrington; tackles — Lakis, Silvestre, and Chaisson; guards — Pope, Sordillo, Capt. Lyons, and Bourque; center — Lang; backs — Cawley, Cusick, McGrath, Mazurek, Lyons, Boudreau, and Coblyn. Bill Monteith was lost to the squad in the third game, due to a foot injury, but capable Jim Lang was there to fill in in the center spot.

The boys had a pretty poor season, emerging from only one fray on top, due to hard luck, inexperience, and lack of material, but most of them will be back next fall, and we feel safe in asserting that they, under the able guidance and coaching of Coach Adam Elcewicz and Assistant Coach Frank Frisoli, both of whom did a splendid job this year, have just as good a chance as any other team of copping the class B title.

Before we again go to press, the Latin Hockey team will try to hit paydirt when it tangles with the Technicians on its debut at the Garden. This promises to be one of the best and most hotly contested games of the year as the boys, under the leadership of Capt. George Costa, attempt to avenge the 7 - 5 licking handed to them by the Rindge team last year. The representation of the students at the home games was good, but let's make it better by trying to be at the Boston Garden every Saturday afternoon.

So ends the sports for this issue. If you can't attend all the games, try to be at some. A very Merry Christmas to all.

William Kokinakis, '46.
William Craig, '47.

ALUMNI NEWS

THIS month's notes have given us the following news about C.H.L.S. alumni. In the Navy at Bainbridge, Maryland, are Jack Collins, '45, and Dick York, '44 . . . Marine Claude Doucet was home from Parris Island and is now stationed at Hingham. Claude was among the former Latinites who attended the C.H.L.S. vs. Brookline football game. Some other alumni present were Wally Lyons, "Moose" Lakis, and "Buzz" Cullen, all of '45. Barbara Sheehan, Jean Quinn, and Teresa Downey, all of last year's class are attending the Chandler Secretarial School in Boston . . . Prudence Santoro and Terry Dubuque, both of '44, have positions at M.I.T. . . . Jimmie Fitzgerald, captain of the hockey team of '44 is attending Boston College . . . Louise Talarico, '45, was recently married to an instructor in the Army Air Corps and is now living in Texas . . Claire Dubé, '45, is a student nurse at the Cambridge City Hospital . . . Studying at Boston University now are Ray Foley and Charles Mains who are each taking courses in physical education. Mary Downing, '45, is also attending B. U. . . . One of last year's track stars, Jimmie Downey, is now in the Army . . . Seen home on leaves lately have been Paul Mahony, '44, and "Dinny" Downey, '45, both of whom are in the army . . . Pat Donovan, Dot Leary, Edna Williams, Phyllis Harrington, and Eleanor Frueller are all working at American Mutual . . . Eleanor Perry, class of '44, is a sophomore at Jackson . . . Joe Winn, who was home recently, is now stationed in Newfoundland . . . Paul Foley, '45, is at the Chelsea Naval Hospital . . . Jaqueline Doyle, '45, is making plans for the opening of her own dancing school in April . . . Studying at Emmanuel are Jean O'Leary, '44, and Gere Nolan, '44, John Harrington, '45, is at the Fargo Building in Boston

. . . Howard Smoler, captain of last year's chess team is attending the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy . . . Former Latinites who have been discharged recently from various branches of the service include Peter Villari, '38, of the Coast Guard, Bud Mahony of the Marine Corps, Franny Donovan, '44, and Billy Hayes, '42, both of the army . . . Tommy Keough was seen recently on leave from Sampson, New York. Tommy graduated in the class of '45 . . . Bud Reading, '45, is at the A.A.A. specialist school at Keasler Field, Mississippi . . . Beverly Blackhurst, '45, is now working for the Telephone Company . . . Doris Regan, '45, is taking courses at Wyndham . . . Studying at Framingham are Barbara Rundlet, '44, and Jean Faulkner . . . Joan Sussman, class of '45, has a position at Tech . . . Pat Kennedy, '44, is now working for the Society of Arts and Crafts in Boston . . . One of the secretaries at the F. W. Greer Company is Mary Zellucci, class of '45 . . . Ben Donahue, '44, is now stationed in Guam with the Navy . . . En route home for leaves are John Vigneron and Chuck Darling . . . Jimmy Russel, '45, was recently inducted into the army . . . Studying at Regis College are Barbara Murphy and Mary Barrett, both of whom graduated in '44 . . . We will be glad to welcome home Bob Leary, '42, after three years abroad. Bob's brother, Tom, president of the class of '41, is stationed at Pearl Harbor . . . Billy Reardon, who was picked as the all-round athlete of 1942, is due home shortly, along with "Bucky" Hooker . . . Dick Learnard was seen home on leave recently . . . Dick graduated in '44 . . . Peggy Sacola, '45, is attending art school, and Pat Shea, also of '45, attends Chandler Night School . . . Jimmie Sullivan was shipped out from Okinawa to an unknown destination — We hope to tell you next time where he is . . . Two former students of C.H.L.S.: Edward Heffernan, '42, and Paul Holland, '44, met their untimely deaths in the latter months of the war. All who knew them will long remember these boys.

Marge Downey, '46
Barbara Karbaum, '46
Lucia Toscano, '46

GIRLS' SPORTS

IN the last issue, I promied to report to you the standings of the class teams. Since then one inter-class game has taken place.

The Seniors met the Juniors in a very heated game, and, take it from me, readers, (I was referee) it was one of the fastest games put on by either team. It is always an event when these classes meet because of the ability of both teams. The final score was, Seniors 9, Juniors 3.

Congratulations should be extended to both teams for their wonderful spirit and enthusiasm. The future holds great promise for basketball fans in a series of class games and outside games with Belmont, Medford, Arlington, and Somerville.

It is the sincere hope of your reporter that many more representatives of the various classes will support their team and come down for each game when it is played in the Gym or some other school. We need your cheers and all the enthusiasm you can display.

Swimming is in full sway, and a grand time is had by all each Thursday night in the YMCA. If you are interested in this sport, you may obtain further information in the Gym.

We are grateful this Christmas that many of our servicemen and servicewomen are home again to enjoy our American way of life. This Christmas, the first one to see peace in four years will be one of the happiest we have ever had, and it is my sincere hope you enjoy every minute of it.

Basilla Neilan, '46.

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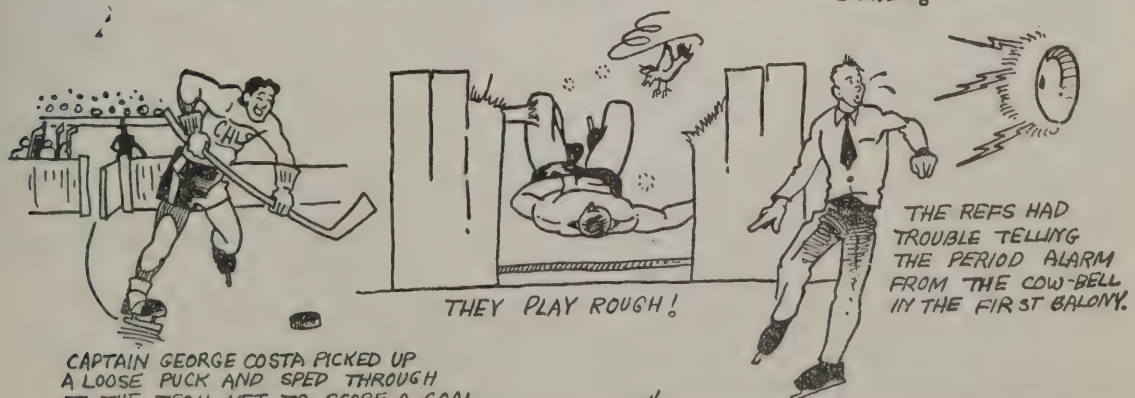
'JIM' LINEHAN SURE PACKS A HARD-ER- WALLOP! HE LEFT A TRAIL OF RINDGE-ITES STREWN ABOUT ON THE ICE BEHIND HIM!
HONK
BEE-E-P
THOUGH FEW LATINITES ATTENDED, THE CHEERING WAS UPROARIOUS.
RINDGE
CHLS
'JACK' LEE CAN REALLY DO TRICKS ON HIS FLASHING BLADES!
BOTH GOALIES, MURPHY AND CUSICK, LOOKED SLIGHTLY BEWILDERED BY IT ALL!

LATIN BOWS - 10-1

THE BOYS IN THE CANDY-STRIPED JERSEYS SUFFERED A HUMILIATING DEFEAT IN THEIR OPENER FOR THE 1946 SEASON !!

EARL 'STRETCH' DAURIE TOWERS EVEN HIGHER ON HIS SKATES!



CAPTAIN GEORGE COSTA PICKED UP A LOOSE PUCK AND SPED THROUGH TO THE TECH NET TO SCORE A GOAL ALL IN 10 SECONDS OF ENTERING THE GAME!

BY JACK KAUFMAN AT BOSTON GARDEN

K. B. NOTES

On November 2, the installation of new members was held at my home. We old members were very happy to greet as new members:

Catherine Curtiss	Ann Sullivan
Dorothy Dooley	Eleanor Sullivan
Theresa Fitzgerald	Lucille Grenier
Caryl Hayes	Norma Higgins
Barbara Karbaum	Joan Kelly
Mary Keneally	Ann McMenimen
Deidre O'Brien	Eleanor Russell
Claire Rodgers	Loretta Sheehan
Ann Rosie	Carolyn Townsend
Barbara Scanlon	Marilyn Wright
Helen Scannell	Lois Moran
Alice Seelinger	Claire Kilfoyle

A social meeting was held at Lucia Toscano's house on November 21. The K. B. pin was shown to the new girls and a committee was chosen to attend to purchasing them. Plans were made for the members of the club to visit in groups Marie Callahan, a home pupil, who has been made an honorary member. Plans were also made for the Christmas Party to be held on December 21 at Margo Downey's house. We are all expecting a wonderful time and are waiting eagerly for it.

I would like now to offer my congratulations to the new members and to wish you all a Merry Christmas.

Eleanor Wadden, '46,
Secretary.

G. A. A. NEWS

We all will agree that we had a perfect time at our comic-strip party held in the gym on November 9. As usual, it was a success. Each girl represented one of our favorites and Miss Brown was completely covered with newspaper. Picked as winners for wearing the cleverest costumes were Theodore Downs and Georgianna Nyman. The entertainment was very good and consisted of the following:

Carolyn Townsend .....Song
Noreen Buckley .....Monologue
Joyce Tessmer .....Song
Edith Reading
Janice Lombard .....Song
Eleanor Lepore
Janice Banks .....Dialogue
Margaret Atkins .....Song
Betty Grove .....Dance and Song
Jean Cullhane .....Acrobat and Ballet
G. A. A. Officers .....Song

Later on in the evening dancing took place and was enjoyed by all. Three of our late members, Mary Messinger, Barbara Murphy, and Sylvia Piltch dropped in to see us and received a hearty welcome. Leading the grand march were our dependable G. A. A. officers.

Miss Russell, Miss George and Miss McLaughlin acted as patronesses and are thanked by one and all. Also we want to thank the door, entertainment and refreshment committees which were made up of the following girls: Jeanne and Joanne Rose, Mary Reilly, Eleanor Wallace, Priscilla Wadden, Pauline MacGillivray, Betty Grove, Janie Butler, Nancy Coleman, Claire Rodgers, and Eileen Dinan for their helpful assistance.

Deepest gratitude and heart-warm thanks are due our cheer-leaders who did a grand job this past season in keeping up the morale of the school despite its many losses. Let's hope next year that our girls receive more recognition. The captain next year will be Loretta Sheehan, just recently elected.

Our next party will be held the week bfore Christmas. Come and join the fun!

Anna Cash, '46.

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JUNIOR RED CROSS

Home room representatives of the Junior Red Cross have elected the following pupils to membership in the Junior Red Cross Council:

Margo W. Downey, Senior, Chairman

Freshmen	Sophomores
Rosemary Bagley	Rosemary Shea
Ruth Gallup	Mary Messuri
Claire Russell	Peggy Atkins
Dorothy Brogan	Rosemary Herbert
Veronica Murphy	Priscilla Wharton
Juniors	**Seniors**
Anne McMenimen	Betty McKinley
Phyllis Lewis	Lauretta Lovoi
Catherine Cunniff	Basilla Neilan
Rita Keough	Mary Reilly
Grace Haroutunian	Ann Cash

Two meetings of the Council have been held recently under the able direction of Miss Alice Ward. The activity was directed chiefly to the collection of articles of practical value for hospitalized service men's kits. Razor blades, soap, toothpaste, shaving cream and similar items were donated freely. The pupils of Room 123 deserve special mention for their efforts.

Volunteer work has also been done at the switchboard at Red Cross Headquarters. The distribution of Christmas seals by members of the Council has been an appropriate activity for the season.

All in all, the members of the Junior Red Cross have reason to be proud of the work being done. A Merry Christmas to everyone we try to serve is our most fervent wish just now. Our own Christmas is made happier by the knowledge that we are helping in a great cause.

Margo Downey, '46.

THE LITERARY CLUB

Despite a very busy Christmas season, the members of our club have been able to review a few books. James Ullman's "The White Tower," reviewed by Veronica Aslanian, proved not to be well liked; no one felt it worth while reading. "The Basque People" by Dorothy Canfield Fisher was reviewed by Alice Seelinger. The general discussion which followed the review incited some of our members to take an extreme interest in the Basques and their customs.

Another pleasure is in store for us, for arrangements have been made for attending Maurice Evan's portrayal of Hamlet in Shakespeare's great drama. Also, plans are under way for our hearing the Harvard Glee Club, and the Radcliffe Choral Group at the Isabella Stewart Gardiner museum. Veronica Aslanian and Frieda Alexander are preparing a club party to be held atVeronica's home on the Sunday before Christmas.

For our last meeting for 1945, we decided upon a Christmas program of interesting facts or legends concerning the customs of a wide variety of nationalities obtained from the traditions handed to the members of our club by their ancestors. This meeting promises much informative pleasure.

Theodora Downs, '46.

OUTING CLUB NOTES

PAGING all sport enthusiasts and nature lovers! The Outing Club is well on its way toward a year full of fun. A recent meeting was held at the Children's Museum, where we were shown movies on local birds. This lecture was supplemented by the distribution of bird pamphlets published by the Junior Audubon Society. Members who had previously no knowledge of birds especially enjoyed this meeting.

On Friday night, November the twenty-third, members of the Outing Club joined a folk dancing group in Harvard Square for an energetic evening of square dancing and reels. This is an activity which we plan to repeat many times during the school year.

The high light of the pre-Christmas season was to have been a weinie roast at Cedar Hill on Saturday, December first, but the weather interfered and forced us to postpone our trip until the following week. A plentiful menu of weinies with "all the fixins," hot chocolate and famous "samoas" has been planned. There will be more about the weinie roast in the next issue.

We are going to attend the Christmas concert at the Perkins Institute for the Blind. Members of the club, who heard the carol singing last year have enthusiastically recommended our attendance.

Best wishes for a happy holiday season.

Noreen Buckley, '46.

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

IF the recent Dramatic Club Formal is to be held as a prophecy of things to come, the Club is due for one of the most successful seasons in its history. On November 16, the ballroom of the Hotel Commander was crowded with couples dancing to the nimble fingers of Fred Sateriale and his orchestra. I am sure that all who attended will agree that it was one of the most enjoyable social events of the year.

The Club has not been forgetting its patriotic duties, however, for members have been performing a Victory Bond play entitled "Only Three-Seventy-Five" before Chambers of Commerce and schools of nine different cities and towns in Massachusetts. The play is directed by Miss Hartigan, and presented under the auspices of the Treasury Department.

Now that Christmas is drawing near, the members of the Club eagerly look forward to the annual Christmas Party and Christmas Tableaux, which have always impressed the club as expressing the festive and religious beauty of Christmas.

And so, delighted with the success of the first two acts in our program, we turn with high hopes toward the third.

David Walsh, '47.

EXCHANGES

Just a few notes to see how the Review compares with other high school publications.

Pittsfield High School
Pittsfield, Massachusetts

"The Student's Pen," the high school magazine of Pittsfield High is a fine example of a student publication. However, it is published monthly instead of four times a year. It contains editorials, literature contributed by the students, a Gold Star Honor list, a book review page, material on school assemblies and affairs, club news, pictures of clubs, staffs, and councils, sport news, complete with pictures, a humor column, a feature attraction: "Who's Who," and lastly, a column entitled "Here and There," which corresponds to the Review "Spotlite" and which is very well done.

Nantucket High School
Nantucket, Massachusetts

"The Islander," magazine of Nantucket High, is another interesting publication. It is put out four times a year and includes both Senior and Junior High School news. Most of it is composed of literature sent in by students. Besides this, it contains a poets' corner, Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, and Senior class notes, jokes, alumni news, and an interesting column called "Could Be," the student's idea of a typical high school boy and girl. There is also a page listing various theme songs of certain students, sports features, and, of course, the inevitable personal column called "Shadow."

Both of these magazines were enjoyable, and thanks to Pittsfield and Nantucket Highs for their interest.

Marilyn Wright, '47.

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Alexander, Fredia
Andrews, Edith
Aslanian, Veronica
Azarowicz, Sophie
Barr, Esther
Barr, Irene
Belbin, Laura
Boffitto, Phyllis
Botelho, Rosemary
Browne, Barbara
Buckley, Noreen
Burden, Clara
Burke, Paul
Callahan, Marie
Camelio, Elizabeth
Carlow, Carol
Carlson, June
Cash, Anna
Centrella, Antoinette
Champi, Dolores
Clarke, Eleanore
Coleman, Margaret
Culolias, Helen
Curtiss, Catherine
Dansereau, Geraldine
Days, Lillian
Donovan, Frank
Dooley, Dorothy
Downes, Theodora
Downey, Margaret
Enos, Mary
Fitzgerald, Theresa
Fitz Patrick, Joan
Foley, Jean
Fraser, Mary
Fratianni, Rose
Gomatos, Peter
Grove, Betty
Gruhn, Louise
Hall, Sylvia Duncan
Hayes, Elizabeth
Hoban, Susan
Hogan, John
Iwanski, Wanda
Johnson, Charlotte
Joughin, Beatrice
Kapchus, Helen
Karbaum, Barbara
Landry, Belle
MacKinnon, Pauline
Magnuson, Betty
Marathas, Catherine
Martin, Carmen
McDonnell, Dorothy
McMahon, John
Nevins, Muriel
Newell, Edna
O'Brien, Dierdre
O'Brien, Marjorie
O'Brien, Phyllis
Phelan, Loretta
Pullan, Marilyn
Reilly, Mary
Root, Lily
Rosenberg, Earle
Rosie, Anne
Ryan, Dorothy
Sargent, Edna
Scanlon, Barbara
Scannell, Helen
Schertzer, Phyllis
Seelinger, Alice
Sparkes, Hazel
Spencer, Lydia
Sullivan, Lillian
Tarquinio, Eleanor
Toscano, Lucia
Vaudo, Anne
Wadden, Eleanor
Wallace, Eleanor
Weisman, Ruth
Wilson, Elaine
Winn, John
Zakszewski, Arlene

JUNIOR HONOR ROLL

Aronson, Jack
Atwood, Naomi
Bequaert, Helen
Burns, Helen
Burns, June
Cardillo, Eleanor
Cardosi, Frank
Carter, Barbara
Center, Marilyn
Chao, Lensey
Connolly, Katherine
Coutoumas, Wilma
Cremens, Carolyn
Delaney, Ann
Dinan, Eileen
DiVito, James
Donahue, John
Donoghue, Evelyn
Falbo, Theresa
Flynn, Arthur
Foti, Matilda
Fosgate, Charles
Fournier, Joseph
Garoian, Teny
Giannoti, Mary
Glennon, Patricia
Grimm, Charles
Grogan, Patricia
Higgins, Norma
Hogan, Paul
Katsulis, Jennie
Kelly, Joan
Kenealy, Patricia
Kristal, Sylvia
Lane, Dorothy
Larson, Joanne
Latham-Brown, Beverly
Lee, Annie
Lee, Nellie
Leonard, Edward
Lewis, Florence
Lewis, Herbert
Martinian, Martin
Maxwell, Barbara
McCarthy, John
McGowan, Dorothy
MacKenzie, Arthur
MacLeod, Doris
McMenimen, Anne
Miner, Eleanor
Minkel, Stephen
Nichols, Marie
Obelsky, Eileen
O'Brien, Robert
Olive, Gloria
Panselinas, Catherine
Payzant, Anita
Pereira, Amelia
Phelan, Margaret
Radaitis, Helen
Regillo, Serafino
Robichaud, Gilbert
Rosenberg, Rita
Ruff, Lillia
Ryan, Donald
Schatz, Arthur
Small, Mary
Souza, Alice
Taylor, Kirk
Thomas, Emma
Townsend, Carolyn
Wright, Marilyn

SOPHOMORE HONOR ROLL
First Marking Period 1945 - 1946

Archibald, Jean
Ashenden, David
Atkins, Margaret
Bederian, Lucy
Bolduc, Constance
Bonacci, Theresa
Brickley, Virginia
Brown, Shirley
Burke, Carroll
Burke, Dorothy
Camelio, Louise
Canning, Audrey
Carr, Helen
Carwile, Roger
Cheevers, Constance
Ciampi, Lucille
Clary, Olive
Connell, Barbara
Connolly, Clare
Cosman, Alice
Davin, Eleanor
Donnelley, John
Donoghue, Margaret
Dragun, Phyllis
Dubay, Jessie
Dubuque, Joan
Duggan, Marjorie
Durakis, Charles
Egan, Thomas
Fairburn, Donald
Fields, Doris
Fleet, Martha
Fulkerson, Lorraine
Galvin, Betty Anne
Gates, Isabel
Gillis, Robert
Goffredo, Margaret
Goldberg, Norman
Green, Shirley
Greenstein, Mary
Griffith, Elaine
Grossman, Selma
Hammond, Doris
Irwin, Janet
Jones, Eleanor
Kizer, James
Landis, Ellen
Landry, Marilyn
Lawrence, Lorraine
Levenson, Bernice
Loggan, Wilfred
Lombardi, Josephine
Lopes, Irene
Lowry, Mary
Martin, Ida
Mello, Dorothy
Messuri, Mary
Michalowski, Gladys
Murray, Marion
Muse, Henry
Neal, Dolores
Nelson, Gloria
Nicolletti, Claire
O'Connor, John

Pedrini, Helen
Pope, George
Rixon, Iola
Roach, Marilyn
Roderick, Ann
Sach, Irene
Sadoian, Roxie
Saidnawey, Elaine
Scalise, Frances
Sgouros, Helene
Shannon, John
Silverman, Eva
Smith, Margaret
Staniewicz, Walter
Stearns, Muriel
Sullivan, Beatrice
Sullivan, Florence
Taverna, Marie
Tenore, Elizabeth
Thornhill, Elsie
Torigian, Isabell
Torp, Phyllis
Traveis, Leonard
Turner, Josephine
Urbonavich, Anne
Walters, Mary
Walthrup, Carol
Ward, Dorcas
Ward, Joan
Williams, Joan

FRESHMAN HONOR ROLL

First Marking Period 1945 - 1946

Alamanos, Dorothy
Andella, Anna
Andrews, Norma
Aronson, Adelle
Barnes, Joanne
Bond, Mary
Boyer, David
Brewer, Dorothy
Brogan, Dorothy
Campbell, Donald
Carbonaro, Alice
Cardullo, John
Carlson, Barbara
Carrieri, Guy
Chao, Bella
Conway, William
Cullinane, Catherine
Culolias, Nicholas
Curram, Anne
Curry, James
Darcy, James
De Angelis, Antonette
Dearden, Margaret
Donnelly, Ruth
Drotter, Dolores
Dubay, Joseph
Duprey, Raoul
Eldridge, Alice
Elms, Joan
Evans, Nancy
Foley, Doris
Foti, Virginia
Freeman, Richard
Gallup, Ruth
Giampetruzzi, Josephine
Gifford, Edmund
Gilman, Suzanne
Gonsalves, Dorothy
Gorman, Elizabeth
Gouveia, Laura
Grady, Margaret
Graves, Zelda
Green, Ruth
Harrington, Barbara
Hayes, Barbara
Herman, Margaret
Hurlburt, Ruth
Ifill, Joan
Johnson, Gladys
Johnston, Claire
Jordan, Bernice
Kagan, Miriam
Katsulis, Christine
Kaufman, Harvey
Kelso, John
Kirylo, Marion
Korb, Kenneth
Ladner, Patriica
Lampron, Nancy
Lee, Nina
Livingstone, Margaret
Lorensen, Pauline
Marshall, Mary
Mayo, Patricia
McCarthy, Joseph
McClellan, Claire
McCurdy, William
McDonald, James
McDonnell, Gertrude
McLeod, Jean
McPartlin, Nancy
Modest, Barbara
Monti, Clara
Murphy, Barbara
Murphy, Garret
O'Connor, Jean
Oliver, Verna
Ordesky, Morrill
Oster, Rose
Phillips, Dorothy
Rich, Arline
Rodman, Alan
Roop, John
Rosa, Edith
Russell, Claire
Rutherford, Carolyn
Ryan, Philip
Saltman, Sheldon
Sapack, Helen
Scantalides, Thalia
Schlein, Milton
Serpa, Robert
Shaw, Mildred
Sheehey, Dorothy
Singer, Anne
Spaneas, Helen
Steinberg, Harvey
Stewart, Robert
Surman, Selma
Sutherland, Marjorie
Talarico, Grace
Talarico, Joseph
Timmins, Jacqueline
Travers, George
Varandes, Diana
Venturini, Joan
Wagner, Florence
Willman, Peter A.
Zacharakis, Anna

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Cambridge High and Latin School
Cambridge, Massachusetts

The Cambridge Review

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

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Contents

Editorial 2
Man's Expression Through Art 2
I Am a Citizen of the World 3
In Memoriam 3
A Message 3
The Pipe 4
New England Snow 4
Era of Flight 5
The Pros and Cons of Snow 5
When I Read for Pleasure 6
Beauty 6
Preview of Spring 6
Cartoon 7
On Getting the Family Car 8
The Other Tenants in My Locker Alley 8
On Satisfying My Family 8
The Pupil Across the Aisle 9
Fashion Drawing 10
Freshman Notes 11
G. A. A. 11
Key Notes 11
Spotlite 12, 13
On Wind,—The Same Story 14
Freshman Honor Roll 15
Sophomore Honor Roll 16
Junior Honor Roll 17
Senior Honor Roll 18
Language Clubs 19
Book Reports 19
Alumni Notes 20
The Janitor 21
Cartoon 22
Girls' Sports 23
K. B. Notes 23
Gym Flashes 23
Dramatic Club Notes 24
Are You Interested in Photography 24
Outing Club 24
Cartoon 25
Sports 26
On Neckties 27
Junior Red Cross Notes 27
The Wisp of Hair 28
Wouldn't It Be Dull If: 28

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Editorials

THE writer, after searching her weary brain for an editorial inspiration, abandons the idea that *this* time she can be original and seeks the aid of the World Book Encyclopedia. Since the issue of the magazine she hopes to write for is to come out in February, she scans the lettered books, pulls out the "F" volume, and flips the pages impatiently until she reaches the sought for month. She peruses the lengthy list of notables who came into the world in the second month of the year. Lincoln, Dickens, Washington, Edison, and Clemens. Does that strike a familiar chord?

Scenes on a steam boat and on a crude raft with the setting being the huge, muddy, lazy Mississippi River are pictured. Along with them come the lovable characters Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn and a prince . . . . . and a pauper. And just watch that frog jump; look at him leap!

Mark Twain. Those are two words personifying Samuel Longhorne Clemens, who hearing them frequently called on the river boats to indicate the water was two fathoms deep, associated them with his own writings and love and took them for his pen name.

He is noted for his humorous, thought-provoking sayings. "Training is everything. The peach was once a bitter almond; cauliflower is nothing but cabbage with a college education." "Nothing so needs reforming as other people's habits." A particularly amusing comment of his is "Behold the fool saith, 'Put not all thine eggs in one basket'—which is but a manner of saying 'Scatter your money and your attention'; but the wise man saith 'Put all your eggs in one basket and *Watch That Basket*'."

Mark Twain was a humorist but not a joker. Though he may have lacked tact at times, he was beloved in the United States and in nations abroad. "Let us endeavor so to live that when we come to die, even the undertaker will be sorry." Thus did Mark Twain express his philosophy of life. From the reports of those who loved and knew him and those who read and are still reading him, it is evident that he practiced what he preached, and became and will always be one of the best loved and most read American authors.

C. C.

IT HAS been said that there are two ways in which man expresses himself; one is by speech, the other by art. Art is that with which we are concerned. Although varying techniques have been used through the centuries, it has been to express the emotions in some tangible form.

During the earlier centuries of Greek endeavour the emphasis was upon sculpture of marble and architecture; although the minor arts included painting and decoration of pottery. The Romans were inclined to style their own art after that of the classical Greek. With the advent of Christian art styles became more complicated and emphasis shifted from Greek simplicity to a new richness. Of the Gothic art in Europe there are many beautiful and well known examples. Who is there that has not wondered over the grace of Rheims or the beauty of Notre Dame? With the Renaissance a great revival in art took place throughout Europe and produced such men as Leanardo da Vinci, Raphael, Michelangelo, Titian, Durer and Hans Holbein. Later Italian and Spanish schools introduced Goya and Velaquez.

In the Sixteenth century the Dutch came into prominence with Rembrandt whose genius lay in his manipulation of light and shadow and great beauty of characterization and color. Almost as well known are Rubens and Van Dyck. The Eighteenth century brought the French school to great heights under David, Le Brun, and Greuze; while the English school across the channel developed Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Constable.

In the last Century in France sprang up the Romantic school led by Delacroix. Well known among those of the Forest of Fontainbleau are Rousseau, Diaz and Rosa Bonheure, but best known are Corot and Millet. The Impressionists whose colors are so deftly placed upon the canvas succeeded the classical Romantic. The landscapists were Monet, Sisley, Cezanne and Renoir who was more of a portrait painter.

Thus may man's need for artistic expression be roughly sketched in the west. In art, such as painting, sculpture and architecture there is a desire to express with the hands that which can't be expressed through words.

S. D. H.

"I AM A CITIZEN OF THE WORLD"

ALTHOUGH spoken thousands of years ago, in answer to a query, this statement applies to our fast moving generation in the sense that the size of the world has been contracted by the advent of airplanes. We are citizens of the United States and always will be, but in another aspect we are citizens of the world.

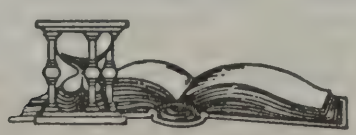
One can "hop" a plane at Boston on one day and on the next, "hop" out in London, Paris, or Moscow. In the days of tomorrow, our next door neighbors will be the Smiths in Albany or Portland. Weekend trips to Europe will be "the thing." Instead of taking the three hour trip to Grandmother's on Sunday, we will pile into the helicopter and be there in ten minutes. Girls and boys will not practice driving on wide, desserted highways; they will practice flying in the wide empty spaces of heaven.

Leading men of the world already realize the greater closeness of the peoples of the universe. With the formation of the United Nations Organization, they have joined all countries into one great body. In spite of the size of the organization, there is only one governing body, one judicial body, and one army drawn from each of the members. After the failure of the League of Nations, we all desire even more a world organization that will maintain peace forever. The U N O gathers together all nations. The same law will govern all, rich and poor, great and small. Holland's tiny voice will create just as great a stir as Russia's booming one.

In the war just ended, the boys overseas did a great deal to decrease the distance between their homes and the far away places in which they found themselves. The Yank's quick wit and ready bugle won him many friends. His readiness to share his own meagre supplies won him more. The American Flag was seen in the tiniest villages, the smallest islands and the most distant places. It won the respect and admiration of people all over the world. When an American goes to these places now, he is greeted by ready-made friends who are prepared to like any American.

We are all proud to be citizens of the United States and would give our all again to defend America from her enemy. We are truly Americans, but because of the closer alliance between nations and peoples, we are in another sense citizens of the world.

ELEANOR WADDEN, '46.



In Memoriam

JOHN Joseph Maleski was born in Cambridge, September 24, 1916. Since childhood his ambition was to be an officer in the army. He graduated from St. Hedwig's Grammar School; and then from Cambridge High and Latin in 1933. He attended Burdett College for two years.

January 4, 1941, he enlisted in the U. S. Army. After being stationed at Fort Heath, Winthrop, he was sent to Officers Training School, at Fort Benning, Georgia. From there he graduated with honors of a second lieutenant, on December 4, 1942. After leaving Georgia, he was sent to California, Pennsylvania, Louisiana and Florida, where he was promoted to a first lieutenant.

September, 1943, he went overseas. March 15, 1944, he was twice wounded on Bougainville, while leading ten men behind enemy lines and ambushing a Jap Unit. From there he went all over the Pacific Islands. Finally he and his division arrived at Manila. While liberating the prisoners, he received two severe wounds. After the men were returning to their posts, Johnny was seriously wounded by a Jap sniper on the 8th of January 1945. The wounds being very painful, he died the next day.

Among his medals, there are two Purple Hearts with Oak Leaf Clusters, the Infantry Man's Combat Award, the Bronze Star and the Silver Star.

IRENE MALESKI, '48.

A MESSAGE

I write to one whose wearied head
Can find no rest on pillowed bed,
Whose troubles ever seem to mount
Whose blessings he finds hard to count.

I write to flush the cheeks so wan
To color lips so tightly drawn,
To make the lined forehead smoothe
To soften grief and worries soothe.

I write to say though skies be gray
There'll always come a sunny day,
To teach that life is happiness
In spite of moments of distress.

I write to one whose love I cherish
For whom my love will never perish,
To whisper soft that I'll be near
To comfort, and to banish fear.

LYDIA SPENCER, '46.

THE PIPE

THE window display of Leavitt and Pierce had always intrigued me with its tiers of pipes and other smoking necessities. The squat glass humidors full of golden tobacco, shipped from the mystic Orient or perhaps Havana, never changed in the window but the pipes changed every few days. Like nomads, they camped but temporarily on a velvet desert.

Pausing to pay my daily tribute to the array, I noticed with pleasure a new arrival in the window. It appeared like an Indian prince among a host of infidels; its stem was straight but its bowl was softly rounded and it had the urbane polished look of a noble. I could see that the grained wood was uncommonly fine and I wondered as to its price. What a thrill it would be to give my father such a present! His birthday was only a few days away and I had not yet bought the $1.95 bottle of shaving lotion I had planned to give him.

Looking once more at the pipe, I gathered my courage, pulled my coat tighter about me, and walked in. A bespectacled young man, undoubtedly a Harvard undergraduate, languished disinterestedly against a glass counter and idly turned a delicate porcelain pipe between his thumb and forefinger. He glanced up as I entered and taking in my shabby coat and worn gloves, returned to contemplating the object in his hand. An elderly clerk with a benevolent smile approached me.

"Can I help you?" he inquired politely.

"Yes," I replied, "would you tell me the price of the pipe in the center of your window display?"

He smiled kindly and said, "Just a moment please, I'll see." As he walked over to the window, I held my breath, hoping that its cost was reasonable. He glanced at the tag pasted on the bowl of the pipe. Turning about, he said, "A very fine pipe and only $14.50, miss." Seeing my crestfallen expression, he added, "Of course that's a very expensive pipe; we have other models which are much less expensive. I'd be glad to show them to you."

Anxious to escape from those sympathetic eyes, I uttered an embarassed, "No thank you," and hurried away. The pipe lay enthroned on its dais of velvet and as I repassed the window, I looked once more at its graceful lines. As I stood there looking at the pipe, another picture came into my mind. I saw it lying on a polished mahogany desktop in a long line of equally expensive pipes. The mammoth desk would belong to a business tycoon or a college professor whose den would be lined with bookshelves covering the four walls.

I thought of the pipe and its probable home as I walked towards the Square. The spatter of light rain against my face roused me from my reverie and I noticed the bar of light from the door of Billings and Stover's falling on the wet pavement. I entered and after a short wait, bought the bottle of shaving lotion. Pocketing it and still thinking of the pipe, I stepped out into the rain which swept the streets in windy gusts.

It was only a short walk to our apartment and I was surprised to see the light under the door as I turned my key in the lock. Father sat despondently in our one stuffed chair but straightened as he heard me close the door. It was unusual for him to be home at this time of day; his work as draftsman in an M.I.T. laboratory was never through before six and it was only about five o'clock.

As I came into the living room and gave Father a kiss, he said, "Well, what have you been doing this afternoon?"

"Nothing special," I replied, "but what are you doing home at this time of day?"

He looked rather sheepish and admitted reluctantly that he had been sent home from work. "Just another one of those coughing spells," he explained. "I've decided to give up smoking everything except an occasional Kool and now, what about supper?"

I gave him another kiss, told him to read the paper while I got supper, and thinking of the wonderful present in my coat pocket, went into the kitchen humming happily.

LYDIA SPENCER, '46.

NEW ENGLAND SNOW

ALTHOUGH it has not been so widely debated about as the atom bomb, labor trouble, world affairs, or the pigeons on Boston Common, the snow still may find itself the topic of many a lively discussion. It has its faults as well as its virtues and the number increases by leaps and bounds as the days pass. I shall attempt, in the following paragraphs, to set forth its main points for better or for worse.

Those outdoor enthusiasts or land-locked Brownies (L Street) who, for the sake of their waistlines and general health, wade through six-foot mounds of snow with nothing on but sweaters, will tell you that, next to themselves, snow is God's best gift to the world. Its uses, 'tis true, are innumerable. Skiing, tobogganing, and sledding are just a few. You have your choice between participating in these activities or, if of the fragile type, spending a quiet winter at home. I gave up sledding at an early age; tobogganing

is unknown to me; and the nearest I ever came to a pair of skis was when someone nearly decapitated me with a pair on a street car. The latter sport, however, encourages a belief in the supernatural. A cartoon I once saw showed a pair of ski tracks in the snow. On approaching a tree, one track went on either side of the tree. As I have yet to see anyone accomplish this, I am seriously considering the existence of "gremlins."

As to the faults of snow, they are countless. Traffic and pedestrian hazards, for example, as well as the eternal struggle between the taxpayer's shovel and the city's snowplow are some. A soldier from Georgia, who was stationed in Boston and who had never seen snow in his life, wrote his first letter home describing in glowing terms the four-inch white blanket that covered the city. A few weeks later in his second letter he inquired, "Do you remember the snow I wrote to you about? Well now we have five feet of the stuff." If you wish to hear fervent praise of snow, don't go to Harold Ickes unless you have an elastic insurance policy. I myself am not abounding in love for snow, although I have devoted this entire morning to finding its chemical composition. But, since New England never yet has had a snowless winter, and, from the looks of things, never will, I suppose there is nothing I can do but write themes about it. On second thought, perhaps an atom bomb, exploded at high altitude, could change New England's weather. Pardon my haste, but I simply must hurry back to my chemistry class; you never can tell.

ARTHUR G. SCHATZ, '47.

ERA OF FLIGHT

HELLO FLYING FANS! Have you ever been up beyond the blue? If you have, by the time you "leveled off" did you feel as if you had left your senses and feelings on the ground? Undoubtedly you have heard your parents say that they would never "lift a foot off the ground"—well, don't believe it; they will. Back in 1902 when the automobile came into circulation, people were indifferent to it and also afraid of it.

The airplane is no longer an object of destruction or war. The plane is being used for transportation, shipments, mail service and education for the people who want to study in the field of flight, and it should be given serious attention by anyone interested in this future.

The tremendous growth of air travel is already taxing even the finest airports to the limit. Air transport reached its peak in 1944 in spite of the handicaps of war. Planes were flown on an average of from 11 to 12 hours daily, as compared to 7 to 9 before Pearl Harbor.

Each day in the year, now, more than twice as many passengers are traveling safely by air in the United States as during the entire year of 1926. These steps were for flights, but we are just warming up for a still longer and even faster flight.

All airway lines have a great deal to be proud of, as more than one-third of the airline personnel, including pilots, stewardesses and operations staffs, joined some branch of the armed forces.

Many gave their lives and many received citations for performances above the line of duty, largely in the same field of flying in which they had gained invaluable experience in civilian life. If you ever have a chance to fly be sure to take it; the grand feeling that overtakes you is priceless, and when you come down to earth again, we all will be there to wish you A HAPPY LANDING!

BASILLA NEILAN, '46.

THE PROS AND CONS OF SNOW

"Snow, snow, beautiful snow,
Step on a hunk and away you go!"

WITH the close of the fall comes winter; with winter comes snow, which softly blankets the now dried-up earth in its cold and often sloppy caress. Boots must be donned; thus a neat black ring, which turns to a vivid red as the winter proceeds, assumes a prominent position around the legs. Snow has *many* other disadvantages among them the shoveling of walks, snow-balls "winging" through the air from nowhere to plop in a favorite place between the shoulder-blades. Lovely snow! Beautiful snow!

Now, we come to the advantages: no school; no running to the store every other minute for some forgotten article; no "friendly" neighbors dropping in; no taking the dog for long walks; if she wants to freeze-all right, but *I'm* not going to. Skiing clothes are dragged from moth-balls and ice skates are polished. Seemingly dormant friends assume a lively air and plan exciting sleigh-rides.

Furthermore, to my immense pleasure, with snow, the whole world changes in a few hours and becomes glistening white. The trees take on a greater majesty, and the roofs of dingy houses look like whipped cream, good enough to eat. Children build snow-men and dream of snow fairies. One's attitude changes from indifference to a gay holiday spirit and winter "is on."

"Snow, snow, beautiful snow,
See it falling, see it blow."

MARY ELLEN PRIESTER, '47.

WHEN I READ FOR PLEASURE

READING is a pleasure in which, unless we are illiterate we may all indulge, frequently or infrequently, as our natures vary. Everybody has his own personal way of enjoying a book, and no two people's is the same. The type of book, surroundings, mood, and personality of the reader must all be considered before one makes a selection.

When I am in bed surrounded by pillows, quilts, soft lights, and curlers, my choice of literature centers upon the novel. This is quite natural; comfortable positions demand relaxed reading. My selection of a story is usually one with historical background; the incidents always seem more possible there than in a purely romantic novel. And so I thrill to Syndey Carton's ultimate sacrifice and grow startlingly sentimental about Little Eva.

However, one is not always fortunate enough to have such surroundings when she reads. All too often, I find myself in the midst of a battle-scarred living room filled with shouting enthusiastic children who completely ignore any plea for silence. Obviously this is no time for sentiment. So — enter Nero Wolf, Ellery Queen, or even Hercule Poirot. These "who dun-its" contain so much action that even the most disinterested reader would not find himself easily distracted from their chapters. This close concentration is what I rely on to keep me sane during such mad moments at home.

However, a major source of my pleasure reading still centers around the well known comic book, and "funny papers." Dick Tracy is my great hero, but at times he is rather disappointing. For example, why doesn't he marry Tess Trueheart? In my opinion, she has waited long enough for him; every time she helps him solve a case, she gets injured in the process, but he very ungallantly leaves her with his best friend while he rushes off to catch the villian. He displays no chivalry in these actions.

Pleasure reading holds much enjoyment for me, but I must not elaborate further; Macbeth is failing fast, and I must witness his final defeat.

Barbara Karbaum, '46.

BEAUTY

Dark, sombre eyes,
hiding 'neath graceful lash. . . . .
White complexion,
vying with velvet sheen. . . . .
Petaled, ruby lips,
concealing sparkling teeth. . . . .
Maiden of perfection,
vision of loveliness. . . . .

David Walsh, '47.

PREVIEW OF SPRING

THIS coming Spring Season will show less sophistication in details, but an added charm will be introduced through the barrel skirt and snug jacket silhouette.

Sleeves will be prominently draped and tucked, and there will be equal popularity of both cap and three-quarter length. Naturally shoulders are a very important part of the new bell-effect. For Spring, shoulders no longer will be bulky, but dropped and comfortable looking. Necklines will range from bow-collars on basque suits to a low, wide, oval neckline. The hugged throat look of the Mandarin collar being offset with a deep V slack along the bow-tie necklines will be evident favorites.

Almost everyone is extremely interested in waistlines! Cummerbunds, high-waisted shirts, and belts will catch your eye. Designers are putting an emphasis on the hipline by means of lace-edged tiered peplums, tiny back bustles, and large square pockets. Enough of the silhouette and on to *Color* and *Fabric*.

Grey, grey and more grey, followed by navy in close second, coffee and winter white will appear in every high school shop collection. Suit fabrics will probably consist mostly of tweed, shetlands, and faille. The new topper-styled coats will not have much of a variety of material to offer this year, but Shetlands, light fleeces, and a few imported cloths in checks and plaids will be predominant. "Old English Smocking" will thrill every girl that is fortunate enough to own an Emily Wilkens original in beige cashmere. It is smocked front, back and at the cuff.

At the Emily Wilkens Spring show in New York, I saw clearly that the basque suit would be given the most prominence this Spring. Every one will know why when she sees for herself how ultra-smooth this suit is.

Added features of Spring dresses are decollete necklines in U and strapless effects. Date dresses, that will appeal to all, give a covered-up look with detachable piqué berthas plus basque and boxy jackets.

Now on to a phase which will interest all who plan to attend the coming formals. Evening models with rather Victorian influences, shown by tiny back bustles, panniers, and ruffled peplums, will add glamour to your evening wardrobe. In contrast with the "Old-fashioned" look, we find halter necklines and bare midriffs. The models I have mentioned will appear mainly in taffeta, with one or two in tulle or marquisette.

Betty Grove, '46.

CANTABS COP FIRST CONTEST

FROM THE CALIBRE OF THE CROWD, MOST OF THE LATINITES GOT LOST ON THE WAY TO THE GAME!

GEORGIE COSTA PLAYED HIS USUAL GAME - FAST AND FURIOUS!

CAMBRIDGE LATIN GAVE ITS BACKERS THEIR FIRST WIN OF THE SEASON BY TOPPING A TOPPLING BELMONT!

GALLOPIN' JIM LINEHAN!

CHLS'S OWN 'ZERO KID', RAY McCARREN!

ONE OF EARL DAURIE'S ACCURATE LONG SHOTS GOT BY TWO DEFENSE-MEN AND THE GOALIE FOR A TALLY!

HATS OFF TO 'JACKIE' LEE FOR A THRILL PACKED SEASON OF FINE DEFENSIVE PLAYING!

BY JACK KAUFMAN AT THE ARENA

ON GETTING THE FAMILY CAR

THE art of getting the family car is one which requires a subtle technique combined with persuasive argument. The first step is a very important one. The approach you use should be governed by the mood the parent is in. If the feminine half of your parentage is the deciding one, then you should judge accordingly. If she has just returned from town with two pairs of nylon stockings, probably she will be in a more agreeable mood than if she had spent an afternoon washing windows. However, there is no sure way to tell the outcome, so it is best just to take the plunge and hope for the best.

If Dad has the last word, catch him after a successful round on the golf course when he is pleased and perspiring. He is probably too exhausted to care whether or not you take the car. Avoid him when he comes home late for dinner after a hard day at the office pushing buttons and making telephone calls.

Your arguments should be well planned, with an eye to their probable reply, so that you will have a snappy come-back when they start to say "NO." You can wail about how other people's parents are never so uncooperative and it might work. But the best method is to give them sound reasons and then smile and accept your defeat gracefully when they still say "NO." And remember not to act overwhelmed on the few occasions when they astound you by saying "YES."

MARILYN WRIGHT, '46.

THE OTHER TENANTS IN MY LOCKER ALLEY

TO AN architect of school buildings, a locker alley is a place where compartments for books, coats, lunches, and other articles stand. It is not a place to study characters. However, such a spot is as good an observation point as any other in school.

Although I arrive at my locker fairly early, I am not the first one in my particular alley. A tenant stands at attention beside the yawning door of her locker. In response to my Cheshire cat grin and hearty "hi," she allows herself a feeble "good morning" and wheels about to gaze with self-satisfaction upon the regimented contents of her locker. The top shelf holds her books, arranged in the order of classes; in a specially reserved cubbyhole resides her lunch, which never consists of more than would properly fit in the section. Her coat, hat with ear-muffs attached, and a durable grey scarf hang on the appointed hooks. The floor of the compartment is the resting place for galoshes and umbrella, which are placed fastidiously enough to annoy me.

As I bend over before my open locker to pick up my books, I invariably lunge headfirst into the compartment. The power behind that one yard line plunge is an over-enthusiastic tenant. At hen parties I am assured that he is contemplating asking me for a date, and acts that way because he *likes* me. I think it is murder he is contemplating and that he hates me.

The girl next to me has the door of her locker plastered with colored photos of Hollywood males. Van Johnson is at the top of the layout, of course; if he should read this, I am sure he would be happy to know that my friend begins her school day with a sigh on gazing soulfully upon his freckled face. Such worship is against my principles. I wouldn't paste a picture in my locker. However, I do wish my comrade would add a picture of John Garfield to her collection.

In the dark corner of my locker alley resides a parasite. She borrows. She begins by asking for a mirror, but that is only the beginning, I know. Therefore, I steel myself against a barrage of requests. She wants my comb, my nail file, and the homework I slaved over for an hour and a half the night before. She doesn't realize that she is adding insult to injury when she explains that she didn't do her home work herself because she went out. I had stayed in, despite the fact that I had been invited to the movies, just to get my assignment completed.

My locker alley is a fascinating place; people bustle hither and yon. In the midst of such confusion I stand calm and serene. I stand thus, not for long. A tenant puts a strangle hold on me and in a strained voice announces "He said he'd love to go to the formal!"

CATHERINE CURTISS, '46.

ON SATISFYING MY FAMILY

IN MY opinion, one of the most difficult feats is pleasing a whole family at one time. My family, for example, can never agree whether any action of mine is all wrong or all right.

The matter of clothes is a touchy subject. My mother insists that blue is my color; if she had her way, I would be garbed in blue from head to foot at all times. If I should even attempt to carry a yellow handkerchief some member of the household shrieks, "Take it off! Throw it away! You know you can't wear yellow." That is the end of the yellow handkerchief.

The manner in which I do my homework perplexes the other members of my family, particularly my father. He cannot understand how I can do homework with the radio on. He can't understand that when I am in a quiet room, all by myself, I begin to wonder what my sisters are doing; therefore I must get up and see just what they are doing.

My choice of entertainments is another point which incurs a great deal of criticism. Reading is a favorite amusement of mine. My mother does not object to my reading, but she tells me she sees no reason why I should always be carrying a book around with me. I am not a person who sticks to one type of book. I read mysteries, westerns, love stories, books dealing with war, and any other type which catches my fancy. My sisters cannot understand this trait. They stick to one kind of book and enjoy it. I am considered queer, old, silly or any other disparaging adjective which enters their heads. Movies also stir up dissension. I enjoy seeing pictures twice. It is seldom indeed that I can coax my parents into giving me permission to see the same picture again.

"My family, right or wrong," someone once said. In my case this would have to be, "To my family, I'm usually wrong."

FRANCES MCDONNELL, '47.

THE PUPIL ACROSS THE AISLE

I SHALL never forget Jean, the girl who sat across the aisle in English. Now, as I sit writing this theme in English, I can recall vividly the first day I saw Jean. It was during the second term, while I was struggling with a descriptive paragraph, that she entered my class.

As she sat down in the vacant seat next to mine, I left my paragraph to struggle for itself for a few minutes while I observed my new neighbor. She sat down as if she had entered the class the first day of the year, for she had none of the nervousness that usually accompanies newcomers from other schools. Although she was not what is considered cute, there was something about her face that was attractive. She dressed like other girls, but instead of the preferred long bob, her wavy hair was cut very short. She was very thin and it did not take me long to find out the reason for her being thin.

She must have felt me looking at her, for she turned to me, smiled broadly, and in a loud whisper asked if she could borrow my pencil. "I just can't stand sitting here doing nothing, so I might as well write a letter to someone," she whispered loud enough for everyone, including the teacher, to hear. A stern look from the teacher in my direction made me hastily give Jean a pencil and return to my neglected paragraph.

It wasn't long before the class, and especially I, became acquainted with Jean. Naturally, since she did not enter class until the door had been closed, the whole class watched her entrance. On gym days she came rushing into class, gasping for breath as she banged her books and gym clothes on her desk; she always had her sneakers still on. Other days she came strolling in late, looking very surprised that the class had started the test before she came.

Jean started a precedent when she borrowed my pencil that first day. There wasn't one day that school year on which she came to class with a pencil, eraser, or pen. She borrowed something from me every day without fail. And the strange part of the borrowing was that I always made sure that I had two of everything in order to lend her whatever she needed. It was always up to me, though, to get my things back.

Jean's marks, I am sorry to say, were not very good. She passed in her homework, not because she had done it, but because she had been able to find somebody else who had done it. I was forever seeing her in the corridors getting a paper from someone. She glided along the whole term, not seeming to care the least bit about her marks, until the last few days before the end of the term. Then she became very serious and worried. She would bemoan her sorrowful plight to other classmates so much that we became almost as concerned about her marks as about our own. When the fatal day arrived, she came dashing into class with that "I-made-it-again-" expression on her face. The whole class would breathe a sigh of relief. Thus she managed to pass the year.

The times when she became worried about her marks were the only times she was not smiling and happy. Other times she was gay and carefree, and acted as if she hadn't a care in the world; I think she did not.

As I am writing, I can hear someone, who has just come in, talking with the teacher. Now that person is coming down my aisle and is sitting next to me. Looking up, I can see and hear Jean asking me if she can borrow my pencil.

DOROTHY DOOLEY, '46.

RUBBLE

Athens . . .
classic grandeur
trampled underfoot by
the grim devastation of time

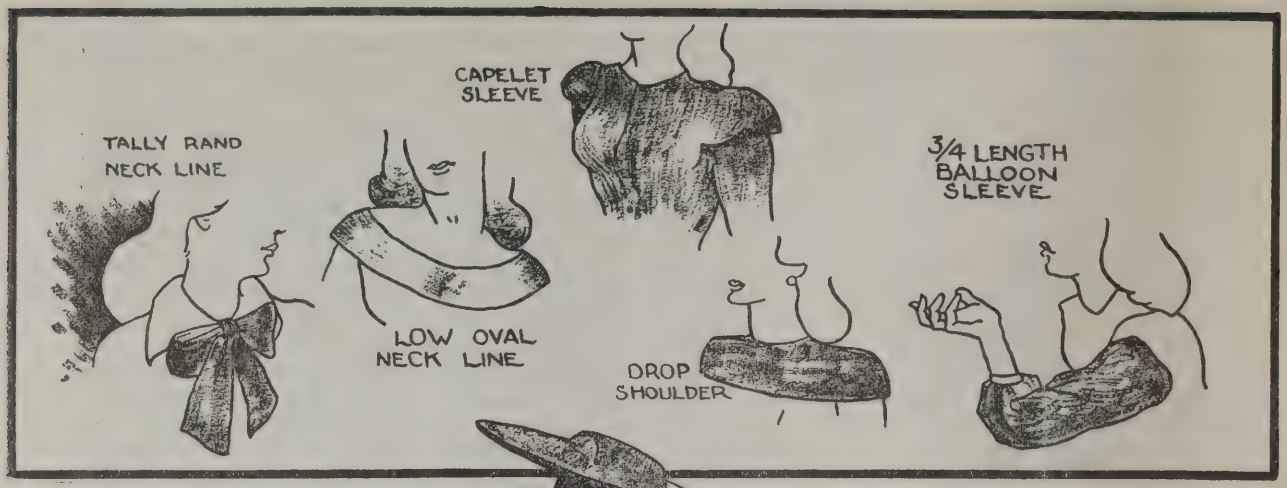
Warsaw . . .
intellectual magnificence
demolished by
the mocking heel of war.

Civilization, marching ever onward,
erases the glorious past,
ever thinking of the future.

Can anything great remain?

DAVID WALSH, '47.

COMING ATTRACTIONS



DRAWN BY CAROLYN CREMENS "46"

FRESHMAN NOTES

HERE we are back after a week of Christmas and New Year vacation, back again to homework and short lunch periods and back again, too, to the Review with its news and notes and gossip.

We have been asked *who* the fortune teller is of 106 . . . Mr. Koslowski's prize chinner, Eddie Fratto . . . Claire Kenny wanders around . . . crooning "Danny Boy" . . . "blonde" has become a very popular name among both boys and girls . . a goodly number of Freshmen made an appearance at Dotty Nyman's combination birthday and Christmas party . . . don't we wish Dorothy Mercereau's school spirit was more contagious . . . congratulations to Margy Livingstone on her acting in the Christmas play . . . Junior Varsity has recently gained two hopeful assets James Lehan and Paul Cosgrove . . . we welcome Claire Owens to the class of '49 . . . Muriel Hincksen is known as Hincky . . . art has top billing among the varied talents of Wanda Churl . . . Eileen Moore seems to be intrigued by detecting as she spends all her spare time reading detective thrillers . . . do I spy a future Sherlock Holmes . . . need we mention Dotty Gleisemen's super voice to those of you who haven't heard . . . we didn't know Sheldon Saltman termed by Bump Hardey as the great sports enthusiast . . . Noreen Collins and Bernice Jordan are inseparable as are Daniel Collins and Paul Cleary . . . welcome back, Anna Zacharachis! . . . why Norma Olive doesn't think her hair is red, is beyond us . . . Charles Andrews hopes to be a comedian . . . another member of the "Could-be Freshman Band" is Edith Matheson and her cornet . . . Gertrude McDonnell believes in the "Lend Lease Policy" with sandwiches . . . aren't Gail Lynch's bangles gorgeous? . . . let us hope the day will soon come when Richard McMahon remembers his lunch . . . Margaret Hartman takes morning strolls through the corridors . . . any resemblance between Danny Collin's wave and Alan Ladd's is purely intentional . . . Eh, Danny?

SUZANNE GILMAN, '49.

G. A. A.

THE Christmas Party was a great success in spite of the blizzard. The members were welcomed into the gym by our officers. The entertainment was very good and kept everyone in high spirits. Mary Messenger, our last year's president, was unable to attend and therefore, jolly Basilla Neilan portrayed Santa Claus. The sound of Christmas Carols and jingle bells filled the gym with Christmas spirit.

The annual Formal held on January 11 at the Hotel Commander was a gala event. Miss Brown was as busy as ever welcoming the couples as they entered the ballroom. The assisting hosts and hostesses were Miss George, Miss McLaughlin, Miss Dunphy, Miss Bligh, Miss Connell, Mr. and Mrs. Olson, and Mr. and Mrs. Bramhall. Mr. Olson efficiently directed the grand march.

Selected by the hosts as "Pin-up Boy" was Bob Toomey who was presented with a wallet. He led the following dance with his blonde-haired partner Mary Panzier. Also seen dancing to Dick Seeley's wonderful music were the G. A. A. Officers and their escorts: Barbara Goepper and Bob Bradshaw, Claire Rodgers and Jim Fitzgerald, Ann Foley and "Chuck" Connelly, Pat Kokinakis and Walter Bozyczko, and Janie Butler and Warren Goddard.

In the future we can look forward to the Boy-Girl Dance which is a very popular social. Fred Saterial and his orchestra will provide the music. Girls, bring your dressed up Frankies along with you, and enjoy the fun.

ANNA CASH, '46.

KEY NOTES

WELCOME! Waltz right into old Vienna and say hello to Johann Strauss in five brand-new albums of our favorite waltzes. Just look in your music store, and you'll find them. Arthur Fiedler and his "Pops" Orchestra are perfect with their newest, "Roses from the South" on two sides of a twelve inch record. If you like the new musical "Polonaise", Al Goodman has put out an album with the original cast singing the best songs. "Oh Heart of My Heart", "Mazurka", "Polonaise", "Just For Tonight", "Now I Know You're Free", "The Next Time I Care I'll Be Careful", " I Wonder as I Wonder", and the "Finale".

George Gershwin enthusiasts are going to go crazy over his "Jazz Concert", beat out by Eddie Condon.

Kitty Carlisle and Wilbur Evans sing the "Desert Song" (Decca), on five ten inch records, and I'll just say that it's wonderful with all the old favorites, "The Riff Song", "One Alone", "The Desert Song", etc.

I hear that RCA Victor presents us with "Black, Brown, and Beige" by Duke Ellington. This composition is a musical portrait of the negro in America and is excellent listening.

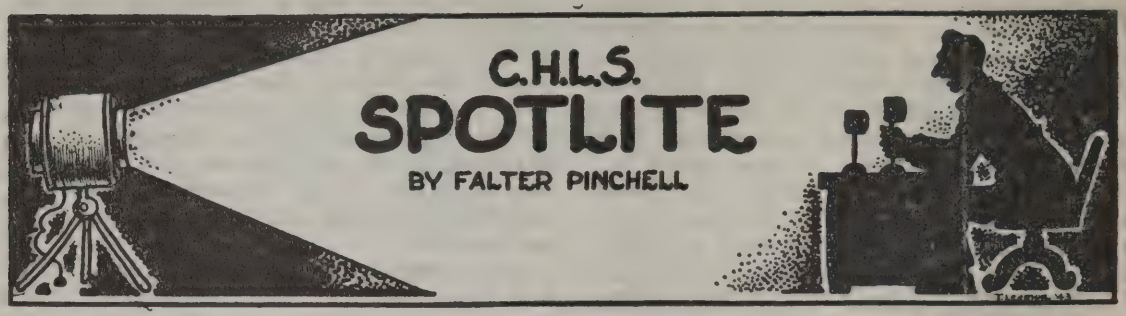
Finally I'm getting to the truly classical. The "Symphonie Espagnole for Violin and Orchestra" is performed by the Philadelphia Symphony, Eugene Ormandy conducting, and Nathan Milstein as violin soloist.

Leopold Stokowski conducts the New York City Symphony in Music from "Carmen" on four twelve-inch records.

The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra with Pierre Monteux records Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade" — Symphonic Suite.

There it is, the list for this month! Make your choice and then sit and listen!

LILY ROOT, '46.



WITH another dreary vacation looming before us, we tearfully put away Homer and hexagons, and anticipate a monotonous round of dances, movies, outings, and parties. With these few remarks, we swallow several aspirins to console ourselves, take a deep breath, and plunge into this month's notes. It says here that Dave Sheehan and Hugh Graham are the guiding lights of third year Spanish (It says here) . . . . . According to Bob McManus, what this country needs is more dentists. The only trouble is, Bob's decided to fill the need. . . . . Latest reports tell us that Eleanor Sullivan is getting more cooperative of late. . . . .Jimmy Kelly, Jimmy Cahill, and Jack Galvin can be found quite easily these days—all you have to do is find Eagens' Market Truck first . . . George and Leonard Travers look like lawyers with their brief cases. . . . . According to the blackboards of a certain type room, Bill Rennie's friends hold divided opinions about him. . . . .Congrats to Polly McGillvaray who received an offer from the Ice Capades during their stay in Boston. . . . .John Hayford is acquiring a greater appreciation of art these days —At least he has stopped painting mustaches on billboards. . . . .Lucky Joyce Kelly's phone has been ringing lately with calls from her O.A.O. (one and only or one among others?) in San Diego. . . . . .Teddy Goolst demonstrates his track technique on the way to the lunch room every day (excluding Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays). We hear that Marjorie Isnor, Jean Hilderbrand, and Patsy Kokinakis are the outstanding players of the sophomore basketball team . . . . .Among those who patronize the Cambridge Skating Club on Friday nights are Naomi Atwood, Kirk Taylor, Mildred and Margaret Sweeny, Marshall Fosgate, and Joe Sullivan. . . . Strangely enough, Sandra Bonanno and Virginia Fraser find dissection really interesting. . . .Our nominee for queen of this year's jitterbuggers is that cute junior, Doris Duffy. . . .We are sorry that Marion Murray is in the hospital and hope that she'll be back with us soon. . . We hear that George Costa has a lot of culture, but it's all physical . . . .The only time you can tell the Goldberg twins apart is after parties. . . .Fred Hiscock is an excellent track man—just ask him. . . . Beatrice Korenthal is now known to her friends as "Trissie". . . . .We all like the cute shyness of Mary Costa. . . . .Helen Karchmazeski is in the awful position of being the smartest member of a three-person German class. . . .Did you all see Betty Goldberg's picture in the paper, recently? We'll consider ourselves lucky if we even get one in the yearbook . . . Gloria Nelson is wonderful at inventing new hair-does Who is that cute sailor that Norma Bertochi writes to? Edna Fairbairn is having quite a time with her correspondence lately,. . . .or so we heard. . .Daly's was the scene of action one day as Joan Howard confronted some Spaniards who just couldn't understand Joan's Spanish . . . If you don't see Earle Rosenburg and Buddy Winn at least three times before 8:30, it's not their fault. . . . . Whenever you want your locker door closed, just call Mary Kafalis (She'll close it anyway, but let's be decent about it). . . . .Anne Rosie, Dedie O'Brien, and Mary Reilly have a little trouble catching a street-car even when they have the dime. . . . .Double dating is becoming quite a fad with Georgia Nyman, Paul Crowley, Irene Buzusko, and Elliot Knight. . . . .Among the members of the Bicycle Brigade are Lorraine Fulkerson, Ellen Landis, Roger Carvile, Serafime Regillo, and John Holman . . . . Peggy Atkins' middle name is Speedy. . . Carol Dias and Betty Mueller are often seen skating on the Common . . . . . .Mrs. Anthony, nee Rickie Garoian, will listen to your woes for a slight fee. . . . . Theresa Baptiste is always looking for her eyeglasses. . . . . .Jerry Zyfers' is extremely fond of oranges. . . . . .Have you noticed Mary Kennedy's new gold locket? . . . Valerie Broussard is an avid Charles Boyer fan. . .Jean Porch and Connie Gerasim love to "doodle" during their study periods. . .Helen Boudreau and Peggy Treamor are candidates for a modeling school in New York. . .Millie Baird "stands up for" the Navy and Louise Priest for the Marines. . .Seen

cheering at the C. H. L. S. - Belmont hockey game were Joan Sullivan, Ernie Seigfried, Jane Butler, Bob Mix, Roberta Reardon, and Hank Sullivan . . .Among those who attended the G.A.A. Formal were Jean Kennedy and Paul Cantrell, Doris Duffy and Ned Moran, G. A. A. pres. Barbara Goepper and Bobbie Bradshaw, Joyce Tessmer and Joe Freeman, Babe Kelly and Dave Sheehan, Sara Talarico and Bob Kondy, Anne Talarico and Charlie Fay, and Mary Panzer and Bob Twomey. Bob was chosen the Pin-Up Boy of the formal. . .Was Lydia Spencer's escort the only one who noticed the mistletoe?. . . Maureen Coleman and Ray Shay, Peggy Donahue and Jimmy O'Brien, and Basilla Neilan and Eddie Duane were seen sitting one out . . Also among those who spent a delightful evening dancing were Anna Cash and Doran Burke, and Barbara McQuaid and Billy Monteith . . . Those two streaks going down the corridor during recess periods are Joe Rogers and John Plekavitch, messengers . . . Roland Perkins is gaining fame as an orator second recess Every day Jewel Grigsby is the first one down to the lunch room. . . Dickie Gurner is currently known as "The young man from Pawtucket" . . . Don't ask us why (We don't know) . . . Hazel Hatfield is one of those people who go quietly around the corridors no matter what happens . . . Dave Most's whistle is improving these days . . . On the school bus, seniors are seen handing in last month's transfers, juniors pass over half-transfers, and unintelligent sophomores and freshmen paying full fare . . . Also seen are Freida Alexander continually studying Joanne Rose with some good (pay off, please) joke, and Priscilla Wharton hanging on by the grace of a senior . . . Jean McLaren's new hair style is very becoming . . . Congrats to Marylin Barber who won a beauty contest in Gilchrists, (we try so hard to look decent!) . . . That flash you see zooming by your door at 8:31 is Raymond Kenny . . . Congratulations are in order for our prize-winning basketball team, ably headed by Captain John Parades. Among those present at the spectacular Rindge-Latin game were Bill Kokinakis, Anne Sullivan, Lois Hanlon, Dick Harrington, Peggy Dinan, and Hugh Graham. Russ Wood and Sonny Curcio spent the night writing away furiously at the manager's table, but nobody knew what they were writing. Jerry Costa smilingly passes out information to everyone in her type class, then has to find out what the assignment is, herself . . . Lou Gruhn was seen sporting a lovely new fuschia jumper recently, and received many compliments on it (she pays well) . . . Jean Emery and Fred Sabina always find loads to talk about during study periods . . . Must be they know each other . . . Jackie Boudreau was seen reading Calling All Girls . . . Among the Seniors who have already "looked at the birdie" are Phyllis Boffitto, Dottie Tobin, Marilyn Swartz, Carmen Martin, and Eleanor Davis . . . Lucky Anastacia George returned recently after spending a month in California. . . these people! . . . Beware, don't entrust your car to Helen "Reckless" Ladna . . . Jimmy DiVito has the makings of a future Einstein . . . Mystery of the Sophomore class: Who locked Jimmy Curry in the closet? . . . Among those who "beat feet" at the joint birthday party of Barbara Holland and Mary Hildebrand were Ina Couture, John Hogan, Dick Mulcahey, Pat Doliher, Jimmy Kelly, and Eleanor Connelly . . . Franny Heffernan was seen around Latin sporting a sailor suit . . . Helena Zinfon and Claire Barrett catch the 8:15 school bus every morning . . disgusting say we as we dash for the 8:25. . . Event of the Year: Marshall Goldberg on time! . . . Ed Krohn's history class has a vivid sense of humor . . . White turbans were the popular headgear the 15th of February. At the present moment many lucky girls are already dated . . . We're still waiting . . . Among those who will be (were, to you) there are Elie Wadden and Dick Green, Claire Rodgers and Arthur Shaw, Helen Scannell and Dan Nyman, Dede Nevins and Henry Morman, Marylin Wright and Steve Biddle, Joan Fitz and George Larsen, Loretta Sheehan and Dave Walsh, Ruth Turner and her O. A. O, and droves and droves of others . . . Among the early risers at Latin are Claire Cohane, Pat Crowley, Lillian Days, and Catherine Creamer . . . Kids, they're here while we are still in bed . . . Which reminds us that among all the new clubs that have sprung up at school there is not one Sleep walkers Club! That's an idea . . . . . Goodnight

BARBARA KARBAUM, '46.
LUCIA TOSCANO, '46.

Compliments

of a

Friend

ON WIND

SETTING and atmosphere usually make a definite impression upon mood. Although rain and snow, sun and dark contribute greatly to this impression or mood, the greatest impression for me comes from the wind.

Thoughts of a windy evening in an old chalet bring back to me a feeling of suspense. Then, I was sitting in an old room with a floor of unevenly paved stone blocks, with windows protected by the usual, slightly rusty wrought iron bars, and with an old stove, whose chimney twisted crazily towards the cracked plaster ceiling. Outside the "Bise," the north wind rushed around the corners of the house and the hay loft. From all sides I heard cracks and strange noises which made me huddle nearer to the stove, whose coals sent strange lights flickering over the panneled cupboard at the far end of the room. The wind rose and fell making the windows rattle and sending cold gusts of air into the room.

Yet later, in the spring, a soft Southern breeze brought with it a deep contentment. I used to wander about the mountain sides and valley where the wind bent the grass and the tiny blue gentians. With the warm gusts came scents of mauve crocuses which carpeted the hills, of golden trolls, giant buttercups that grew near the stream, and of fragrant pine needles. From the valley I climbed to the forests of dark evergreens; there, the wind rustled among the pine-needles and joined with the faint calls and songs of the hidden cuckoos and skylarks. There, to the awakening countryside the winds brought peace.

Over the chalet in the summer, sometimes broke gusty wind storms which were a prelude to thunder and rain. At such times my brother, David, and I haunted the slim bare crest of the neighboring hill. Then a feeling of wild joy and exhilaration possessed us as we felt the wind battling against us for supremacy. Dark clouds blown swiftly, swooped over the rocks. About us Alpine bushes and shrubs resisted the tugging wind at their roots while we crowded behind a sheltering rock.

As the winds pass on, with them pass moods and memories, fright, content, exhilaration, joy, and suspense. No matter where the wind comes from, no matter how it feels, there always comes with it a sense of recognition, a pleasant regard for an old friend.

Sylvia Duncan Hall, '46.

THE SAME STORY

I HAVEN'T anything to do tonight so I think I had better take all my books home and study. One of these days the teacher is going to notice me in class, and I will be asked to recite when I haven't the least idea what the lesson is about. Yes, I think I shall take my books home; I feel ambitious anyway.

So I pack all my books on my notebook and start for home feeling quite light of heart because I am going to do my homework thoroughly.

I'd better go to the store and get some notebook paper before my supply gives out, even if I did buy some yesterday. On my way back from the store I'd better stop at Mary's house instead of going after supper. I'd better do my nails at once instead of before going to bed—

Ah! At last I'm ready to study. It's only seven and I have the whole evening for my lessons. I believe I will do my English first as I have the most work in that subject.

Oh! The phone! That's Johnny! After talking for a good hour to him, I say I have to do my homework. Would he mind calling later?

"Say, Sis. Have you seen my book? I left it on the table there."

"No I haven't and will you be quiet? Can't you see I'm studying?"

"Studying, huh! You probably hid my book somewhere. You're al-l-ways putting things away and forgetting all about them! Ma-a-a-a-"

The phone rings again, and as I'm nearest to it, I answer. Someone wants to know if my brother is going to his club meeting tonight. You'd think they couldn't hold a meeting without him!

"Sis-s-s! Will you come and fix the front seam of this dress for me, ple-e-ase?" I spend another hour telling mother that the seam is All Right.

I am ready to start my English again when a loud, imperative rap sounds at the front door. I grudgingly open it a few inches and then fling it wide open.

"Priscilla!"

"Barbara!"

"Come on in! I haven't seen you for ages! Where have you been? Working? Did you know that—" and so on into the night.

HELEN MAHFEZ, '46.

If you can keep your head and calmly ponder
How silly spending drives the prices high
If you can save the cash you'd like to squander
And buy only the things you need to buy;
If you can do your part to fight inflation
By simply buying Bonds with your pelf,
You'll do a vital service to the nation
And furthermore you'll benefit yourself!

FRESHMAN HONOR ROLL

Second Marking Period 1945 - 1946

Alamanos, Dorothy
Andrews, Norma
Aronson, Adelle
Aslanian, Katherine
Barnes, Joanne
Bates, Barbara
Bears, Joan
Bond, Mary
Boyer, David
Brewer, Dorothy
Brogan, Dorothy
Carbonano, Alice
Carwile, Kenneth
Christopher, Mary
Conway, William
Cordullo, John P.
Cormier, Eleanor
Cronin, Mary
Cullinane, Catherine
Culolias, Nicholas
Darcy, James
De Angelis, Antoinette
Douglas, June
Dubay, Joseph
Elms, Joan
Evans, Nancy
Foley, Doris
Foti, Virginia
Emberley, Edward
Eldridge, Alice
Gallup, Ruth
Gardner, Marion
Giampetruzzi, Josephine
Gilman, Suzanne
Gouveia, Laura
Graves, Zelda
Green, Ruth
Greenstein, Saul
Harrington, Barbara
Hayes, Barbara
Hayes, Joan
Herman, Margaret
Holley, Doris
Humphrey, Ann
Hurlburt, Ruth
Ifill, Jean
Johnson, Gladys
Johnson, Lillian
Johnston, Claire
Kagan, Miriam
Keegan, Phyllis
Kelley, Ethel
Kenney, Herbert
Kirylo, Marion
Korb, Kenneth
Ladner, Patricia
Lampron, Nancy
Jordon, Bernice
Lee, Nina
Little, Margaret
Lorensen, Pauline
Marcantonio, Elizabeth
Martinos, Garifalia
Mathison, Edith
McClellan, Claire
McDonald, James
McDonnell, Gertrude
McLeod, Jean
McPartlin, Nancy
Miller, Marilyn
Modest, Barbara
Monti, Clara
Murphy, Garrett
Nazarro, Mary
O'Connor, Jean
O'Keefe, Mildred
Oliver, Verna
Oran, Elaine
Ordesky, Morrill
Oster, Rose
Phillips, Dorothy
Polimou, Ellen
Randazza, Yolanda
Rich, Arline
Rodman, Alan
Rosa, Edith
Rosenberg, Mildred
Ryan, Philip
Saltman, Sheldon
Sapack, Helen
Scantalides, Thalia
Schlein, Milton
Scott, Gertrude
Segel, Norman
Serpa, Robert
Shaw, Mildred
Sheehey, Dorothy
Singer, Anne
Smyth, Nellie
Sporre, Thelma
Steinberg, Harvey
Stewart, Robert
Sugarman, Leonard
Surman, Selma
Sutherland, Marjorie
Talarico, Grace
Timmins, Jacqueline
Traveis, George
Travers, Virginia
Varandas, Diana
Venturini, Joan
Vinas, Marios
Wagner, Florence
Webber, Lorraine
Wells Carolyn
Zacharakis, Anna
Chao, Bella
Livingstone, Margaret
Marshall, Mary
Mayo, Patricia
Russell, Claire
Willmann, Peter

SOPHOMORE HONOR ROLL
Period Ending February 1, 1946

Rixon, Lela
Spirito, Mary
Wolfrums, Helen
York, Margaret
Archibald, Joan
Baptiste, Theresa
Bolduc, Constance
Landis, Ellen
Bonacci, Theresa
Burke, Dorothy
Evans, Gertrude
Jones, Eleanor
Atkins, Margaret
Camelio, Louise
Canning, Audrey
Capraro, Gemma
Carrieri, Stella
Carwile, Roger
Cheevers, Constance
Ciampi, Lucille
Calarusso, Jean
Connell, Barbara
Connolly, Clare
Corkum, Joan
Cosman, Alice
Crocetta, Louise
Cronin, Timothy
Davin, Eleanor
Gates, Isabel
Joyce, Eileen
Di Napoli, Loretta
Donnelly, John
Donoghue, Margaret
Dooley, Pauline
Dragun, Phyllis
Drolet, Helen
Dubay, Jessie
Duggan, Marjorie
Durakis, Charles
Dwyer, Daniel
Economou, Gloria
Egan, Thomas
Fields, Doris
Karlson, Walfreda
Fleet, Martha
Fletcher, Cecelia
Fulkerson, Lorraine
Galvin, Elizabeth A.
Gillis, Robert
Giragosian, Zaven
Goldberg, Myron
Goffredo, Margaret
Goolst, Theodore
Green, Shirley
Greenstein, Mary
Griffith, Elaine
Leahy, John
Grossman, Selma
Hill, Veronica
Haskell, Cecily
Harnum, Edna
Hernon, Mary
Irwin, Janet
Kelly, Marie
Kennedy, Mary
O'Brien, Elizabeth
Landry, Marilyn
Lawrence, Lorraine
Lubin, Lois
Martin, Ida
McDonald, Irene
McKeown, Helen
McQuade, Barbara
Mello, Dorothy
Messuri, Mary
Michalowski, Gladys
Monroe, Joseph
Mueller, Elizabeth
Neal, Dolores
Melson, Gloria
Orrok, Timothy
Parisi, Jennie
Perkins, Roland
Roach, Marilyn
Robson, Robert
Roderick, Ann
Rutkowski, Edward
Sack, Irene
Saidnawey, Elaine
Sargent, Grace
Scalese, Frances
Sgouros, Helen
Shaw, June
Smith, Margaret
Sousa, Manuel
Sperakis, Sally
Stead, Osberta
Stearns, Muriel
Sullivan, Marjorie
Taverna, Marie
Tenore, Elizabeth
Thornhill, Elsie
Torp, Phyllis
Torigian, Isabel
Traveis, Leonard
Urbonavich, Anna
Walthrup, Carol
Ward, Joan
White, James H.
Williams, Joan

JUNIOR HONOR ROLL

Second Marking Period 1945 - 1946

Alfaro, Juanita
Andella, Ida
Barbera, Francis
Bequaert, Helen
Bowser, Gerald
Bozyczko, Irene
Cardillo, Eleanor
Carter, Barbara
Center, Marilyn
Chao, Lensey
Chapman, Lorraine
Connolly, Katherine
Connors, Lillian
Coutoumas, Wilma
Cremens, Carolyn
Day, Barbara
De Vito, James
Donahue, John
Donoghue, Evelyn
Dinan, Eileen
Falbo, Theresa
Ferrante, Flavia
Flynn, Arthur
Foti, Matilda
Garoian, Teny
Giannotti, Mary
Glennon, Patricia
Gramolini, Gloria
Gross, Burton
Grossi, Dorothy
Hogan, Paul
Holley, Eldoner
Katsulis, Jennie
Kelly, Joan
Kenealy, Patricia
Kief, Margaret
Kinckle, Helen
Larson, Mildred
Latham-Browne, Beverly
Layne, Dorothy
Lee, Ann
Lee, Nellie
Leonard, Edward
Lewis, Florence
Lewis, Herbert
MacKenzie, Arthur
MacLeod, Doris
Maloney, Helen
McCarthy, John
McCarthy, Virginia
McCusker, Anna
McMenimen, Anne
Minkiel, Stephen
Murphy, Phyllis
Nichols, Marie
Obelsky, Eileen
O'Brien, Robert
O'Leary, Maureen
Olive, Gloria
Panselinas, Catherine
Payzant, Anita
Pereira, Amelia
Phelan, Margaret
Poaletta, Louise
Powell, Agnes
Priebe, Marion
Puntonio, Mary
Radaitis, Helen
Regilio, Serafino
Ridlon, Florence
Robichaud, Gilbert
Romaniecka, Mary
Rosenberg, Rita
Rosenberg, Selma
Ruff, Lillian
Spangoldo, Marie
Small, Mary
Souza, Alice
Szulewski, Alfred
Taranto, Theresa
Taylor, Kirk
Thomas, Emma
Townsend, Carolyn
Von Zarsk, Ursula
Warren, Charlotte
Winkler, Lillian
Wise, Abigail

SPELLING BEE WINNERS

Senior Champion

Margo Downey — Home Room 310

Junior Champion

Steve Minkiel — Home Room 220

Sophomore Champion

Marion Murray — Home Room 202

Freshman Champion

Arlene Rich — Home Room 123

SENIOR HONOR ROLL

Second Marking Period 1945 - 1946

Alexander, Frieda
Andrews, Edith
Appleby, Alice
Aslanian, Veronica
Azadian, Dorothy
Azarowicz, Sophie
Balcolm, Lincoln
Barnes, Ruth
Barr, Esther
Barr, Irene
Belbin, Laura
Botelho, Rosemary
Browne, Barbara
Buckley, Noreen
Burke, Paul
Busby, Eleanor
Callahan, Marie
Camelio, Elizabeth
Carlow, Carol
Carlson, June
Cash, Anna
Centrello, Antoinette
Champi, Dolores
Cherelli, Evelyn
Connors, Eleanor
Cooper, Roy
Crawford, Jacqueline
Cummings, Thelma
Curtiss, Catherine
Culolias, Helen
Dansereau, Geraldine
Davis, Eleanor
Days, Lillian
Desmond, Francis
Dooley, Dorothy
Downey, Margaret
Downs, Theodora
Enos, Mary
Fitzgerald, Theresa
Fitzpatrick, Joan
Foley, Jean
Fratianni, Rose
Galligan, Elizabeth
Gent, Ann
Goldberg, Marshall
Gomatos, Peter
Graff, Barbara
Grove, Betty
Gruhn, Louise
Hagstrom, Earl
Hall, Sylvia
Hatfield, Hazel
Hayes, Elizabeth
Hill, Benjamin
Hill, Muriel
Hoban, Susan
Ifill, Dorothy
Iwanski, Wanda
Johnson, Charlotte
Joughin, Beatrice
Kapchus, Helen
Kaplan, Sumner
Karbaum, Barbara
Karchmajeski, Helen
Kibit, Jennie
Korenthal, Kathleen
Koulouris, Martha
Landry, Belle
Layne, Ila
Linehan, Lawrence
Lombardo, Vincenzina
Lovoi, Lauretta
MacKinnon, Pauline
Magnuson, Betty
Manolas, Hariklia
Marathos, Catherine
Martin, Carmen
McDonnell, Dorothy
Mohn, Edgar
Monroe, Doris
Mowatt, Margaret
Nevins, Muriel
O'Brien, Dierdre
O'Brien, Marjorie
O'Brien, Phyllis
Palmisano, Lorraine
Phelan, Loretta
Pietrowicz, Irene
Pullen, Marilyn
Ravanis, Georgia
Reid, Cynthia
Reilly, Mary
Robinson, Marie
Root, Lily
Rosenberg, Earle
Rosie, Anne
Ryan, Dorothy
Sargent, Edna
Sartan, Gertrude
Scanlon, Barbara
Scannell, Helen
Sparkes, Hazel
Spencer, Lydia
Stevens, Florence
Sullivan, Ann
Sullivan, Lillian
Toscano, Lucia
Travers, Gloria
Vaudo, Ann
Voss, Darlene
Wadden, Eleanor
Waldron, George
Weisman, Ruth
Wilson, Elaine
Winn, John
Zakszewski, Arlene

LANGUAGE CLUBS

A JOINT meeting of the Modern Language Clubs was held on December 14, 1945. The following program was enjoyed by all:

1. Italian songs—"Santa Lucia" and "Torna a Surriento" by
   Theresa Bonacci
   Gemma Capraro
   Jennie Parisi
2. A Christmas Vocabulary Game for each club
3. Business Procedure including a greeting from each President
   The French Club — Sylvia Duncan Hall
   The German Club — John Paredes
   The Italian Club — Jennie Parisi
   The Spanish Club — Dorothy Dooley
4. The Winner of the Nobel Prize in Literature for 1945 The Chilean writer Gabriela Mistral and some of her art
   William Kokinakis
   Dorothy Dooley
5. German Song—"O Tannenbaum"
   by Betty Groves
6. A Talk "Christmas in Switzerland"
   by Sylvia Hall
7. Game—"The Nativity in Art"
   by the Whole Assembly
8. A Song with guitar accompaniment — "Tu Scende delle Stelle"
   Antoinette Ricci
9. Sing of Christmas Carols in the languages—
   by the Several Clubs

BOOK REPORTS

"Many Happy Days I've Squandered"
Arthur Loveridge

ALL those who like snakes and even those who wish to keep their distance will enjoy these adventures of capturing and keeping alive reptiles. How the author manages to be a British cavalry man during the World War I in Africa while still collecting his snakes, insects, and mammals, alive and dead, will interest all readers, both pleasure and information seekers. Mr. Loveridge is the present curator of Reptiles in the Agassiz museum here in Cambridge. When you wander over Africa with him, I'm sure you'll agree with me that autobiographies can be the most entertaining books.

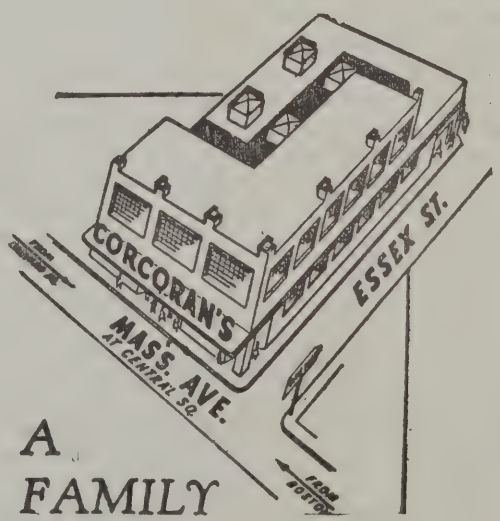
"Naturalist in Cuba"
Thomas Barbour

HERE is another autobiography of a naturalist the late director of the Agassiz museum. He was an inveterate traveler and liked to call Cuba his second home. You go right along with him as he explores and studies the geography, people, manners, customs, and particularly the natural history of Cuba. On birds, snakes, toads and bats he is an authority; his adventures with these animals are numerous. The unusual, scientific viewpoint presented in this book will certainly awaken your interest in our important neighbor to the South. Next time, for pleasant but still useful reading, why don't you try an autobiography of a naturalist?

HELEN BEQUAERT, '47.

READ & WHITE

MEN'S and WOMEN'S
FORMAL CLOTHES RENTED
FOR ALL OCCASIONS
"QUALITY ALWAYS"
111 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
WOOLWORTH BLDG., PROVIDENCE, R. I.



A FAMILY STORE
Corcoran's

ALUMNI NOTES

HERE'S the latest news about C. H. L. S. alumni, as gathered from reliable sources. The following jottings concern the class of 1945. Marian C. Polley is an office worker in the Cambridge Electric Light Company . . . Ellen Smyth is taking a student course in nursing at the Cambridge Hospital . . . Tony Travers, winner of the Dramatic Club Scholarship is studying at the Providence Institute in Providence, R. I. . . . Arsenne Yagoobian is now an office worker at the Rival Foods, Inc. . . . Two class members Herbet Lurio and Francis Good are in the Navy and are stationed at Great Lakes, Illinois, and Memphis, Tennessee respectively . . . Jean Barnard is an employee of the Cambridge Gas and Light Company, and Doris Stratton is at present working at the Harvard Cooperative Society . . . Also working are Elizabeth Stressenger, as a typist at Harvard College, and Edna Kasef, as a salesgirl in the Kingsley Gordon Company . . . Lillian Dagres is attending Burdett College, and another classmate, Margaret Hughes is a Freshman at Framingham Teachers' College . . . Elizabeth Beale, also a member of the class, is a student nurse . . . Two other girls who accepted positions after their graduation are Mary Totino, who is a stenographer at the state house, and Stella Vicari, who is a secretary in a local office . . Mary De Cillis is taking courses at Burdett Evening School . . . Mary Sullivan and Rose De Millia are both working for the John Hancock Life Insurance Company . . . Frances Mulhall, another class member, is a freshman at Mount Ida.

A great many former Latinites now in the service have revisited Latin during their leaves and furloughs from their respective bases. Among these are David Small (now discharged) John Harrington, Archie Daven, Jimmy Hughes, Bill Partanova, Sam De Feo, Frank Good, and Paul Brown. Paul's brother, Russ, now goes to Tufts College . . . Jimmie Sullivan, '44, is reported to be in Nagoya, and while stationed there, he met a classmate Eddie Doran . . . Former hockey stars Donald Cleary and Gerard St. Hilaire, both of '41, visited the school recently. Both boys are planning to enter college upon discharge from military service . . . Jim Atkins, '42, finds time to continue his school activities in spite of a very active service career. He did a sketch of a corvette while at Finnschaffen, and refused an offer of $15. for it. His interest in chess continues with a correspondence game with another service man. His service itinerary includes Milne Bay, Bunn Mission, Finnschaffen, Hollandia, Morotai, Halmahara, and later the Philippines.

Recently commissioned ensigns are Frank Gallagher, '41, and Robert White, '43. Bob has been assigned to advanced studies in the Navy group at Harvard, while Frank is assigned to the school of mine warfare at Yorktown, Virginia . . . Another alumnus still in the service is John Randall, '40, who has served 45 months in the Coast Guard. John, who was captain of the football team, expects to continue sea duty for sometime and then plans to enter New Hampshire State . . John Varella, who was to have graduated with the class of '46, is in the Marines, and is now stationed in China . . . Two prominent alumni who are still seen at several school activities are "Moose" Lakis and "Buzz" Cullen . . . Monny Babin, who enlisted in the Navy this year, was seen home recently on leave . . . At the writing of this column, Barbara McSorely was struggling through mid-years at Salem Teachers', and Catherine Sullivan was working with the O.P.A. . . . Two former Latinites who are now studying at New Rochelle are Mary White, '42, and Ann Lyons, '45 . . . Eileen Prebensen, '43, entered the Maryknoll convent in September . . . Rosemarie D'Agastino, class of '44, is now working as a stenographer in Boston . . . Some of our returning servicemen are Ronnie Creedon, '44, who is coming by way of the Panama Canal, and Charlie Sullivan, who is returning from Japan. However, Lawrence ("Rosco") Frisoli does not share his good fortune, and is still stationed there, while Tommy Tobin, '44, is remaining in China with the Coast Guard . . . Barbara Ann Cleary, '44, is now working at City Hall . . . At present, "Moose" Lakis, '45, is waiting for his shipping orders . . . Congratulations to Regina O'Brien, '42, who celebrated her first wedding anniversary in January and to Marion Looney, '43, who plans to be married in the Spring . . . Eunice Dion, '43, is attending Fisher's Business School . . . Michael Barr, '42, is attending Northeastern . . . Ray Fitzgerald, '42, is with the Army of Occupation in Germany . . . Charlie Herlihy, '42, is attending Tufts Medical . . . Eugene Gilmore, '42, recently discharged from the Army, plans to enter B. U. Eugene saw action in France, Belgium, and Germany. While overseas, he attended the Royal Scotland Academy School of Music, in Glasgow, and gave a piano recital there which received high praise from the music critics . . . Phyllis Grenier, '42, is now assistant promotion manager of WCOP . . . Louis Gualtieri, '45, now in the U. S. C. G., visited school recently . . . Robert Brown, '43, recently discharged from the Army, plans to enter Tufts . . . George Garioan, '42 is attending B. C. . . . Sally "Bunny" Avkian is a receptionist at the Mansfield Academy . . . Paul O'Rouke, '44, is attending Harvard Medical . . . Penny Garoian and Florence Shagalian, '42, are working at "Wydner" . . Irene Chapeman, '45, is employed at the Coolidge

Cleansers in Central Square . . . Beverly Blackhurst, '45, is now a telephone operator . . . Helen Rinshaw, '45, is attending Bryant and Stratton . . . Eddie Waitkus, '37, who will be remembered at Latin for his athletic feats, was discharged recently. He expect to don a baseball uniform soon, for the Chicago Cubs have signed him up . . . Herbert Schlein and John Loufborow, '45, joined the Army recently . . . Mary Louise Sullivan, '42, was married to Mr. Frank Bothwell during the Christmas holiday . . . . Sailor Francis Mullaney, '44, is stationed at Saipan . . . Maybelle Rodgers, '39, has reenlisted in the Waves . . . Art Scalis and Sammy DeFeo, '45, were seen at the Latin-Arlington hockey game . . . Lt. William Thomas, '41, who saw action with the A. A. A. Corps over Okinawa, was recently discharged from the Army . . . John Dawes, '39, saw action with the 1st Marine Division in the South Pacific. His division was awarded a Presidential citation . . . Bud Reading, '45, has been recommended by his C. O. to be promoted to the rank of instructor . . . . Jackie Doyle, '45, is employed as the secretary of a wool company . . . . And that's all for this issue.

Barbara Karbaum, '46.
Lucia Toscano, '46.
Margo Downey, '46.

THE JANITOR

ONE of the most remarkable people I met this summer while working was a janitor. He was short and stout, with pure white hair, a wide smile, and eyes that twinkled when he talked, which was constantly. Being friendly and extremely garrulous, he was known and liked by everybody. The method for carrying on a conversation with him was ridiculous in its simplicity. All you had to do was stand there and he would do the rest; slipping in a remark of your own every half-hour or so was no mean accomplishment. Everytime your attempt to speak was successful, a feeling of guilt came over you because he looked quite hurt and waited impatiently for you to finish so that the important part of the conversation could be continued.

A constant source of amazement to me was his wide knowledge of music, especially classical music. It was no uncommon sight to see him walking down a corridor, broom in hand, humming some beautiful operatic air, to the astonishment of all passers-by. His familiarity with all the operas was awe-inspiring to those of us whose only claim to knowledge of opera was a hazy image flashing across our minds of a very heavy man booming "Figaro" at the top of his lungs. The janitor's ability to discuss this and that operatic score was quite disconcerting to me and invariably left me with mixed feelings of admiration and inferiority. Violin playing was another of his accomplishments, and according to him, he played in a small orchestra on special occasions in his spare time.

Besides all this, he spoke fluent French and German as well as English. Swift as his flow of words was in his own language, it was nothing compared to his speed of conversation in either of these other tongues. Except for a necessary pause to catch his breath or laugh, he was able to carry on a monologue in these foreign languages for hours on end. Some student who may have been proud of his high-school French was often annoyed to find that he could catch a word only occasionally. All in all, this man was one of the most interesting persons I have ever known and I still wonder sometimes how such a person ever happened to become a janitor.

Helen Scannell, '46.

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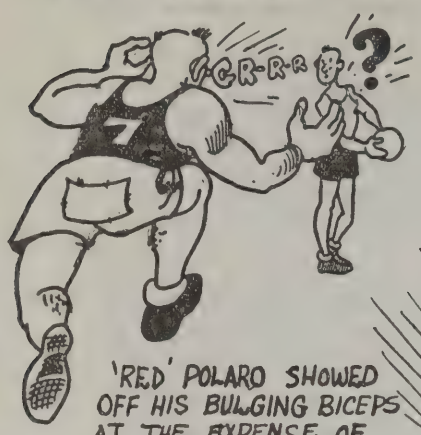
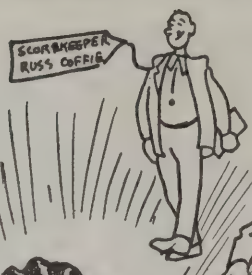
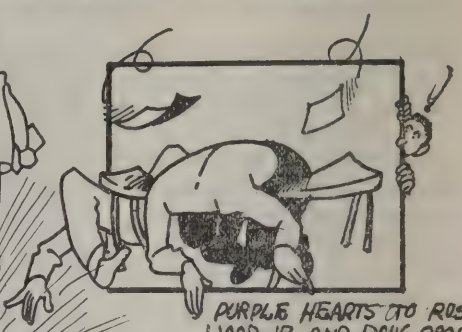
Trowbridge 7126

IT WUZ A TOUGH FIGHT MA—



'RED' POLARO SHOWED OFF HIS BULGING BICEPS AT THE EXPENSE OF SEVERAL WOULD-BE TECHNICIANS!

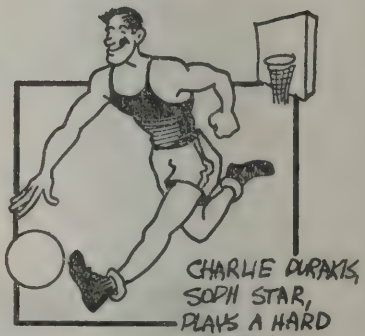




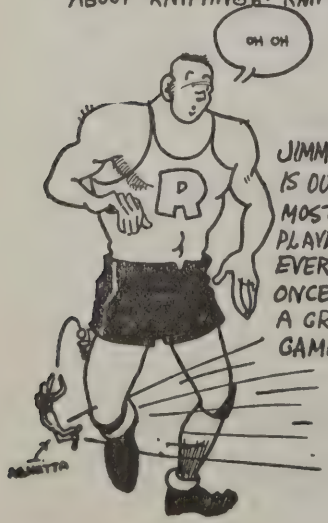
PURPLE HEARTS TO ROSS WOOD JR. AND DOUG CROCKETT WHO WERE WOUNDED IN ACTION WHEN THE TABLE OVERTURNED!

JOHNNY PARADES SANK TWO SUCCESSIVE BASKETS IN THE OPENING MINUTES OF PLAY TO SET RINDGE ON THE DEFENSIVE RIGHT AWAY!!

'YAKA' KELLY AND A RINDGE BOY HAD AN INTERESTING CHAT-ABOUT KNITTING!—KNIT ONE, PURL TWO!!



CHARLIE DURAKIS, SOPH STAR, PLAYS A HARD GAME!



JIMMY AGNETTA IS OUR CHOICE FOR MOST VALUABLE PLAYER—HE WAS EVERYWHERE AT ONCE, AND PLAYED A GREAT TEAM GAME!

BUT WE WON

THE LATIN TEAM DASHED ONTO THE FLOOR FRIDAY NITE TO OUTSCORE RINDGE, 31-27!!!

BY JACK KAUFMAN AT RINDGE

GIRLS' SPORTS'

IN THE past issue, I have given the line-up of the senior team. The sophomores and the juniors are also strong competitive partners. The following are the list of girls who play on the teams:

Juniors	Sophomores
Claire Arsenault	Vivian Freeman
Helen Bequaert	Jewel Grigsby
Patricia Delery	Marjorie Isnor
Mary Ann Francis	Helene King
Barbara Martin	Patsy Kokinakis
Sheila Martin	Jean Hildebrande
Irene Mickiewicz	Janet Massé
Anna McCusker	Barbara Muse
Mary Ellen Priester	Phyllis Stern
Mary Romaniecka	Eleanor Moriatty
Jennie Sinawski	

On January 21st, we were scheduled to play Arlington High School but because of the storm we were forced to change the date to an unsettled time.

February 13 will prove an exciting day for all Basketball fans, as our first and second varsity will play Somerville's first and second varsity. Our girls need your spirit and enthusiasm —come on down and see them play!

Other Basketball Games are:

Waltham vs. C.H.L.S. March 6
Belmont vs. C.H.L.S.
Howe High School vs. C.H.L.S.
St. Johns High vs. C.H.L.S.

Many more inter-class games are in the offing and the practice games are proof of the fun ahead.

Sincere congratulations should be given to Miss Alice Brown and her G. A. A. officers for the wonderful success of the Girls Athletic Association Formal.

In the next issue I can offer you something in the interests of Softball and Tennis.

Sportingly yours,
BASILLA NEILAN, '46.

K. B. NOTES

THE K. B. Christmas Party planned for December 22, was postponed because of the illness of several of the girls. A meeting was held on January 6, at Eleanor Russell's home and everyone had a wonderful time. Several business meetings have been held and uppermost in all our minds is the Winter Formal. It promises to be an exceptionally good one and we are all looking forward to it eagerly.

ELEANOR WADDEN,
Secretary.

GYM FLASHES

SOPHOMORES! What is this we are hearing about the Freshmen being superior in all their attempts in Physical Education class, Athletics and Dancing?

Come on now, don't let them get the jump on you!

Rumor has it that there is going to be a Waltz Contest in the Spring. Better practice those dance steps.

More Freshmen honors! It is heard that the following girls make marvelous facsimiles of various patronesses:

Dorothy Gliesman
Barbara Lewis
Jean Rodway
Lois Harrison

Echoing throughout the gym is the rumor that there is going to be a drive on manners—sounds very good. After all, what is good sportsmanship without the courtesy to follow it?

BASILLA NEILAN, '46.

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DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

ON DECEMBER 21, 1945, under the snow clad roof of the Cambridge Boat Club, one of the most enjoyable Christmas parties ever was held by the Dramatic Club, even to the characterization of jovial old St. Nick, who was represented by Mr. Neilan. After some of the best entertainment, carols were sung, refreshments served, and the remainder of the evening spent in dancing.

From the social aspect, we turn towards Shakespeare — the theme of our next meeting. After a lecture with slides, two scenes from **Macbeth** will be presented by the seniors of the club, under Miss Hartigan's management. By the use of extensive trials, the group has been narrowed down to the essential cast, and a noteworthy performance is anticipated. The cast consists of:

In the first scene:
Lady Macbeth .....Mary Reilly
Macbeth .....Daniel Nyman

In the sleep walking scene:
Lady Macbeth .....Helen Culolias
Doctor .....Joseph Canney
Lady in waiting .....Claire Rodgers

Readers for the slides:
Donna Parris
Rose Garoian
Jean Masse
Evelyn Cherelli

Chairman: Jean Foley

Following a well established custom, two members will entertain at the next meeting of the sons of the Civil War Veterans, on February 12. The members this year are Betty Grove and Daniel Nyman.

Trials for new members will be held the latter part of this month, the exact date to be announced later.

DAVID WALSH, '47.

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN PHOTOGRAPHY?????

ON FRIDAY, January 11, 1946 the camera club held its first meeting under the directions of Mr. McKenna. During the meeting officers were elected and plans were made for the coming year. In the course of the year the members of the club will have a chance to improve their photography and a chance to learn how to develop and print their pictures. Miss O'Shea has kindly consented to show a few of her motion pictures which she has taken on her trips to other parts of the world. 1946 promises to be a prosperous year for the Camera Club and I am sure that with the help of all its members it will become one of the most popular clubs in the school.

Officers for the coming year are:
President: Charles Fosgate
Vice President: Betsy McKinley
Treasurer: Stan Cohen
Secretary: Frances Scalise

CHARLES FOSGATE, '47.

OUTING CLUB

DUE to the unpredictable winter weather, the weenie-roast we announced in the last issue was called off, but it has been put on the agenda for the Spring. Another event in the Spring calendar will be an all-day bird hike to Nahant. Speaking of birds, on January 11 the club attended a very interesting lecture and movie at the Audubon Society. After the lecture, some of our members had dinner at a popular French restaurant and then went to see the French film, "Marie Louise".

Looking forward to better weather, we hope you will join us in some fresh air and fun.

NOREEN BUCKLEY, '46.

Colonial Beverages

ARE SERVED AT

Cambridge High

and

Latin School Cafeterias

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Compliments of . . .

GALGAY

THE

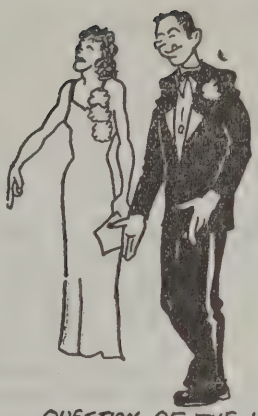
FLORIST

SOCIETY AT THE G·A·A FORMAL

POOR DOUG CROCKETT LOOKED KIND OF HARRIED BY IT ALL!

SANDRA BAYLISS'S ESCORT WAS A BRUTE SIZED VAN-JOHNSON FROM M.I.T.!

IT MUST BE THAT SMELLY STUFF DAVE MOST USES IN HIS HAIR THAT ATTRACTS THERESA FITZGERALD!

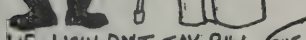


QUESTION OF THE WEEK: AFTER JIM FITZGERALD FINISHED HIS INSTALLMENTS ON GAA VICE-PREXY CLAIRE RODGERS' THREE KING-SIZED CAMELIAS, WHO PAID FOR THAT 'SNAZZY' CARNATION IN HIS LAPEL?

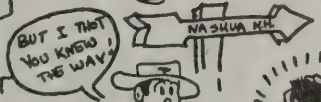
I DUNNO WHAT 'BOB' TOOMY'S GOT THAT I HAVEN'T GOT, BUT THE GALS ELECTED HIM 'PIN UP BOY OF GAA!

THE GRAND MARCH, LED BY MR. OLSEN WAS A TRUE PICTURE OF PRECISION!

BETTY GOLDBERG AND HER 'JOE'!



WE WOULDN'T SAY BILL MONTEITH CAN'T DANCE, BUT NORA Mc QUADE WON'T WALK FOR MONTHS!



CORNERING THE POOR FELLOW WHO STILL HAS ROOM IN HIS CAR!

'BASILLA NEILAN'S SOLDIER, EDDIE DUANE, AND CO JUST COULDN'T FIND CHICKLAND!

JACK KAUFMAN AT THE GAA FORMAL

SPORTS

FIRST let's turn the spotlight on hockey. The team started off in poor style dropping its first game of the season to the Technicians, 10-1. The game started out innocently enough, at least the first few minutes did, but soon turned into a rout. The Cantab's only score came early in the second period when Captain George Costa, Latin's stellar center, picked up a stray puck at about mid-ice skating thru Rindge's defense and scored unassisted.

But after tying Newton and losing to Melrose, the Latin sextet downed Belmont High in a close thriller. The lone tally came early in the third period when Earl Daurie, Latin's scrappy defenceman, skated across the Belmont line and let go a low one which caromed off the amazed goalie's stick into the nets. Costa again shone, pacing the team to a victory over Stoneham, and scoring both goals on blue line sizzlers. But after rolling up two successive wins, our stalwarts dropped a close decision to aggressive Medford. This time, it was Sophomore Dick Rigarsie on the receiving end of a pass from Costa.

Here is the way the team has been lining up every week at the Garden. Starting at defense are speedy Tom Mix and scrappy Earl Daurie, who has also seen a good deal of forward action. Tending the nets is Ray McCarron, who has shown himself capable of holding his own. Jim Linehan, "The Handsome," and Dorian Burke have proved themselves a powerful combination when teaming up with George Costa, whose brilliant solos have highlighted most of the scoring. Donohue, Boudreau, and Rigarsie, Latin's second line, have seen considerable action as forwards and are a valuable asset to the team.

The 1946 basketball season opened on January 2, as the Latin five met the formidable Waltham team on its home grounds. Led by Johnny Parades, our quintet hoped for an upset win over the Watch city five. But the issue was decided before the game was half over. The deception and the speed of the visitors was too much for the Cantabs to contend with. By half time the score read 24-13, in Waltham's favor; and in the second half, the exhausted Latin team cracked, and Waltham gained 30 points to our 10 for a decisive win.

In a stunning upset, the Latin five came from behind to triumph over the title-contending Arlington team. Given an added boost by two substitutes, Latin tied it up late in the contest and then went on to win the game in the final seconds. Playing their first fray on a foreign court, the team lost a heart-breaker to Watertown, 30-29. Victims of foul shots and baskets that were called back, the home quintet just failed to tie up the game in the waning moments. Latin again broke into the winning column, dropping a mediocre Brookline five, 41-37, in overtime. It was an exciting game all the way, with first one team, and then the other taking the lead.

C. H. L. S. 32-Rindge 28. True to form, this battle, in which Latin was heavily favored, turned out to be a Dennybrook. Rindge, sparked by Ralwins and Collins, held Latin pretty well in check in the first half, 19-14. The second half brought a spirited drive by the Cantabs, and with seconds to go, Parades and Lyons sank the tie-breaking and winning baskets. The team, including Agnetta, Parades, Calwey, Kelley, Curnane, Darakis, Palare, and Lyons, deserves a big hand for its pluckiness and ability to play both singly and as a whole.

Now we turn to the king of sports, the indoor track team. Although suffering from the loss of practically the whole team, including Johnny Harrington, Bill Braithewaite, Jimmy Downey, and Art Scalise, the three former of whom are doing their bit in serving their country, and with the return of only two lettermen, the team fared pretty well in its first meet against St. Mary of Waltham. The most brilliant performer of the team, Capt. Bill Goldberg, nearly outlapped the opposition in the 600, and then just beat out his twin brother, Bernie, to cop the dash. With Jack Kaufman, who can jump as well as he can draw, taking a first place in the high jump, and with his teammate Dick Barbera winning the 1000 and Basil Bourque throwing the shot-put for top honors, plus a few points here and there, the team went on to win the meet.

A few days later, Cambridge High met Melrose on the boards outside the school. Bill Goldberg breezed away from the field in the dash, and again repeated another brilliant performance in the 600. Brother Bernie won the broad jump and placed in the dash and 300. We took a first in the 300 event and Dick Harrington placed second in the 1000. The following week, the relay team competed in the "Y" games at the Boston Y. M. C. A. Latin finished in third place, beating out Boston Latin in its heat. The team did exceptionally well, considering that it was beaten by

two class "A" schools with Dick Harrington turning in a very good performance and Bill Goldberg literally flying with Bernie not far behind.

In the dash we have John Parades, who is coming along very nicely, and Fred Hiscock. Taking care of the shot-put are Alan Bowser and James Lang. Stan Pool is doing his part in the 600, with Charlie Durakis doing fine in the high jump.

As we go to press, we have just learned the result of the basketball team's game with Newton. Latin's chances for title honors met downfall at the hands of League Champion, Newton, 59-47.

WILLIAM KOKINAKIS, '46.
WILLIAM CRAIG, '47.

ON NECKTIES

LONG ago, when men dressed in silks and satins, wore knee breeches and patent leather pumps, a necktie, as it is now known, was unheard of. To protect their throats against the summer breezes, men of Europe and England in the seventeenth century wore a square of lace, or satin around their necks much as we would wear a scarf today. The neck cloths always were white to blend with the gentleman's linen. In America, however, the situation was quite different. Although in the cities of America one could always find the lace and satin of the continent, in the country, where men wore buckskin shirts and pants, the frills found no favor.

Later, however, when the United States had been formed and was being settled, neckwear appeared on even the roughest cow puncher. At the time of the Civil War, men of quality were wearing a tie that looked like our tie of today tied in a monstrous knot referred to as a "duke"; and bow ties were frequently worn; these ties were always colored either brown or black as were the pin stripe ties worn in the west. Up until the World War these fashions continued.

Soon after, though, a great change took place. The ties began to get flashier and more guady, until today almost every tie is a mass of red and yellow, purple and green. Still the conservative gentleman prefers a soft tie of a foulard design or a plain tie to contrast with his new suit. The college man's interests waver between a loud and a soft tie; loud for classes, soft for dates. They all, however, agree on the bow tie as the only thing to wear for evening. The high school pupil, if he wears a tie at all, hasn't made up his mind as to the kind of tie he wants. He'll grab anyone up, if he isn't wearing a T shirt, and tying an enormous "duke," will trot off to school. He doesn't wear a bow tie because he can't tie one, and besides when he gets hot, he can't slip it out a few inches. So, briefly, this is the story on neckties. It will be interesting to note whether or not the future will bring as many changes as the past.

STEPHEN BIDDLE, '47.

JUNIOR RED CROSS NOTES

AT A MEETING of the Council held on December 10th, Miss Duffy gave an interesting talk on some of the ways in which the members might be of practical service. The immediate need, she said, was for help in getting Christmas packages ready for servicemen who would not be home for the holiday season. Suggestions were also made by the members for a Christmas project which would include collecting toys and making favors for hospital patients.

As a result of a second meeting, 125 girls appeared at American Legion Hall on Sunday, December 16, and spent the afternoon and early evening wrapping Christmas gifts and assisting generally in preparations to make absent servicemen happy at Christmas time.

On the Friday before Christmas, in spite of the storm, deliveries of comics, coloring books, and crayons were made to the children at the Cambridge hospitals.

At the January meeting it was decided to continue with volunteer work at the Red Cross headquarters. Appreciation of the spirit of service shown by the Junior Red Cross workers was evidenced in the following letter from Mrs. Titherington, from which we quote:

"Before the Christmas holiday begins I want to thank the students of the Cambridge High and Latin for the splendid Junior Red Cross work they have done this past fall.

To those girls who came to the chapter house early in the term and arranged enrollment material, to those who came in late October to inspect the contents of gift boxes for children overseas, and, last but by no means least, to the huge number of girls who so unselfishly gave up a Sunday afternoon in the pre-Christmas season and at Municipal Hall sorted gifts for servicemen, I send congratulations for jobs willingly and well done. I want these young women to know that I appreciate the fine community spirit they have shown in turning out so handsomely when called upon, and in attending so efficiently to the business at hand. They are a credit to their school and to Cambridge.

Also, I want to thank your students for their generosity in collecting enough material to fill seventy-seven kit bags for our hospitalized veterans. The knowledge that they have provided Christmas cheer for so many will, I am sure, add to their own happiness at Christmas."

MARGO DOWNEY, '46.

THE WISP OF HAIR

THE woman trudged aimlessly in the gathering dusk. Her slight, shabbily clothed figure went unnoticed in the wave of chattering shoppers. Bright neons splashed colors over the busy street but no light reflected in her eyes. Gay laughter drifted about her but it could bring no warmth to her heart. It was as if she was already—, but no, she could not bring herself to think of it.

Instead she thought of the flat she must return to before long. Most people would think it was just a dingy apartment in a tenement house but to this woman it was home. Oh, she knew that there was not enough air in the dank hallways and that the sunlight would never brighten the faded wallpaper but just the same it was home. Home was the place her children awaited at the end of each day. Home was the place where she reigned. Her children worshipped her and in their own little world they were safe and secure. The woman's mouth twistered bitterly, "safe and secure." A wisp of hair loosened and danced in the sudden draught of wind. A shattering cough shook her body.

She stopped before a gaily dressed window. There were so many lovely things. If only she could afford them. How happy the children would be, and with a shrug of her wasted shoulders she turned away. Then a sudden thought struck her. Why shouldn't she give them something, just a little something to—, and her heart echoed the words "to remember me by." For once she would not think of tomorrow. No, somehow tomorrow would take care of itself.

She entered as usual but immediately the children knew that something was different. Their mother's cheeks were flushed and she was excited. Then they noticed the small parcel and danced about in glee. Each in turn received his gift and she watched their joy, understanding as only a mother could what the surprise had meant. Then the light in her eyes faded for she remembered. The wisp of hair lay askew and a sharp spasm of coughing shook her frail body.

ALICE M. HARRIS, '46.

WOULDN'T IT BE DULL IF:

. . . Steve Biddle's address book wasn't as big as the Boston directory itself? . . . Carolyn Townsend ever went to Harvard Square alone? . . . Bob Hughes wasn't around to liven things up? . . . Marshall Fosgate ever thought of anything but the next dance and a certain brunette? . . . Bobby Curnane ever missed a basketball shot? . . . Karin Enebuske wasn't always smiling? . . . John Leary wasn't doing the same? . . . Charlie Grimm didn't always look so comfortable? . . . Bick Barberra and Gordon Clark ever broke up as a team? . . . Jack Aronson didn't think of everything in terms of chess moves? . . . Kirk Taylor didn't always have a joke(?) to tell? . . . Arthur MacKenzie ever thought of anything but Chopin and Latin? . . . Noreen Buckley wasn't always complaining about all the homework that keeps her in at night? . . . Jimmy Fitzgerald wasn't always flawlessly dressed? . . . Barbara Casey ever stopped gum-chewing? . . . There weren't so many rules to obey?

Warren McIsaac, '47.

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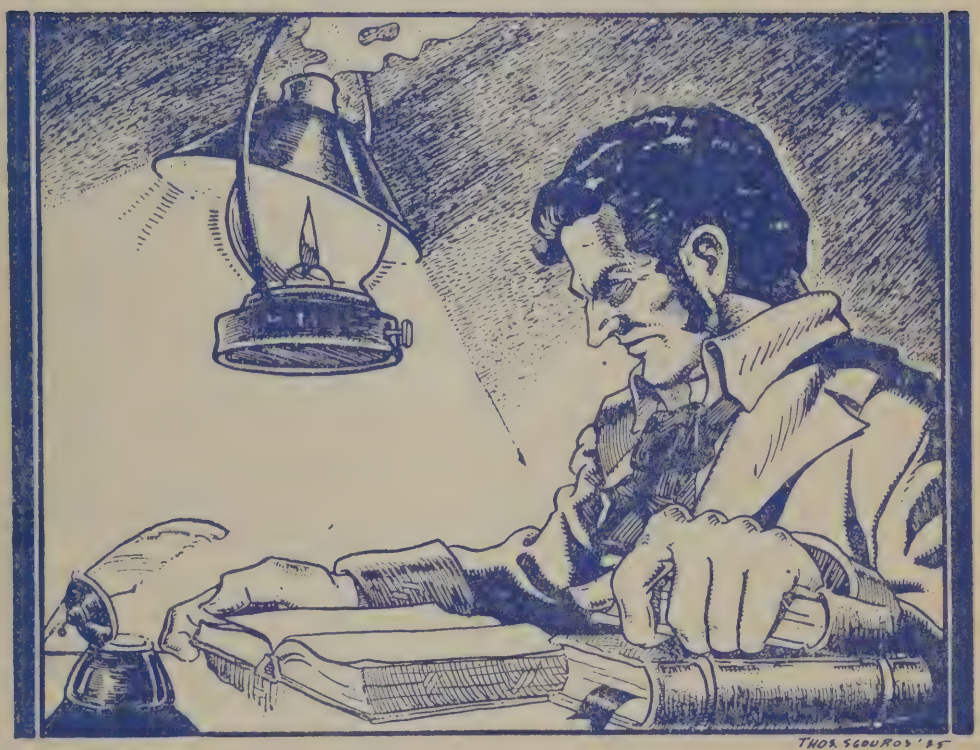

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The Cambridge Review

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

APRIL 1946

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Contents

Editorials 2
Civilization 3
The Advantage of Having a Younger Brother 3
Horseback Riding 4
First Impressions 4
Popularity Poll 5
Teens' Tea 6
Meeting Elizabeth Woodward 6
An Editors' Tea 6
Fashion News 7
Book Reviews 7
Cartoon 8
My First Dance 9
Doors 9
Two Questions 10
Such Longing 10
A Modern Knight 10
A Visit to the Dentist 11
Key Notes 11
Relatives 12
The Clock Near The Coop 12
Cartoon 13
C. H. L. S. Spotlite 14, 15
Freshman Notes 16
Alumni News 16
Relatives 12
Cartoon 18
An Appeal 19
Song Hits 19
Sports 20, 21
G. A. A. News 22
German Club 22
Spanish Club 22
Gym Flashes 23
Outing Club 23
French Club 23
Girls' Sports 24
Junior Red Cross 24
Durrell Debate Club 24

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Editorial

DURING the war, when women lined up for anything from potatoes to tea, we all looked forward to the day when we could calmly walk up to a counter and purchase a pound of butter with no red points and with no waiting.

The war is over, and still we find women shoppers waiting in lines. The items so much in demand and so much lacking are nylons and butter. It is very difficult to believe that in a country such as ours, women have to fight for rayon, nylon, or any stockings, in lines that extend one-half a mile even on near zero days. Women were buying white rayon and cotton stockings and dying them a tan color; now, Rit is scarce. At Christmas we were told that definitely nylons would be "in" by February. Here it is March and there are now no stockings at all.

Butter, a much needed item, is once more among the missing. During the war, we could not obtain it because it was valued too highly in red points. Soon after red points were removed, butter disappeared from counters. Because of the shortage, irate housekeepers threaten helpless grocers; women are up and out at eight o'clock to form a line at the corner store to obtain finally a quarter of a pound of butter. Now, even the substitute oleomargarine is gone, and grocers are timid about showing that in their cases for fear of a riot.

With thousands of people out on strike, even fewer products will be found. During the war, laborers were given a new higher wage and now after the war, no one likes to find his pay envelope suddenly slimmer while prices of food, clothing, and rent go up. People all over the country are without work and there is no prospect of work for weeks to come.

Counters that were full even during the war, are bare; whole sections of stores have been closed, vacant because there is nothing to sell. Salesmen and women who were dependent during the war on the stock question, "Don't you know there's a war on?", now merely shrug their shoulders and say "We have none." The bare shelves and empty counters back up their answers. Instead of becoming more and more evident, items seem to be disappearing more and more.

In a great, munificent land such as ours, it seems hardly possible that such conditions could prevail even when a war has been over for almost a year. Everyone should snap into action and carry our beloved land out of one of its greatest crisis or else a few years from now, we may find ourselves saying that we were far better off in 1946.

E. W.

YOU will probably be as surprised as I was to find that an interview with "Miss America of 1945" provided excellent material for a serious editorial. The interview held under the auspices of the American Institute for Democracy took place in the Blue Room of the Copley Plaza Hotel where a horde of high-school editors milled about lovely Bess Myerson. Calm in the face of a barrage of questions, she gracefully postponed our queries until the real purpose of the interview had been dealt with. In a low husky voice, Miss Myerson spoke on a subject which concerns all of us.

Racial discrimination is something against which all of us should fight. In Miss Myerson's words, "Prejudice is out of date. The soldiers fought and bled together; why can't they live together?" While on the battlefield, no soldier thought of the color or religious background of the man next to him. A man was judged solely on his own merit. No one asked whether the donor of the life-saving blood plasma was a Christian or a Jew. Prejudice was forgotten and every man was on his own.

Why can't these same standards of fairness be kept during peacetime? The problem is one which the young people of this country must solve if we are to have a true democracy. A plan of gradual re-education in the South is essential. Although, as Miss Myerson admits, this plan will take years to bring about the desired state of equality for all, it is a necessary step in the right direction.

Other steps must be taken, too, but the problem demands the consideration of all of us to discover what those steps are. The purpose of Miss Myerson's talks to the high-schoolers throughout the country is merely to make them aware of this problem and of their responsibility. She is doing a grand job and deserves all the cooperation we can give her. Do your part!

For those of you who would consider the report of an interview with a beauty contest winner incomplete without a few personal particulars, I'll do my best. Before going to Atlantic City as "Miss New York City," Miss Myerson had obtained a Bachelor of Arts degree from Hunter College, where she majored in music. An accomplished flute player and pianist, she

would like to be a symphony conductor but will more likely be an actress. In September, she plans to return to college and obtain her M. A. degree, using the $5,000 educational fund she won in the contest. She is five feet, ten inches tall, twenty-one years old, brunette, and very lovely. All in all the interview was a successful and thought-awakening experience.

Lydia Spencer, '46.

CIVILIZATION

IT WAS a sweltering, hot day, but not unusually so in that part of the world. The sailor in his damp whites was seething. Outwardly, he was burning from the terrific, omnipresent rays of the sun; inwardly, he was burning with the desire to get away and be with civilized people. He'd had enough of both the heat and the natives. Home was uppermost in his thoughts. Thinking about the States irritated, rather than soothed him.

He started to pace the beach angrily, but stumbled as his foot suddenly sank deeper into the swirling, white sands. He couldn't even show a bit of temper without interference from the island. Resigned, he flopped down and covered his face with his white hat, a hat that was made to look jaunty, but which looked sick in its collapsed, rolled-down position.

He was just drifting into sweet oblivion when his ears were irritated by the whining chant of a small urchin, "Gimme a nickle, Joe. Me momma hungry; me poppy hungry; me hungry. Gimme a nickle, Joe." The sailor had heard these words countless times since he had come to the island. He knew by now that as soon as the native children could talk they were taught how to beg in "American." The homesickness he felt and the physical torment the heat was inflicting on him made him lash out at the boy in a tone that surprised him and frightened the child. The boy did not understand any English words but those in the chant, but he couldn't help getting the idea that he was not welcome. With a hurt look he shuffled off. The sailor stamped off in the opposite direction toward his ship.

The next day, about twilight, the sailor and a shipmate were strolling along the beach. A little ahead of them, under a coconut tree, munching a white spongy native bread, the little fellow was sitting. The sailor told his friend to come with him while he taught the "kid" a lesson. His friend followed with a quizzical smile.

"Me hungry; me momma hungry, me poppa hungry. Gimme bread." The boy understood. Without further considering, he broke the bread, handing the larger piece to his tormentor.

The sailor managed to gulp out a "thanks" and stumbled over himself in his attempt to get away quickly. To his friend's, "I guess you were taught the lesson," he nodded a silent "yes."

Catherine Curtiss, '46.

THE ADVANTAGE OF HAVING A YOUNGER BROTHER

IN OUR house the question is not "When is something going to happen?" but "What is going to happen next"? My young brother frequents Daddy and Jack's, a well-known novelty store; therefore rings that squirt out water, sneezing powder, pepper gum, and other gruesome devices of slow torture are abundant in our home.

This winter Junior decided he would like a private ice skating rink in the back yard. Being a resourceful person, he took out the garden hose and started to water the snow-covered ground. Fortunately I glanced out the window just as he began this project or . . . !

I have been told that a younger brother is an asset when it comes to discharging household duties. Don't believe it! My brother and I have an arrangement by which we take turns doing the dishes; I do them every other night and on the nights in between I also do them. I used to seek his assistance on Saturday morning and he graciously (spelled g-r-u-d-g-i-n-g-l-y) contributed it, protesting all the time that he would be of no help. If nothing else, my brother was true to his word. By mid-morning he had either broken a bottle of furniture polish or tested the fragility of Edison's invention.

But let it not be said that a younger brother is of no advantage. If it were not for him, I am sure I would not know whether Dave Ferriss plays for the Braves or the Red Sox, or what the Stanley Cup is. Junior also takes my part in family discussions . . . for a small fee, of course. Furthermore, because of him, I lead an interesting life!

Lucia Toscano, '46.

HORSEBACK RIDING

THIS essay is not intended for the fortunate person who can jump upon a horse and gallop off, all in the space of three seconds, but for the poor beginner who, like me, eyes the animal with trembling and fear.

The first step, and perhaps the most difficult of all, is to get on the horse. Having seen many movies in which the comedian is heaved up with such gusto that he flies off the other side, I was determined to do the whole thing slowly and methodically. However the legs of my jodphurs were so tight that it took me an eternity to coax my leg, which behaved as if rigor mortis had set in, in the direction of the stirrup. This was finally accomplished and, with the help of two grooms and a friend, I was pushed into the saddle and sat there cringing, dreading the moment when the ferocious beast would start.

The next problem was to stay on the horse. It seemed to me as if the ground were miles below and I could just see my body lying there in various pieces. Sam, as he was called, started out slowly enough and acted quite docile, a course of action which comforted me so much that I sat erect and even chatted with my companions. Just as I was beginning to feel like a queen on a throne Sam, spying a water hole quite a distance away, broke into a wild gallop. My feet flew out of the stirrups and I bounced up and down like a rubber ball, clinging desperately to the reins, to which I finally gave a terrific jerk, stopping my energetic friend. This evidently hurt his feelings because he became as stubborn as a mule for the rest of the morning, stopping in the middle of the street and positively refusing to budge. No amount of kicking or begging would move him, either, and I might still be there begging "the boss" to move had not a fellow horse gone by which he followed. To make matters worse several mischievous boys passed by and, spying me looking as terrified as I was, began to warn me about this animal who had the reputation of being a "nasty hombre." After that I just could not enjoy myself and was only too glad when someone suggested turning back to the stables.

The next difficulty was to get off, which I was only too happy to do. However, when it was time to dismount, I simply could not budge. When I moved my right leg every single muscle rebelled and there I sat, feeling sorry for myself and muttering, "Never again!" After a while I decided to give it another try, and had finally succeeded in freeing my leg when it occurred to me that I had nothing to hang onto. Some kind soul yelled that I should grab the front and rear of the saddle and this I tried to do, but in some queer way my arms and leg got mixed up and off I fell to the ground looking up to see Sam watching me with great amusement in those soulful eyes of his. I picked myself up slowly and staggered away from this place of horror, vowing never to return until I could be master of the horse. I hope that Sam won't have a long wait.

Lois Moran, '47.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

HAVE you ever seen on the street a tall, mysterious stranger with a dark felt hat pulled low over his darting eyes and his coat collar pulled tightly around his thin neck? If you have ever seen such a person, you have undoubtedly said to yourself, as you watched his furtive movements, "I wonder if he just robbed a bank?" or "Doesn't he look like a desperado?" If the truth were known, this stranger would probably turn out to be one of those harmless Harvard students trying to memorize a passage of Tennyson and dodge traffic at the same time.

First impressions are so often misleading! Take for instance that time last summer when you were carelessly meandering through a pasture on your grandmother's farm. That nice cow was grazing peacefully, wasn't *he?* But as you gazed up into the blue sky and watched cumulus clouds floating by, you didn't see him cast a threatening glance in your direction did you? And when you heard his thundering hoofs coming your way, you didn't take time to deliberate the value of first impressions! Your feet took wing and you barely made it to the fence!

On occasion, though, you can judge a person's character by merely glancing at him or her. If a clerk in a department store greets you with a pleasant smile and a helpful look, you instantly think, "She must be kind to her mother." But when, on the other hand, a waitress in a restaurant slops a glass of water in your general direction, slams the menu on the table, and with a menacing look assumes a position near your right elbow, and demands, "Yeah, what's yours?" you just know she's mean to children and kicks dogs!

But, no matter how vivid first impressions are, it's a brilliant plan always to take a second look.

Mary Ellen Priester, '47.

POPULARITY POLL

Most Popular Girl	Barbara Goepper
Most Popular Boy	John Paredes
Prettiest Girl	Noreen Buckley
Best Looking Boy	James Linnehan
Best Dresssed Girl	Joan Howard
Best Dressed Boy	Geo. Costa & John Paredes
Best All Round Girl Athlete	Peggy Dynan
Best All Round Boy Athlete	George Costa
Best Natured Student	Basilla Neiland
Best Girl Dancer	Betty Grove
Best Boy Dancer	John Paredes
Most Likely to Succeed	Charlotte Johnson
Wittiest Student	Dallas Burrows

You know how you personally feel about certain celebrities and certain amusements. The class of 1946, as a whole, has definite likes too. Some things and some people rate a Navy 4.0 with the seniors, and they aren't hesitant in letting the world know just what and who pleases them.

Dancing, Dancing, Dancing! Give the seniors plenty of it, for it is their favorite form of amusement. If a Vaughn Munroe record happens to be one, they'll be so pleased. However, let it be known that Tommy Dorsey and Harry James ran a close second and third in the voting for favorite orchestra. . . . Comes Spring, the young men's fancies lightly turn to thoughts of . . . baseball. The girls have to wait a little longer to enjoy their favorite sport, swimming . . . Whenever they want to get out of the fresh air, these girls flock to the movies, hoping to see Gregory Peck or Ingrid Bergman, or both. The males agree with their feminine school mates in their choice for favorite actress, but rate Bing Crosby as best actor, above the girls' "Abe Lincoln with the razor" . . . On Monday nights the seniors put away their books, just for an hour (time out for cat calls and other uncouth demonstrations), to listen to Lux Radio Theater, their favorite radio program . . . While listening to it, the boys may be flipping through **Life** magazine and the girls may lose track of the story while sighing over a dreamy formal appearing within the covers of **Seventeen** . . . Lastly, this poll has solved the mystery of what happens to the newspaper just when father is ready to study the editorial page. If there is any senior in the house, rest assured the paper is in good hands, and is open to Blondie, the class's favorite comic strip.

Catherine Curtiss, '46.

TEENS' TEA

MY BROTHER Jack came bounding up the stairs waving a yellow envelope in his hand. There was a telegram for me! Making impatient jabs with my longest fingernail, I ripped open the seal and scanned the uneven typewritten strips of tape. A tea was to be given by the Boston Globe at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel for editors of school papers. There would be an opportunity to meet Elizabeth Woodward, an understander of teens, their problems, likes, and dislikes.

The afternoon of the tea a slight thaw occurred. The street corners became swollen, turbid rivers. The problem of whether to be sensible by wearing boots or to be fashionable by wearing dainty suede pumps, confronted me.

Water surged in through my open toed shoes and squished musically as I sloshed along toward the Ritz.

My destination reached, in true teen fashion I headed toward food. There was steaming tea; there were delicious midget sandwiches. Having drunk a cup of tea, devoured three sandwiches, and exchanged chit-chat with girls from other schools, I was ushered up to Elizabeth Woodward. She charmingly "broke the ice" by asking me what my teen-age problem was. As I smiled in bewilderment, a flash of light almost blinded me. Miss Woodward and I were having our pictures taken.

After the photos were completed, the husky ones took up their chairs and followed the hostess into the adjoining room where a gab-fest was to be held. After a dissertation on the renewal of fun at home and the problem to go or not to go steady, the topic of Elizabeth Woodward's career was brought up. By her mentioning a three times prize winning essay, she gave a gentleman from the Globe a brilliant idea. A contest would be held for those attending the tea. The three best compositions on the entire affair would win **real** money for the youthful writers.

Inspired by a fascinating, successful writer and by visions of good ways to use the contest money, I left the Ritz. The fun of the afternoon was relived, the good sense of the speaker was remembered as I tackled my writing problem.

Catherine Curtiss, '46.

MEETING ELIZABETH WOODWARD

A FEW weeks ago we were invited by the Boston Globe to tea at the Ritz Carlton in order to meet and interview Elizabeth Woodward on behalf of our school papers and magazines. I entered a very congenial atmosphere when I arrived at the Blue Room where they had just begun serving tea. It took me a few moments to find out definitely what was going on. Gathered in that room was a group of about one hundred girls from the high school papers throughout greater Boston.

When the tea finally got underway, the photographers went their weary way and took pictures of everyone speaking individually to Elizabeth Woodward. I imagine she was fairly tired of it before they were through. When the question period arrived a few moments later, we were told of Elizabeth Woodward's work with the Ladies Home journal, newspaper articles on "Teen Agers," and also her radio broadcasts.

Several questions were asked about such subjects as "going steady" etc. which she answered with the same logic as that which she uses in the daily articles. No attention was paid to other interests of the normal teenager except for troublesome parents. Subjects such as are carried on in our normal discussions in school and with our friends were not brought up by the girls.

Miss Woodward was most considerate in the answering of questions and provided most of us with some material for thought. It is interesting to see some adult seriously interested in such problems. On the whole we enjoyed the tea and made a mental resolution to read her column regularly.

Sylvia Duncan Hall, 1946.

AN EDITORS' TEA

ON FEBRUARY the twenty-eighth last, I met a most dynamic and fascinating personality, Miss Elizabeth Woodward. On Monday of our vacation week, I had received a telegram inviting me to a tea to be given girl editors of high school magazines, year books, newspapers and so on, from Boston and suburbs. I was told that we were to meet and interview Miss Elizabeth Woodward but that name portrayed to me a fuddy-duddy old reporter who coped with the problems of teenagers marvelously.

When Kay Curtiss, Sylvia Hall, and I stood at the entrance of the French Room in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, we vainly tried to guess which one of the women wearing corsages was Miss Woodward. After I was certain that one woman was the famed columnist, I found that a young, attractive person who appeared even later than we did, was Miss Woodward.

While we were sipping our tea and eating delicious sandwiches, a photographer came up to our table and informed us that we were next. Each in turn then had her picture taken greeting Miss Woodward, who must have been exhausted long before she had greeted each of the editors at the gathering.

After we had all been introducd, the girls drew up their chairs and we had a heart to heart talk with Miss Woodward. Questions were asked among other things about her thoughts on going "steady," and what to do after proms. She told up about her own beginnings as a teen-age columnist in the Sub-Deb column of the **Ladies' Home Journal,** on radio programs, and in newspapers. She seemed like a grown-up teen-ager as she told us of her experiences and answered our questions in a manner which held the attention of every girl present.

After what seemed like only five minutes and not two hours, a hesitant reporter broke up our meeting. We were only supposed to occupy the room until six o'clock and as it was then approaching six-thirty and we had made no sign of leaving, the hotel officials had politely suggested that we depart.

Brought abruptly from a "super" afternoon, we reluctantly left the room piling praise on praise upon Miss Woodward and the originator of the idea of a tea for editors.

Eleanor Wadden, '46.

FASHION NEWS

IT'S the little things that count. For Spring, accessories highlight your outfit and give it that original, individual look that makes it all your own.

Ballet shoes, matching or contrasting with your ensemble, are the smartest thing yet, according to all fashion experts. While we're on the subject of shoes, I would like to add that those flat grecian leather sandals which are making their debut this Spring should be worn by every fashion-wise girl. These versatile sandals make themselves at home with both casual and formal wear. And here's good news they're just as comfortable as your favorite loafers.

Those wide, good looking leather belts are certainly worthy of your attention. The most popular of these is the hand-tooled, cow-boy style that can give a basic skirt or dress an entirely different personality. Belts will make their formal appearance, too, in gold and silver kid, rhinestone trim, and mirror-glass studding. Here's a good idea—you can match your belt and ballet slippers.

Hats! "Little girl" style Breton sailors, pinwheel-picture hats, shaker style bonnets, and Victorian chapeaux are the head-liners which should lead the Easter Parade. Keep a sharp eye out for these hats and I assure you your outfit will be perfectly complemented. Of course you will want to put your best face forward! There is a new "hypo-alergenic" cosmetic now on the market which is guaranteed not to contain any ingredients harmful to your complexion. This product has every cosmetic aid you will need to give you a sparkling countenance. Be sure to look for these cosmetics soon.

Pocketbook news! There are some lovely plastic materials oftentimes more wearable than leather, which are being used in the manufacture of bags of all shapes and sizes. The envelope, shoulder strap and pouch bags, are perenially popular. Both genuine and simulated alligator in navy, black, and brown will do justice to their owners in both attractiveness and wearability.

I hope these hints will help you in your annual quest for smart spring ensembles.

Betty Grove, '46.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Yearling Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings

This is a story of Jody, the son of a poor farmer living in the scrub country of Florida, and Flag, Jody's lovable pet deer. His family and neighbors seem real and alive with their personal grudges, their devotions, and their feelings toward the world of nature about them. The descriptions are vivid, especially of the hunting through the backwoods. A simple style with the dialect carefully retained makes the reading both easy and interesting. No reader can escape concern over Flag's many escapades and Jody's sympathetic heart.

The White Deer James Thurber

Here is another tale about a deer, but this is an enchanted deer. The world of magic and utter foolishness is opened by James Thurber. Since anything can happen, you would not be surprised to see snow fall upwards or perhaps to hear singing mud or the barking tree. Of course there are magicians, witches, a king, and a beautiful princess. Is the princess a real deer under a spell, or a real princess freed from enchantment? Certainly this is a fairy tale, but an enjoyable escape from reality.

Helen Bequaert, '47.

STATE CHAMP BERNIE GOLDBERG HAD TIME TO TIE HIS LACES BEFORE HIS NEAREST PURSUER CAUGHT HIM!!!
STATE MEET
CHLS
13
BASIL BOURQUE AND ALAN BOWSER, THE 'GRUNT AND GROAN' MEN DID WELL FOR THEIR FIRST MAJOR MEET.
CAPTAIN BILLIE GOLDBERG, SUFFERING FROM A RESPIRATORY AILMENT, HAD TROUBLE BREATHING IN THE 600 YD. RUN.
ON A DISMAL SATURDAY AFTERNOON OUR BOYS STEPPED INTO BOSTON GARDEN AND INTO A HARD LUCK STREAK THE LIKES OF WHICH 'YERS TROOLY' AND COMPANY HAVE NEVER SEEN AND HOPE NEVER TO ENCOUNTER AGAIN!!!
JOHNNY PARADES, FRED HISCOCK, AND DICK BARBERA GAVE THEIR ALL- DICK HAD JUST ARISEN FROM HIS SICK-BED, BUT RAN ANYWAY.
BY JACK KAUFMAN AT THE GARDEN —
CHLS'S LATEST TRACK DISCOVERY: 'TIRELESS' DICK HARRINGTON——
POWERFUL JIM LANG SCARED EVERYONE IN THE BROAD JUMP BUT THE BOYS WHO TOOK THE FIRST THREE PLACES.
TIRED THOUGH IT WAS, THE RELAY TEAM WON A SECOND PLACE IN THAT ULTIMATE EVENT.
BILLIE 'JINX' KOKINAKIS GOT INTO THE FINALS, BUT TRIPPED AND FELL ON THE LAST TURN- BUT PLACED ANYWAY!!!

MY FIRST DANCE

AT THE age of thirteen I attended my first formal. When I received the invitation three weeks ahead, my young heart was all of a flutter. "Mother, what kind of evening gown shall I wear?" "Mother, may I wear lipstick?" My poor mother must certainly have been on the verge of insanity with all these questions.

As soon as the invitation arrived, I stopped eating sweets, and only wholesome, non-fattening foods touched my palate which was longing for the taste of rich, delicious sundaes. For weeks I kept up this rigid diet, but my efforts were rewarded—a radiant skin on the night of the dance!

The dress we chose was one which practically guaranteed to make the wearer the belle of the ball. It had a swishy, bouffant blue taffeta skirt and a net bodice with lovely puffy sleeves. Indeed a dream of a dress!

The day before the dance I did have my hair set, and mother promised that I might wear lipstick. Iwent to bed early with my face all covered with lotion and my hair wrapped in a tight kerchief.

The big day finally arrived, and I spent it watching the clock. My escort, whose name was Jim, called for me at seven o'cock, and brought me a lovely corsage of pink sweet peas. I introduced him to Mother and Dad who made lovely comments on how sweet I looked and what a nice boy he was. Off we went! We arrived in plenty of time for me to run to the powder room and give a final push to my hair and take an appraising look in the full length mirror. Jim and I danced a great deal. Quite a few different boys danced with me, and as I knew all the girls, we often would huddle in a corner and discuss the others. All the girls were complimenting each other on their evening dresses and on how handsome their escorts were. Since it was a graduation party, the class president gave a speech and our teacher made awards to the honor students and those with perfect attendance. Then she spoke about high school and said that she hoped we would do "dear old P-S 5" credit when we grew up. The time flew by as if it were on wings, and altogether too soon the seven piece orchestra began playing "Good Night, Ladies." The dance was over.

When Jim and I reached home, I invited him in for a late snack. Mother had waited up for me and after we fed Jim and had said good night to him I told mother all about the dance. My feet were so sore, and I was so tired Mother slipped off my silver slippers, and I tiptoed up to bed. With a last tender look at my withering corsage, I slipped into bed, bringing to a close an evening I will long remember.

Betty Ann Galvin, '48.

DOORS

MOST of us never notice anything unusual or interesting about a door, athough we go through about twenty or thirty different kinds each day.

Usually, to enter a department store, you must go through either a revolving door or a heavy swinging door. The revolving door seems to have been designed especially for the parasite who waits for a more energetic individual to push the door around for him. On the other hand, the average American impetuously pulls a door plainly marked "Push," and two out of every three times he will attempt to enter the door labeled "Tuo."

Even more baffling are elevator doors. There are those which open on two or more sides, so that everyone must determinedly jab his elbows into his fellow sardine before he can turn around to face the side he hopes is the door. The doors of self-operated elevators have a disconcerting habit of impatiently closing on some unsuspecting would-be passenger.

Of course, there are the trap doors which either never work at all, or work at the wrong time. The ones which lead up into an attic usually belong to the class of doors which just don't open, whereas those going into a cellar are ordinarily found in movies. In detective stories and horror movies, the trap door invariably sends the villain to the death he had ingeniously devised for his next victim, but in farces, the stooge eventually falls through into a vat of glue or a flour barrel.

The radio has brought us sound-effect doors. When Fibber McGee opens his hall closet door, the nation holds its breath in anticipation of the inevitable crash of accumulated household impedimenta. When Jack Benny ruefully goes underground to his secret vault, the coast-to-coast audience guffaws as the meanest man in the United States finally creaks open the last rusty hinge to his hoard. When the weird sound of the door to the Inner Sactum pierces the air, the country's amateur sleuths shiver in expectation.

My favorite door is that of the dentist when I have just slammed it on my way out.

Margaret Anne Phelan, '47.

TWO QUESTIONS FOR JOHN Q. PUBLIC

A QUESTION which has provoked much discussion concerns the next Olympic Games. Should the vanquished countries of Italy, Japan, and Germany be permitted to enter their top athletes in the games of international fame? German youth has always presented very strong competition in many of the contests. Italy and Japan are both somewhat limited in their range of abilities for competing. But the irritating question remains. Some will say that these countries are conquered and should remain in subjugation for a few years at least. Others, no doubt, will claim that if these nations have athletes worthy of entry, it would only impede the rehabilitation program now being carried out by the armies of occupation, to refuse them. A decision must be reached. Well, Mr. Public?

On a somewhat similar tone is the puzzling dilemma recently aired in a national magazine concerning the musicians of Europe. Such names as Kirsten Flagstad, Richard Strauss, Alfred Cortol and Benianimo Gigli are involved. Some were cooperative with the Nazis, whereas others were indifferent and a few went into temporary retirement. The only crime charged to Kirsten Flagstad was remaining faithful to a husband who was a Quisling in Norway. The offenses vary in degree but are in a sense, the sense in which I view the entire situation, irrelevant. These artists remained in Europe and lived rather nicely while so many were suffering. Should the world then be denied their artistry? Again the question is unavoidable. It would be bullheaded and ridiculous to do anything as absurd as to ban Wagnerian operas as was done after the last war. Music knows no boundaries, nor does it recognize any one race, creed or color distinction in its millions of listeners. It belongs to all those who wish to hear and thus enrich their lives. No one is justified in withholding God given genius except for serious cause. Let those who actually committed crimes or betrayed their countries to an invader be properly punished, but as for the others . . . . Well, Mr. Public?

Warren MacIsaac, '47.

SUCH LONGING!

FROM the little I have seen of the varying sections of the United States I have reached the decided opinion that the countryside in one section of the nation differs greatly from that in another. For how different is the scenery near San Francisco from that around Boston, Massachusetts! The striking difference is, I think, that of color; here in Boston there is a uniform drab quality that is not found in urban California.

When we think of a house and its garden here we are inclined to picture a classic New England house with painted shingles and a garden that consists of elms, lawns, and perhaps some rose bushes or hollyhocks. The California scene, at least that around Berkeley, is entirely different. There one thinks of the brilliant stucco Spanish colonial home with red tiles and brilliant vines. The garden is a mass of color because of the profusion of such flowers as crimson and mauve verbena, multi colored fuchsias, masses of golden wattle, lantana, and tall Spanish spikes.

The land surrounding Berkeley consists of the small mountains which separate it from the inland valleys which produce the well known California fruit crop. Those mountains lose their green color in the summertime and with the importation of the Australian Eucalyptus tree, the countryside has acquired a resemblance to that of Australia. In contrast with our poison ivy, there they have a wicked species of weed called poison oak which is much more potent than poison ivy. A case of poison oak stinging causes one to be sent to bed for three weeks without hope of recovery until the time is up because there is no serum.

The country is well equipped for such sports as swimming and tennis and golf. In the hills is a delightfully cool lake known as Lake Anza in which one can swim as well as go boating. While across San Francisco in the Golden Gates Park is the Fleshaker pool, lined with aqua tile—the largest salt water swimming pool of its kind in the world.

Yet when I think of those pleasures, I have also to reflect that after all New England does not have Black Widow spiders.

Sylvia Duncan Hall, '46.

A MODERN KNIGHT

IT WAS a car which left the small white homestead in Ohio that morning, transporting Captain John Banks on the first lap of his journey over seas; and not an eager, strong horse as would have transported Sir John Banks in the days of King Arthur's Court. Captain Banks kissed his lovely wife and hugged his young child as he bade them a final good-bye to undertake his difficult quest with the rest of the United States Army. He wore no red sleeve embroidered with pearls; instead, the insignia of the Army Air Corps adorned his shoulder.

In the Pacific, his armor was a shining plane, and the lances of his crew were powerful guns.

Captain Banks made numerous bombing missions of Japanese held islands and won medals more dazzling to his wife than any of Lancelot's diamonds.

On a last, dangerous flight, Captain Banks' plane was hit, and the wounded crew barely got the crippled plane to its base. John Banks spent three long months in an overseas hospital where the care of Red Cross nurses helped him regain new strength just as Lancelot's health was restored by the loving care of Elaine.

It was a happy day when John Banks returned home on a huge hospital ship. Three capable nurses laughed and rejoiced with him, in contrast with the three weeping queens who moaned over King Arthur on his final voyage.

Ellen Landis, '48.

A VISIT TO THE DENTIST

IT WAS a beautiful morning, with a bright blue sky overhead. Saturday was not always perfect. Normally, I would have been overjoyed to have such good weather. Today, however, I was dismal.

As I boarded the bus for Harvard Square, I was not particularly interested in the fact that there would be no Latin class. Everyone looked happy except me. In a few minutes, I would be sitting in the dentist's office, awaiting my turn to be given a thorough going over. It was slightly over six months since the last time I had been to a dentist.

The office had the same hard seats, the same magazines, which were six months old six months ago, and the same sickening smell. Through the half-opened door, I could see the white coated brute who would soon have me at his mercy.

In a short time, a small boy came out, accompanied by his mother. Strangely enough, he didn't seem very unhappy to be leaving. Then it was my turn. Trembling inwardly, I entered and seated myself in his infernal machine. The fiend bent over me and probed in my mouth with a tiny mirror. He straightened up and informed me briefly that I could go. I stared at him and asked him what he had done.

"Nothing," he said calmly. "There is nothing wrong with your teeth."

In a daze, I left muttering to myself. When I came out of the building, I was happy. Now I had nothing to worry about except Latin.

Thomas Egan, '48.

KEY NOTES

HELLO, listeners! I guess I still have a hangover from last time, because this month I found another album of my beloved Viennese waltzes, sung by Miliza Korjus. The album contains *On the Beautiful Blue Danube, The Emperor Waltz, A Thousand and One Nights,* and *Wine, Women, and Song.*

Going to something more modern, there's Perry Como's singing of *All Through The Day,* and *Prisoner Of Love.* Both are good, but the first is smoother.

Henri Rene and his chorus do *Scarlet Sarafan* and *Meadowlands.* Although the latter is a little monotonous, I enjoyed both.

From way under a pile of jazzy plastic, I discovered a gem of a record, namely *Cornish Rhapsody* from *Love Story,* played by Harriet Cohen and the London Symphony Orchestra. I really think you'll like it.

I was definitely intrigued by a Spike Jones rendering of *The Blue Danube* (with apologies to Strauss) but I haven't heard it yet. Maybe you'd like the experience of hearing the blue Danube turn a sickly green. I shouldn't.

The Long-hair is simply too good to skip this time, especially since Dr. Koussevitzky and our Boston Symphony Orchestra have done the honors with *The Roman Carnival Overture* by Berlioz.

Jan Peerce! Kerstin Thorborg! Zinka Milanov! Do they sound familiar? From Verdi's *Il Trovatore,* they bring us the famous *Al Nostri Monti* and *Miserere.* Believe me, it's wonderful. It must be; I bought it.

I have an old record from *Lohengrin,* sung by the world famous Richard Tauber. Well, he has now made an album of old favorites.

Sympathy, Can I Forget You, Serenade (from *The Student Prince*), *You Are My Heart's Delight,* and *Roses of Picardy* are all done in his usual good form.

Do you, by any chance, remember the fascinating music from the movie *Spellbound?* Now you can find it on Victor records by Al Goodman who gives out with *Concerto* on the other side. That is a must in any up-to-date record collection.

Then there's the new . . . but no, I'm going to stop, before I run away with myself, telling you everything I'd like to. Just wait for me, now, and I'll be back with more, to finish THE INTERRUPTED SERENADE.

Lily Root, '46.

MIDDLESEX UNIVERSITY

Next Freshman Class Starts June 26, 1946

APPLICATIONS NOW AVAILABLE FOR HIGH SCHOOL SENIORS

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Preprofessional courses — A.B. and B.S. degrees

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Waltham, Massachusetts

RELATIVES

AS FAR as I am concerned, most relatives are just plain nuisances, with a few exceptions, of course. Relations can therefore be divided into three distinct classes, only one of which appeals to me.

The long-lost cousin or uncle is the bane of any party, for as surely as night follows day, he will appear, smiling, and happy, with his traveling bag in one hand, and a box of chocolates in the other. Naturally, everyone is glad to see a long-gone friend, but under such circumstances, one would have preferred that he wait a day or so. However, the wanderer is contented in his status of guest, so the hosts must make the best of the situation.

The inquisitive type creates havoc in any peaceful home with his incessant questions about personal problems. It is a matter of acute interest for him to find out whether John is getting along well with his mother-in-law, or whether Bob is able to support his wife on his meager income. This form of the relative species is not at all popular; it could aptly be called a "gremlin."

Now, the only enjoyable kind of relation comes under discussion. It is the home-body, a person who stays at home on a sunny day, instead of driving his brood of six children to Aunt Mollie's for supper. He minds his own business; we mind ours. That is how relatives should live.

W. Craig, '47.

THE CLOCK NEAR THE COOP

The telephone rings, I answer "Hello,
A date at the Movies? Why, yes, I'll go.
I'll meet you at eight, in time for the show,
Down by the clock near the Coop."

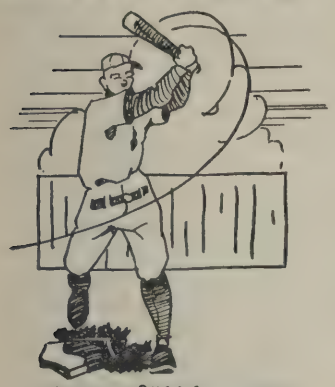
Mother's been shopping; it's been a long day,
The buses are crowded that run out our way,
"Please get out the car and come right away,
Down by the clock near the Coop."

In-town or out, East-bound or west,
If you must have a rendezvous, pick out the best,
No need for directions, just follow the rest
Down by the clock near the Coop.

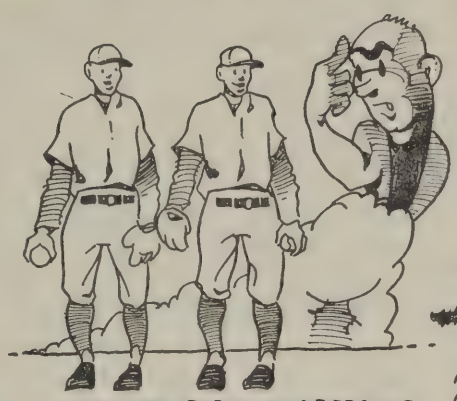
Oh! the clock near the Coop could tell more than time,
If words could replace a clock's mellow chime,
There's a world full of story just waiting for rhyme,
Down by the clock near the Coop.

Margo Downey, '46.

CANTABS COMMENCE WORK-OUTS

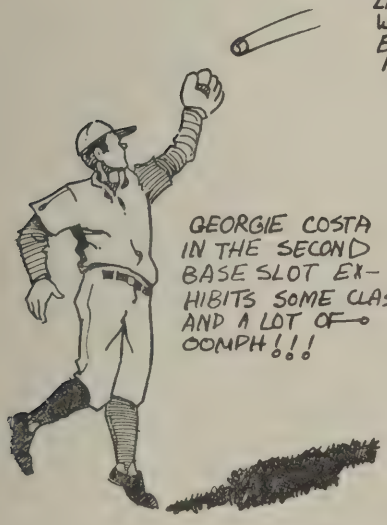


JOHNNY PAREDES – LEFT OUT-FIELD AND CANDIDATE FOR THE PITCHER'S BERTH.

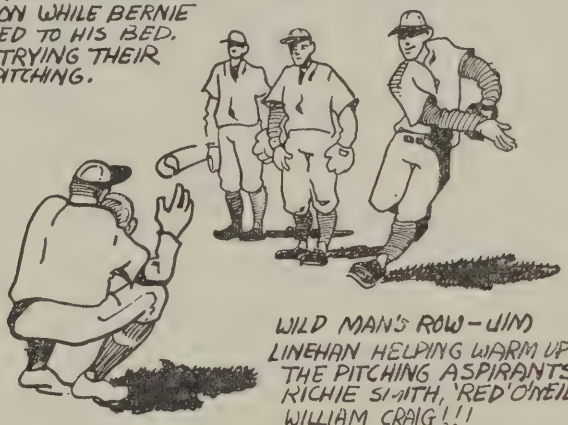


BILLY AND BERNIE GOLDBERG, THE ATHLETICALLY INCLINED TWINS- BILLY PLAYED IN THE OUTFIELD LAST SEASON WHILE BERNIE WAS CONFINED TO HIS BED. BOTH ARE TRYING THEIR HAND AT PITCHING.

'HANDSOME' JACK LEE IS A HOT SHOT IN THE OUT-FIELD, JACKIE ALSO IS A VET FROM LAST YEAR'S SQUAD —

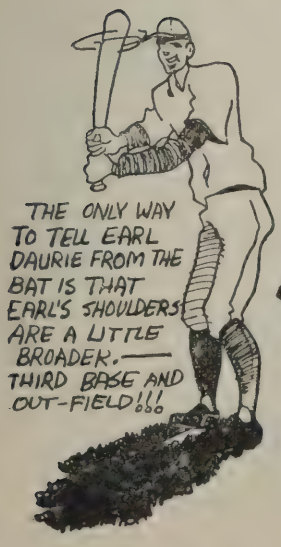


GEORGIE COSTA IN THE SECOND BASE SLOT EX- HIBITS SOME CLASS AND A LOT OF OOMPH!!!



WILD MAN'S ROW – JIM LINEHAN HELPING WARM UP THE PITCHING ASPIRANTS RICHIE SMITH, 'RED' O'NEIL, WILLIAM CRAIG!!!

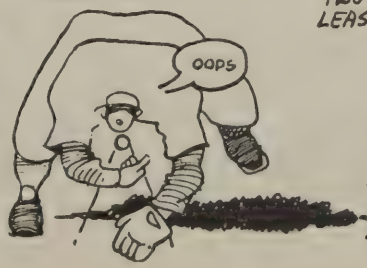
'SAM' DICK REGAZZIO AT SHORT-STOP —



THE ONLY WAY TO TELL EARL DAURIE FROM THE BAT IS THAT EARL'S SHOULDERS ARE A LITTLE BROADER. — THIRD BASE AND OUT-FIELD!!!

FIRST SACKER STEVE BIDDLE-WOULD RATHER PLAY BASEBALL THAN EAT —

SUMNER 'DICK' KAPLAN – 'NUFF SED —



FELLAS – UP TO THE FIRST GAME ALL POSITIONS ARE STILL OPEN SO HOW ABOUT STICKIN' IN YER TWO CENTS WORTH – AT LEAST COME OUT AN' TRY.

JACK KAUFMAN '46

C. H. L. S. - Spotlite

IN THE spring, two reporters' fancies lightly turn to thoughts of (you guessed it) reporting. And just to prove the truth of that statement, read the next two pages for evidence. Those four juniors wandering around school in banana-like posture are Joan Kelly, Lois Moran, Marilyn Wright, and Toni Townsend recovering from the first horseback ride of the season . . . We hear that Sandra Bonanno was so interested in the last copy of the "Review" that she missed her stop and rode all the way to Arlington (anything for a plug) . . . Irene Lewis' black eye has been quite a topic for conversation recently . . . Dorothy Mullins, an Olympic fan, has attended every game of the season . . . Among those Latinites who attended the first dance given by the Youth Canteen were Anne Rosie (the very able president), Stan Poole, Dedie O'Brien, Hugh Graham, Pat Foley, Joan Howard, John Paredes, Sonny Curcio, Betty Grove, Eleanor Wadden, Donald Hughes, Lois Hanlon, Theresa Fitz, Babe Kelly, and Dave Sheehan . . . Earle Rosenberg is of the opinion that all columnists are fifth columnists (nothing personal implied, we hope) . . . Next years' cheerleaders, headed by Loretto Sheehan, are beaming happily at the thought of those luscious new uniforms they are to have . . . Clair Kilfoyle is that junior oddity who polishes her saddle oxfords every night, while Mary Reilly and Claire Rodgers belong to the semi-annual club . . . Among our own impromptu additions to the C.H.L.S. senior popularity poll are Helen Collins—the person most likely to collide with coming down the corridors, Bob Sordillo—sleepiest student, Bernie Goldberg—boy most likely to drive through red lights, and Eleanor Sullivan—girl most likely to blow up the chemistry laboratory . . . While we poor souls have to struggle even to see Gregory Peck on a movie screen, Joan Larsen was lucky enough to talk to him in person on her recent trip to California (drrr) . . . John Aruda has been seriously thinking of taking a course on the "Art of Teaching Latin II"—either that or on the "Art of Learning Latin II" . . . Gladys Sutherland faithfully waits for Eleanor Tarquinio at Harvard Square every morning—true friendship—or sumpin . . . or other . . . Our sympathies to Naomi Atwood who slipped while skating and broke her fibula (leg, to you illiterates) . . . We hope you're all voting for Houlihan these days; he's the Cambridge, '46 version of Umbriago . . . Our nominee for next year's quiz kid—Helen Bequart . . . Catherine Marathas is passing biology with honors this year . . . George Larsen is passing biology . . . Did you see those relieved expressions on the juniors' faces after the X-rays were taken? Contrary to popular opinion, most of them seem to be normal. Congrats to artist Jack Kaufman who won a prize for his excellent still life painting . . . Glad to see Saul Heller back in the ol' schoolhouse after his recent seige of pneumonia . . . Stasia Budewitz can find anything from English notes to ration books in her pocketbook . . . Mary Totino finds the State House and Legislature very interesting (historical value, ya know) . . . Rose Marie Lucente has been practicing furiously for a piano recital—We're not quite that good; in fact we're lousy . . . We welcome Lenore Raduano who hails from Ithaca, N. Y. to the portals of C.H.L.S. . . . Arthur MacKenzie's sad expression these days is due to the loss of a small bet in which fifty cents was concerned . . . Anne Rowe's naturally curly hair has made her the envy of all her friends . . . (curlers and bobby pins are our specialty) . . . Marshall Fosgate has developed a strange taste for cat food recently . . . He seems to thrive on the stuff . . . Among the inseparables around Latin these days are Theresa Hawkes and Theresa Ghilardi, and Dot Sheehy, Jane Sutherland, and Jean Mclaren . . . Roller skating has become quite a popular sport with Rita Keough, Mary Kefalas, Kay Parselianas, and Jenny Katsulis . . . Dorothy Hunt looks so happy, even on the way to school . . . Two admirers of the C.H.L.S. baseball team are Doris Hanlon and Irene Bozyazsko . . . Have you noticed Dave Walsh's flashy new tie, knitted by Rose Garoian . . . no less . . . Put your order in early, men! . . . Just as budding crocuses are a sign of spring to the naturalist, so a quadrangle congested with bikes at 8:28 is a sign of spring to C.H.L.S. . . . Bunny Jackson is a voracious carrot eater . . . Is she preparing for a course in night flying? sez us . . . Senorita Alice White enjoys the scenery from the window of said class . . . Sophomores find Stella Zacharakis, geometry genius, a valuable friend . . . Milly and Margie Sweeney believe argument helps digestion . . . Grace Walkowitz, who is usually mistaken for a freshman, is actually a sophomore . . . We hope this helps you combat those fiends, Grace . . . Evelyn Wong has an aversion for bookkeep-

ing . . . Carol Burke and Rose Santos have revived the fad of wearing boys' jackets . . . Some lucky people don't need brothers to do this . . . we have heard . . . Nancy Boyle, Nancy Burgess, and Ginny Brickley always find plenty to discuss when they meet . . . Janet Quinn, Barbara Tevlin, and Marion Murray attend the Uni faithfully every Sunday . . . so that they can discuss Friday night in private . . . Latin is always the main topic of conversation between Leroy Johnson, Jimmy Kizer, and Ray Kenney . . . That's a joke, son . . . That's a joke . . . Marie Kelley and Selma Grossman are praying for the speedy arrival of June . . . but they'll settle for the May vacation . . . Salvy Sabatino has acquired a reputation for carrying home books, but never using them . . . At a recent Filene's fashion show in which Betty Grove modeled were Jeanette White, Dodie Voss, Helen Culolias, and Catherine Curtiss . . . Theresa Bonacci has been nicknamed "Forever" . . . Louise Conchetta, Francis Cupile, and Shirley Adams can tell you how she came to acquire this appellation . . . Valerie Broussard and Alvin Brazinsky spend the recess periods arguing over various and sundry things . . . Ernest Anastos is known as "Sharpie" . . . Pat Kokinakis, Eileen Dinan, Jane Butler, Anne Foley, and Peggy Keefe, G.A.A. executive committee, luncheoned recently at the home of President Barb Goepper . . . Barb needed victims for her newly acquired culinary accomplishments . . . Betty Lyons and her sister, Shirley, hail from Portland, Oregon . . . Phyllis Gosselin is starting a new fad . . . She uses two different shades of lipstick . . . one on top of the other . . . Red seems to be The Color . . . according to Jennie Kibbet's red crochet purse and Betsy McKinley's sharp red pumps . . . Jean Emery and Lorrain Duncan will do anything . . . but study . . . even to taking stray cats out . . . Hugh Graham . . . the typical gentleman . . . need we say more? . . . Doug Crockett finds cough drops soothing to the throat . . . Alice Blue does us one better . . . She chews her ruler . . . Sonja Whall made an interesting discovery . . . Vets stands for veterans not veterinarians . . . Spring and Hookey are synonyms . . . sez we . . . Bob Twoomey and Jimmy Talarico use their recess peroids to catch up on the sleep they missed the night before . . . Peggy Sullivan thinks nose drops are the best cure for colds . . . We disagree . . . two days vacation is more effective . . . When Claire Connelly, Mary Casey and Evelyn Connelly get together and try to do Algebra, Latin, and Spanish at the same time, a general commotion usually ensues . . . We welcome back Lorraine Wyman from a long seige of—we don't know what and nobody else does either . . . Among those seen at Barbara McQuade's surprise party were Bill Montieth, Joan Sullivan, Al Monahan, Claire Grondy, Jack Doyle, Alice Stokes, George Davis, Nancy Quinn, Tom Eager and Charlotte Savage . . . According to reports, a good time was had by all . . . Ginger Braithwaite is always running hither and yon . . . Helen Foley is having quite a time with her typing these days . . . Fred Ward is Johnny-a-little-left-of-the-spot-in his history class . . . Billy Monteith is so solemn looking when he passes out the chocolate covereds in the lunchroom . . . Lillian Monitz seems to be quite the conversationalist . . . For weeks, Noreen Buckeley and John Winn worked furiously on material for the year book (this year's, we trust) . . . Vickie Gabriel's Spanish class is such a nice period—'nuff said . . . Joan Dubuque "hello's" everyone, whether she knows them or not . . . Elliot Knight finds soda jerking quite the profession these days . . . Every morning Eleanor Checchi and Laura Belbin have their daily conference in 316 . . . Ed Krohn reminds us of the proverbial absent minded professor . . . Joe De Feo is as busy as ever (pay us later) . . . Joanne Rose's taste has wandered to red heads . . . Edna Fairbairn is always looking for her English homework . . . Jean Walsh is the generous senior who lends her classmates those long, sharp pencils . . . We already have a couple . . . Have you ever seen Margo Downy when she isn't in the midst of doing something? . . . We hope you all enjoyed yourselves at the G.A.A. informal, so ably planned by President Barb Goepper and company . . . Alice Seelinger always has a happy smile for everyone . . . Paul Crowley used to, but was so overwhelmed by the results that he now reserves those come-hither grins . . . Norman Gross occasionally favors his classmates with a Spanish ballad, those lucky people (What else can we say!) . . . Everybody wonders how Jean Foley keeps those ballet slippers on . . . Angus Hogg has discovered how to get choir robes cleaned and pressed . . . Have you all noticed (How could you help it?) Steve Biddle's sharp orange neck tie? Tom Harney wanders in and out of his type class with the greatest of ease . . . Dave Most and Henry Wasserman know all the answers in their history class . . . (It says here) Mary Panzier's sunny nature is broken only by the prospect of book reports . . . Richard Zylinski has a bad case of "Wanderlust" during second recess . . . Maureen Coleman, Ray Shay, Joan

Conway, Barbara Casey, Eddie Murphy and Nancy Rose were seen at a recent Rindge dance . . . Why does Roberta Reardon's locker have such a fascination for her during second period . . . Doris Duffy has men to spare . . . We must meet this phenomena . . . Joan Sullivan and Jean Porch enjoy wandering through the corridors . . . Spring is too much for Matilda Sousa . . . She isn't the only one who succumbs to its spell . . . The Question . . . How do Francis Silvestre, Chuck Connelly, and Dickie Hayes spend Friday night? . . .

Reliable sources tell us that Joan Conway's interest has wandered to Belmont . . . Must be the scenery . . . Another recent party for Latinites was held at Betty Muellor's house where Carol Dias, Nancy Rose, Janie Butler, Chuck Conley and loads of other people congregated . . . Roberta Wilkie and Joan Williams, those lucky girls, are never seen unescorted after 2:30 . . . One person you are always sure of meeting while walking around the corridors is Donny MacManus . . . Hi, y'all . . . Nancy Kautrakis' pleasing voice is often heard in her homeroom during class programs . . . Dallas Burrow's absence notes are a source of great discomfort to him—he keeps producing the wrong one . . . Have you ever seen Anna Cash, Polly McGillvary, and Eleanor Wallace when they're not together? Longhair is Georgie Nyman's latest infatuation (We mean the classics, not coiffures) . . . Bill Goldberg's political views don't exactly coincide with his brother's . . .

The talk of the school for weeks has centered around the junior prom which takes place tonight at the Commander from eight o'clock till . . . Among those couples already dated at this writing are Joyce Kelly and Jimmy Fitzgerald, Jeanette White and Jimmy Curry, Peg Kief and Freddy Duncan, and Claire Kilfoyle and Paul Fougere . . . Here's hoping you all have a marvelous time and that the garage bills won't be too high . . . ! ! !

Barbara Karbaum, '46.
Lucia Toscano, '46.

FRESHMAN NOTES

THE season of sports and spring formals has already arrived and social life has almost completely obscured any thought of study. For a while we'll ignore the latter and turn our thoughts to the former more pleasant prospect . . . do we understand correctly that Dickie (Tilt) Tuardzig really does play boogie woogie and well . . . Jean O'Connor has the pleasant job of setting the styles for room 122 . . . according to a great many reports certain people from 127 would like to know if the Indians applied their technique to Art Williams . . . I know some who like it . . . Gail Lynch is the owner of one of those mysterious bookbags . . . Room 127 was the scene of a rather vigorous stamp craze not long ago . . . Congats to Flo Ferarae on her dancing at St. Michael's Minstrel Show at Rindge . . . Gladys Lynch and Margy Deardon find bookreading a very have been informed that Anne Camber became a lucky aunt this 16th of March . . . where does Saul Greenestein get those funereal jokes he keeps spinning at us . . . happy Joe Landrigan is back after a recent trip to New York . . . it's not an uncommon sight to see a slightly bedraggled freshman removing his coat, juggling his books, and opening his locker at the same time at just about 8:28 each morning . . . it seems that Meriam Kogan just wants her name in the Review, so here it is . . . one might call Austin Enos's hair the art of studied carelessness . . . although it's becoming . . . our steady twosome Jacqueline and Dot haven't walked to school unaccompanied of late . . . it is a pity we didn't know before that Bob Sinclair sang symphony . . . "sharpie" of 110 is Ralph Rice . . . Bobby Supernard is known as the Van Johnson of the freshman class . . . we all seem to like Nancy Becker's new feather cut . . . Terry Albamor's jokes have room 101 in stitches . . .Studious is the word for Mary Christopher . . . the track sees some pretty sad running in the Monday and Wednesday gym class . . . at least for Noreen Collins . . . and so with this we end the freshman notes and drag ourselves back regretfully to spring exams.

Suzanne Gilman, '49.

ALUMNI NEWS

FROM this month's notes, we've gathered the following news about C.H.L.S. alumni. Lillian Levy, class of '45, is now working as a telephone operator . . . Among the other alumnae who have taken positions recently are Corrine Travers and Dolly Mokaba, both of '43, who are employed in the Baker Library at Harvard Business School . . . Among those girls who are following the nursing profession are Virginia Likas, '45, and Catherine Carol, also of '45. Catherine is now training at the Cambridge City Hospital . . . Rollo Laine, a member of the class of '43, is now doing government work in Washington . . . Charlie Wy-

man, a graduate of the same year, has been discharged recently from the AAF, and is now a student at Northeastern . . . Other discharged alumni are Bill Conlon, '42, who has left the Navy, and Bill Reardon, '43, who was formerly in the Army. Bill, by the way, has gone out for professional baseball since his return to civilian life . . . T-4 Dick Sawyer '42, formerly known as the "Kleenex Kid" is now stationed as an Army radio operator in China . . . Two other alumni who are temporarily stationed in China are Claude Doucet and Wally Lyons, both of the class of '45 . . . Bill Smith, who served as a member of the Armed Guard in the Atlantic, European, and Pacific areas, is now stationed in the Fargo Building in Boston. Not long ago, Bill ran across Jimmy (artist) Atkins, '42, on the main deck of the Fargo. According to latest reports, Jimmy has been assigned to a ship which is being built in Fore River . . . Bill Sullivan, another classmate, is now attending B. C. with the intentions of being a lawyer, after having received his discharge from the Navy . . . Another recently discharged alumnus is Jake Klein, '42, who is now serving in the Navy . . . Among those former Latinites who are now taking refresher courses after their discharges are Ted Wadden, '43, John Dwyer, '44, and John Dewin . . . Edward O'Rourke, '40, was graduated from Harvard Medical in the March Commencement exercises and was immediately commissioned in the Navy . . . Ralph Earian, '43, is now a student at Brown University, and Percy Wadman, '41, is planning to re-enter Harvard after his discharge from the Navy . . . Among those former Latinites who are still serving in the armed forces are Jimmy Lakis and John Vigneron, both of the class of '45, who are now with the Occupational Army in Europe . . . Coming home from that area is "Shorty" Morrison, who graduated with the class of '43 . . . Charlie Mains and Dicky Culhain, '43, and Ray Foley, '45, are at present taking an active part in sports at B. U. . . . Doris Stratton, Ruth Powers, and Barbara Smith are all employed by the New England Telephone Company . . . James Nevins, '45, is at present taking courses at Northeastern, and a classmate, Arthur ("Bud") Reading, is temporarily stationed in Panama . . . Monny Babin, a graduate of the same year, is in California going to Yeoman School . . . Agnes Berry, a member of last year's graduating class, is now employed as a secretary at Crucible Steel . . . Paul Erikson, '43, has recently received his discharge from the Army . . . Dottie O'Hare, '45, is now working as a telephone operator at the Statler . . . A member of the class of '42, Anthony Agros, is studying at pharmacist's school . . . John Linnehan, '45, visited CHLS during his recent leave from the Navy . . . Edward Oster, '43, composer of the class song of his year plans to enter Tufts upon discharge from military service.

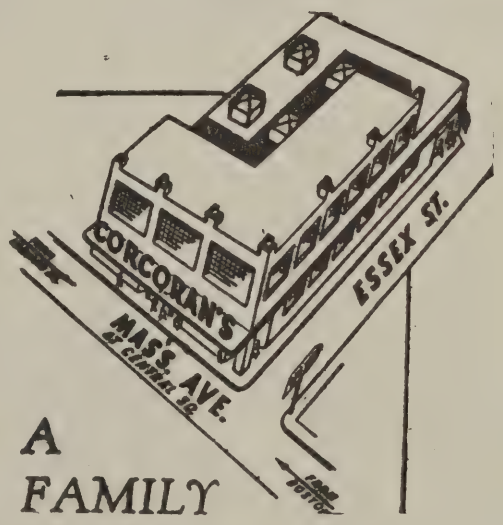
We are sorry to close with the sad news that Anthony Totino, a member of the class of '42, passed away March 18, 1946 as the result of an internal hemorrhage.

Margo Downey, '46
Barbara Karbaum, 46
Lucia Toscano, '46

THE REVIEW AGENTS

THE Review is read with eager interest by every member of this School. One group of students who never seem to get sufficient praise for the fine work done throughout the year is the Review Agents. Their efforts this year have greatly contributed to increasing the number of subscriptions to the school magazine, thereby stimulating interest in the activities of our School. The Review Agents this year richly deserve any praise given them.

M. Joseph DeFeo
David Walsh



A FAMILY STORE
Corcoran's

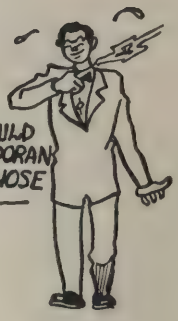
BABS GOEPPER COUNTED THE POTTED PALMS TILL JOHN PAREDES FINISHED CAPTAINING HIS TEAM TO VICTORY OVER THE RINDGE QUINTET——.

JANET ANDLEMAN'S ESCORT WAS SO POLITE EVEN JANET WAS TAKEN BY SURRISE!!

OL' GEORGE WASHINGTON HAS MANY SECRETS INCLUDING THOSE OF BUD GROSS AND JUNIOR VICE-PREIY NORMA HIGGINS—.

I STILL SAY IT WAS HIS BUSHY HAIR THAT MADE ROSIE GAROIAN'S ESCORT SO TALL.

AL SEDNOIS MUST HAVE BEEN COLD, FOR HE WAS WEARING BRIGHT GREEN EAR-MUFFS!!



SOMEONE SHOULD HAVE WARNED DORAN BURKE ABOUT THOSE STIFF COLLARS —

TOM SULLIVAN'S ANTICS EMBARRASSED SUSAN THORNE NO END ——···

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AMONG THE USUAL AFTER FORMAL CROWD AT CHICKLAND WERE: CLIFFORD HERMAN, LORRAINE BRODEUR AND JOE FREEMAN AND JOYCE TESSMER!!!

Jack Kaufman AT THE COMMANDER——

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AN APPEAL

Sunflower eyes and cornflower hair,
A smile that makes each stranger stare,
Such is the child skipping down the walk,
Over her hopskotch lines of chalk,
Thinking only of the candy store
And what she will spend her penny for.
She knows no hunger; she knows no pain
She hates her dress because it is plain.

Another child, who's called Colette,
Stands in a doorway cold and wet.
Her bare feet rest on the wooden step
To which, for shelter, she has crept;
Her hair is matted, her face is thin,
She wipes away at a smudge on her chin.
Why is she sad? Why so hungry her glance?
Simply because she was born in France.

Lydia Spencer, '46.

SONG HITS

Symphony—Type Room
I Can't Begin to Tell You—Until Lunch Time
Let it Snow—We'll go Home at 1:45 anyway
Aren't You Glad You're You—Graduation
It's been a Long, Long Time—last vacation
I'll Walk Alone—
By Rindge Tech every morning
Hubba Hubba—Veterans
Dream—A night without homework
Waiting for the Train to Come In—Mornings
I Should Care—Marks
Oh! What a Beautiful Morning—No school
Smoke Gets in Your Eyes—
Daley's Inner Sanctum
Birth of the Blues—September 10, 1945
Why Don't We Do This More Often?—
Totem Pole
Always—Homework
You Won't be Satisfied—Your proofs

Eleanor Connors, '46.

SPORTS

After having a record of three wins and as many defeats for the first half of the 1946 basketball season, Latin bounced into the win column in their seventh game of the year against second-place Waltham. Decisively beaten by the Watch City quintet earlier in the year, the Cantabs fought a dogged battle to eke out a close victory by 35-34. Against aggressive Arlington, the Big Red played a slow ragged game, and the final score, 29-21, shows its ineffectiveness. Newton, the next adversary, proved its reputation as the best team around this way by trouncing our five, almost doubling the Latin score. Jennings and Scanlon, Inc. overpowered the singular efforts of Captain John Paredes. A trio of victories which followed this defeat brought the final standing of the Latin five to 7 wins—5 losses for fourth place in the Suburban League.

The final game of the year was the second Latin-Rindge fray. This one, however, which was nothing like the first, proved to be a rout. Never threatened, the Cantabs used every man on the squad in a preview of next year's lineup, which, if given a few good breaks, might win the championship. The score, 45-23. John Paredes won individual scoring honors for the season with 150 points. He'll certainly be missed next year.

The following boys have been recommended by Coach Koslowski for letters:

J. Paredes
R. Curnane
A. Francisconi
J. Cawley
J. Kelley
C. Durakis
G. Palaro
H. Lewis
R. McKenna
E. Daurie
J. Lee
J. Agnetta
E. Lyons
J. Healy
F. Murphy, Mgr.

The hockey team didn't fare quite as well as the basketball squad when they, the hockey team, finished the season in fifth place in the school standings. Our stalwarts chalked up four wins against five losses and a tie which gave them sufficient points to enter the finals. The team as a whole didn't click too well, but a pair of the boys, who were individually outstanding in their respective positions, made The All-Star team. Captain George Costa and Earl Daurie represented Cambridge Latin as defensemen; the former playing on the first team, the latter on the second. Daurie, incidentally, if he gets a letter in baseball, and we are quite sure that he will, will be the first four letter man to perform for the Cantabs in quite a while. And he's only a Junior! The lettermen for the past campaign were:

G. Costa
E. Daurie
J. Lee
R. McKerron
D. Burke
J. Linehan
G. McLaughlin
R. Brennen
R. Rigazio
J. Donohue
P. Boudreau

The 1946 baseball team will open its season away from home this year, but regardless of this fact, we are confident that the boys will emerge victorious. A large squad reported to Coach Sonny Foley at Rindge Field for the initial practice, nine veterans of last year's squad being included in the fold. Maneuvering about in the outfield are trackmen John Paredes and William Goldberg with Jack Lee, who is also a pretty fast man when it comes to running. Dick Rigazio will be holding down the keystone spot with Jim Linehan behind the plate. Steve Biddle's natural hitting power will give him a slight edge over Ray McKarron in the race for the starting first sacker, but the position will be fairly well split up between the former and Ray once the season has gotten under way. The infield will be airtight with Lanky Earl Daurie at the hot corner and

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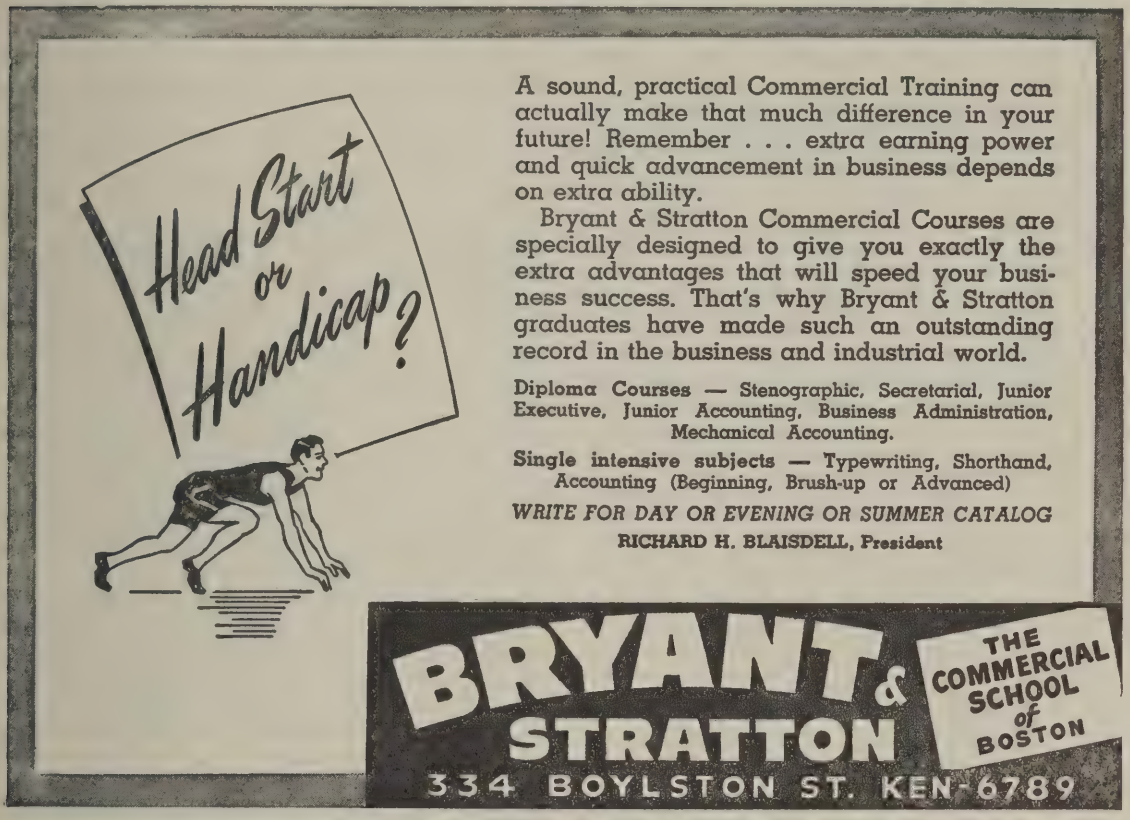
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George Costa taking care of second. It will be Vets Paredes (Captain) and Costa, or rookie Rigazio on the mound, with the pitching duties falling to either Daurie or Goldberg in case the others should falter.

So, with a squad like this, and a coach like Mr. Foley, you can see that the boys will be the most likely contenders for the Suburban Crown, and will be stiff competition against the League Champions, Rindge, or any other high school team.

The Cambridge High and Latin Indoor Track Team closed its 1945-46 winter season with the State Meet and a dual meet with Rindge to determine the city champs.

In the recent State Meet, our runners tabulated enough points to finish up third in the Class B standings among a field of twenty-three schools. Jim Lang started the scoring for the Cantabs in the first event of the afternoon by copping one point for a fourth place in the standing broad jump. Bernard Goldberg then surprised the entire audience, including the competitors, by winning the 45-yd. low hurdles. Our only other individual scoring came in the 300-yd. run, when our entry, after tripping, finished fourth. The relay team, all the boys being tired from running in other events, ran a wonderful race and finished in second place.

In the Latin-Rindge dual meet, our boys were barely edged out by a highly-favored Technician squad. Bernie Goldberg took a second in the hurdles and first in the broad jump, just in front of Jim Lang who also won the shot-put. Bill Goldberg finished a stride or two in front of Tom Heise to win the dash. A first and a second in the 300, and a couple of thirds in the 600 and 1000 yard runs ended the point sscoring for the Cantabs.

The Outdoor season is just around the corner, and Coach Murphy is sending out an urgent plea for the lower classmen to take the place of the seniors who will soon be leaving us. All the top scorers are seniors, and next year there will be four vacant spots on the relay team. So, come on, runners, let's go! A happy vacation to all!

William Kokinakis, '46.

William Craig, '47.

G. A. A. NEWS

ONCE more the traditional Boy-Girl Dance was a success. This dance has been a favorite among all the girls since its beginning. Music was furnished by Cambridge Latin's own Fred Sateriale. The girls all wanted Fred's autograph; seems he is going to be another Vaughn Monroe. Decorations were done in a Valentine fashion with hearts and cupids on the walls of the gym. Streamers were hung from pole to pole under which the couples danced.

Usually at this dance the officers and the patronesses choose the best boy and girl costume, but this year the officers picked "the smoothest couple." Barbara Goepper presented Shirley Adams and Francis Cupill with a pair of sharp bobby sox to fit the occasion.

The assisting patronesses were Miss Parsons, Miss McCabe, Miss George, Miss McLaughlin and Miss Russell. The dance ended with the Grand March and the girls singing the military songs.

Miss Brown and the G. A. A. members are now looking forward to the Informal which will be held at the Commander Hotel on the 17th of May.

Anna Cash, '46.

GERMAN CLUB

AT THE last meeting of the German Club, Mrs. Silver from Boston University gave, in German, a talk on Austria—its schools and customs. Mrs. Silver who had spent a year in Austria was able to show us many interesting differences between the Austrian schools and our own. After the talk, Betty Ann Grove entertained with a few German songs. Later, the entire group joined in singing.

John Paredes, '46.

SPANISH CLUB

OUR Spanish Club has been doing its utmost to teach us to speak Spanish with more ease, and to show us the customs of our Southern neighbors.

The last few meetings have done both these things. Miss Parsons and Miss McCabe arranged a musical program with Chorus and solo numbers. Joseph Ponti and Catherine Alamanos did the honors with accordion and banjo. "La Casa Loca," a mad game, carried on solely in Spanish, had even those genii, the third year students, wondering whether they were in the attic or under the table .

Friday, the twenty-second of March, we could all sit back and enjoy a trip to Mexico with Miss Bligh who gave us great pleasure with her wonderful movies of Mexico, Panama, and Honolulu. Next meeting, members, you will not have it so easy. There will be an "Information, Please" on the program besides some Spanish anecdotes.

Now, I should like to make a prediction, amigos. My crystal ball shows me something very colorful; I hear laughter and singing, and I see gaudy costumes and food. It looks like a real South of the Border Fiesta for the merry month of May.

HASTA LUEGO

Lily Root, '46.
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GYM FLASHES ! !

AT LONG last the date for the waltz contest has been settled for April 11th in the girls' gym. Best of luck to all contestants! The judges are Phyical Education supervisors from Boston schools and Sargent College students majoring in dancing.

The waltz committee includes:

Freshmen: Claire Francis, Barbara Lewis, Joanne Barnes, Joyce Daum.

Chairmen: Gail Fitzpatrick, Janet Morrisson.

Sophomores: Shirley Adams, Claire Connolly, Carol Dias, Janet Irwin, Jeanne Yorston.

A tribute to the Juniors who are assisting in the Freshman gym classes!

Margaret Sweeney has joined Freshman I on Monday, where she can guide some of our best baseball material.

Say there, Sophomores—the freshmen classes are doing a grand job in gym these past few weeks.

Period four which meets on Tuesday and Thursday have a great deal of fun in their classes under the direction of Miss George. Volley ball, dancing and other activities highlight the day's work. This gym period is outstanding with representation in the waltz contest.

The freshmen like us seniors are very careful of their waist lines—many girls are seen each day huffing and puffing around the track.

More news next issue.

Basilla Neilan, '46.

OUTING CLUB

WITH the arrival of Spring, the activities of the Outing Club will be numerous. We opened our spring program with a walk at Fresh Pond and a trip to the Flower Show.

At one of our earlier meetings, Kenneth Korb, our promising young Freshman, showed his collection of snakes, butterflies and birds. All who were not terrified by the snakes thoroughly enjoyed it.

Our aim has always been enjoyment of the out-of-doors, and now, with good weather approaching, we plan to take advantage of nature at its best.

Noreen Buckley, '44.

THE FRENCH CLUB

DURING the past few months the French Club has been carrying out a very busy program. You have probably all heard of the two French orphans whom we adopted; you can well imagine the flurry we go through in packing the food and clothing, worrying about custom tags and vainly attempting to estimate the weight of the packages without using the scales. We have had a good response from the students of the school during the past month and we ask you to keep it up. One or two members of the school have followed our example and have adopted orphans themselves.

A month ago the club went on a conducted tour of the French art exhibit at the Fogg Museum where we saw many paintings and lithographs. We always have seemed to be a little bewildered by the quick succession of French paintings. Now, however, we know that Daumier has the lithographs, Degas, the Ballet dancers and the races, and Corot the landscapes.

We have also had a showing of a film from France. "The Liberation of Paris" and the voice of Charles Boyer were kindly loaned to us by France Forever. We hope to continue having films of this sort in succeeding years. Under consideration also is a playlet to be presented by some members of the club.

Sylvia Duncan Hall, '46.

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GIRLS' SPORTS

Flash ! ! — Cantab team has triple victory!

Waltham, March 9. Today, the first varsity, second varsity and Sophomore team successfully defeated the corresponding teams representing Waltham High School. These three contests proved to be the most exciting events of the year. Seniors who played for their last time were resolved to bring the honors back to Cambridge High.

On Tuesday, March 27th in our gym, the junior and senior teams will clash for class honors—best of luck to both teams.

Saturday evening, March 30th, our traditional game with the alumni will be played; this game is always looked forward to as a very exciting event. Representatives of past classes will join as one team to fight against the present school teams. Various colors, symbols of past years, will flash here and there about the gym. I hope by the time this issue is printed that you will have been present at the game and enjoyed yourselves.

. . . In the spring etc . . . are those deep thoughts of yours concerning your being a candidate for the Varsity Baseball team? Let's hope so . . . This sport is one of the most carefree and healthful of all. Practice in the out-of-doors, in the warm spring weather, and games against Arlington, Belmont, Somerville and Waltham are eagerly anticipated by the members of all classes. It is our sincere hope that many candidates will appear at our first practice.

Sportingly yours,
Basilla Neilan, '46.

JUNIOR RED CROSS

SINCE the last issue of the **Review**, the work of the Junior Red Cross has been devoted to helping the major organization in the task of putting across the annual Red Cross drive. Leaflets descriptive of the work which the Red Cross accomplishes were obtained from headquarters and distributed to all the pupils. A film giving a very fine description of the many activities at home and abroad was shown at school. Pupils were asked to take home the message of the film. Many additional donations were undoubtedly made as a result of this publicity through the school.

Margo Downey, '46.

THE Durrell Debate Club has once again resumed its activities. The officers elected are:

President: .....Evelyn Cherelli
Vice President: .....Roland Perkins
Secretary: .....Marie Lombard
Treasurer: .....Roberta Jackson

The purpose of this club is to stimulate interest in debatable subjects as well as to develop the power of speaking and thinking extemporaneously. The topic for the year is "Resolved that Compulsory Military Training is Necessary." The club has been having practice debates frequently and the teams are as follows:

Chairman: .....Arnold Levine
Time Keeper: .....Evelyn Cherelli
Affirmative: .....John Nunes
Kenneth Korb
Negative: .....Roland Perkins
Donald Murphy

Second Team

Chairman: .....Roberta Jackson
Time Keeper: .....Kenneth Korb
Affirmative: .....Evelyn Cherelli
Marie Lombard
Negative: .....Estella Giantiempo
Gloria Hanover

At the next meeting the veterans in the school will give their views pro and con on the debate topic of "Compulsory Military Training." The members are also looking forward to the Durrell Prize Debate which is about to get under way and serves as a climax for the debate season.

Marie Lombard, '47.

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and
Janice Carter
Chester Morris
"ONE WAY TO LOVE"

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday
April 24, 25, 26, 27
George Brent
Lucille Watson and Eve Arden
BARBARA STANWYCK
Sensational as "JESS" in
"MY REPUTATION"
Dorothy Lamour and Arturo de Cordova
"MASQUERADE IN MEXICO"
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June
1946

Centennial Issue

The Cambridge Review

Cambridge High and Latin School
Cambridge, Massachusetts

TO GIRL GRADUATES OF '46

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Seniors should look into this opportunity. Training courses may be arranged so as not to interfere with studies or graduation, and can usually be given right in the home town. Sign up right away and receive pay while learning.

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The Cambridge Review

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

JUNE 1946

VOLUME 61 NUMBER 5

Contents

Editorial	2
History of Cambridge Latin	3
Historic Cambridge	3
History of Cambridge	4
Authors of Cambridge Today	5
Cambridge in The Literary World	5
Seal of Cambridge	6
Caroline Close Prize Essay Contest Winners	6
The Splitting Of The Atom	6
What Makes A Lasting Peace	7
Easter	8
The World We Live In	8
The Telephone	9
Key Notes	9
Our Last Chance	10
Blame It On Harvey	10
Dramatic Club Notes	11
Outing Club	11
C. H. L. S Spotlite	12, 13
Pictures	14 15, 16, 17, 18
Cartoon	19
Freshman Notes	20
Alumni Notes	20
The Chess Club	20
Graduate Honors	21
Around The World	21
Debate Club	21
Sports	22
K. B.	23
G. A. A. News	24
Junior Red Cross	24
Honor Rolls	26, 27
Cartoon	28

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Editorials

A SPAN of four years is not very long as far as time is concerned. However, the difference between a freshman and a high school "almost" graduate is great. Finding a square root or a Latin predicate comes as second nature to some impatient senior; whereas others excel in typewriting rhythm and shorthand speed. Moreover, if we try very hard, we may remember the seven ages of man, (well, at least a couple of ages!) and if we really concentrate and call upon our subconscious we may be able to reel off the twenty-one amendments to the constitution without too much peeking in the back of the history book. Yes, we have been scholastically prepared to face the world, college, or our jobs. Whether we intentionally tried or not, we have absorbed useful information, gathered from the pages of our texts, from our teacher's mouths, and from our own classroom experiments and projects.

Thus far, we are shown that newly graduated high schoolers know more than freshmen. We couldn't trudge back and forth to school for four years without becoming smarter than we were when we started. However, we differ from our frosh days in our own characteristics, too. We have poise. We can say what we are thinking in a classroom, or in any group for that matter, without turning crimson. Seniors are far from perfect, but they do have a becomingly assured, poised manner.

We have learned to cooperate, to help not hinder, through conferences about homework, through our various clubs, and through our other extra-curricular activities. Lastly, we differ from most freshmen in that we have a fairly definite idea of what we want to call our job. We were all put here to do something and most seniors have decided what that something is.

Don't forget that the class of '46 is learned, poised, co-operative, and confident for the future. It might help to remember that, when the boss, or the professor, or the "little woman" is unreasonable.

C. C.

THE Centennial that we are celebrating this year is that of the incorporation one hundred years ago of Cambridge as a city. It is good to look around sometimes and take account of what has gone before us and what our ancestors and the founders of the place where we live did during their lifetimes.

In the year 1846 Cambridge was composed of three sections, Old Cambridge, centering around Harvard Square, East Cambridge that had been established through the influence of the Cragies, and Cambridgeport, the outlet of Cambridge to the shipping trade. These three sections although they were supposed to be one town, were in reality three because each had its own constable and fire department and each had a strong community spirit that excluded the other sections of Cambridge.

Accordingly, the town adopted the city form of government and proceeded to enlarge. A water system was set up; the streets were paved; gas lighting was placed in the streets at night; sewerage, unknown till then, was introduced. The city still retained its affection for Harvard and during the course of years added other colleges to its roster, such as M. I. T. and Radcliffe. Besides growth in population and educational facilities, the city acquired a great deal of industrialization. It is now known for a multitude of important industries including chemicals, soap, confectionary, hydraulic equipment, and also bakeries.

It would be very interesting if one of us were to return to the Cambridge of a hundred years ago; we would recognize some of the older houses, but the landscape would have an entirely different look. We would not see automobiles driving through the streets. Instead we might see an occasional horse, or hear the stage coach thundering in hourly from Boston, a long journey accomplished. Instead of taking a walk all along Brattle street or turning up Buckingham Road, we might skirt the marshes and look to see how deep the river was in some of those locations.

Actually the Cambridge Centennial celebrates more than one hundred years of a city. It celebrates one hundred years of progress and world history.

S. D. H.

THE HISTORY OF CAMBRIDGE LATIN

IN THE last one hundred years, our famous school has risen from an insignificant enrollment to a position of importance in the scholastic world.

In 1847, when Cambridge High School was founded, it had seventy-four pupils. The superior scholastic achievements of the school began to bring pupils from all corners of New England. In 1864, the school was housed in a well-equipped building at the corner of Fayette street and Broadway, the present site of the Longfellow School. By 1886, the cramped quarters necessitated a change. Therefore, the Latin school was moved to the Lee Street Church, while the English department remained in the building at Fayette and Broadway. In 1892, the English branch moved to a new building on Broadway at Trowbridge street and in 1899, the Latin School occupied its new building next to the English building. This became a permanent site; in 1917, the two buildings were joined by an annex. The student body showed little increase for a few years but in the "thirties" it swelled to such an extent that a new building was erected in 1939. At the time of this writing, in three main buildings there are over two thousand pupils, quite a difference from the seventy-four of 1847.

One of the greatest booms to school spirit was the founding of the school magazine, the "Review." In 1886, this paper, among the oldest in the country, came into being and has continued for sixty-one years.

Most interesting are the curriculum and schedules of the pupils in the old days. We should consider ourselves lucky that we live in this day of five day weeks and long summer vacations.

In the early days of the school the schedule was rotated. From October to May, school was held from 8:00 A. M. to 1:00 P. M., six days a week. Then from May to October, the schedule ran from 9:00 A. M. to 2:00 P. M. Later, these Saturday hours were reduced to three, but in 1870, they were altogether abolished, due to protests from the parents. Thereafter, the hours were 8:45 to 1:45 P. M. The only holidays during the year were at Thanksgiving, Christmas, July 4th, and the month of August. What a far cry from the soft course of today with vacations every eight weeks!

The course of study in 1849 included Latin, French, and English, the latter a three year course. In 1853, the English course was made a four year course. By 1882, there were three distinct courses offered by the school: Commercial Course (2 years); English course (4 years); Classical course (5 years). It was necessary to have five years of Latin and other subjects, to be eligible for Harvard. Now, however only four years of preparation are necessary to enter Harvard or any other accredited institution. Subjects taught at this time, which nowadays are not stressed include Greek, Astronomy, Poetry, and Spelling.

As a period to this short history, think of the great people who have been graduated from our Alma Mater; men like Professor Agassiz of Harvard; William Sydney Thayer, likewise of Harvard, and a great doctor. Think of these people and be glad that some day you too will be an Alumnus of this center of learning.

William Craig, '47.

HISTORIC CAMBRIDGE

NEVER having lived near a river before, I enjoy taking long walks by the Charles River. During one of my first explorations of the banks of the Charles, I literally stumbled over historic Cambridge. I picked myself up, ruefully rubbed my shins, and proceeded to investigate the cause of my fall. When the network of vines had been parted, a rectangular slab of marble was disclosed. It bore the inscription:

"On this spot
in the year 1000
Leif Ericson
built his house in
Vineland."

As I limped away muttering uncomplimentary things about the inefficiency of city officials who left historic monuments uncared for, I determined to become acquainted with the other historic spots in Cambridge.

However, I cannot claim that my intellectual curiosity led me to my next discovery. While waiting for the show to begin at the University Theatre, I noticed that the screen depicted George Washington taking command of the Continental Army. Several hours later, I was on the Cambridge common looking for the Washington Elm, under which on July 3, 1775, all this was said to have taken place. From an old lady who was feeding a flock of pigeons, I learned that the tree itself no longer existed but that a placque had been placed to commemorate the spot.

Since Cambridge refused to let me ignore her past, I began inquiring of the Cantabrigians I knew, what places I should visit. Everyone

seemed to agree that I should see the Craigie House on Mount Auburn Street. This big yellow house with its modest lawn, had an air of satisfied complacency, as if it realized that it was set apart from the other houses by more than an iron fence. Not only had it housed the famous Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, but also such notables as George Washington and the American statesman and orator, Edward Everett.

The as yet unchecked "musts" on my list of interesting places in Cambridge include Apthorp House where General Burgoyne and his officers were held as prisoners of war in 1777 and "Elmwood," the home of James Russell Lowell. For those of you who do not realize what a wealth of interest is to be found here, in your own city, I suggest you take a tour of historic Cambridge.

Lydia Spencer, '46.

THE HISTORY OF CAMBRIDGE 1630-1946

CAMBRIDGE, situated on the Charles River, opposite Boston, is the seat of Middlesex County. It is served by the Boston and Maine Railroad and the local transportation of the Boston Metropolitan area and for freight by the Boston and Maine, Boston and Albany, and a belt line which connects with the New York, New Haven and Hartford. The area of the city is 6.50 square miles.

Old Cambridge, centering at Harvard Square, has been to Americans a symbol of culture ever since the founding of Harvard College in 1636. Adjoining it has developed in the twentieth century a commercial and industrial center which now ranks third among the manufacturing cities of the state.

Cambridge originally included the present towns of Lexington and Arlington, parts of Bedford and Billerica, Newton and the Brighton district of Boston. It was settled as New Towne in 1630, by Governor Winthrop and others, the chief founder being Thomas Dudley who intended it to be the chief place of the Colony, but found the peninsula of Shawmut (Boston) better adapted for commerce and for defense against the Indians. Resettled in 1631, it received in 1633, its first pastor and teacher Reverend Thomas Hooker and Reverend Samuel Stone, who removed with their congregations to Connecticut in 1636, largely owing to ecclesiastical differences. In 1637 the General Court ordered that the college it had previously decided to found, be established at New Towne and in 1638 that New Towne became Cambridge. In the same year, the first class began its studies and the name "Harvard College" was given to the modest institution. In 1639, the first printing press in America was set up in Cambridge and through the 17th century, the publishing business flourished.

During the time that Boston was held by the British Army (1774-76), Cambridge was occupied by the American Army and Washington assumed command in 1775 under a large elm. The city charter of incorporation was granted in 1846. Cambridge claims to have enlisted the first company of volunteers for service on the Federal side at the outbreak of the Civil War and during that conflict, it furnished 4,588 men to the Union Army and Navy.

In 1850, glassware factories employing 500 persons were established and in the early seventies began reclamation of two square miles of tide covered marshlands for a manufacturing district. Rapid expansion, however, began in 1912, when the opening of the underground railway brought the business section of Boston within three minutes of Cambridge and it was further stimulated by the war-time boom and by the developments of motor trucking which gave direct access to the steamship piers, to the freight yards of all the railroads entering Boston, and to the suburban district of the Metropolitan area. In 1940, there were 500 manufacturing establishments and the output for the year was valued at $138,000,000. The leading industries are printing and publishing and the manufacture of soap, candy, bakery products, electrical machinery and apparatus, foundry and machine shop products and rubber goods. Most of the large New England industries are represented to some extent. The manufacturing as a whole is clean and unobjectionable in character. Slaughtering and meat packing, formerly the principal industries have almost disappeared with the rise of the meat packing centers of the middle West. The industrial growth has been advantageous as an offset to the large proportion of tax exempt holdings in the city, while encroachment of manufacturing on the historic residential and educational sections has been obviated by zoning regulations. A city-planning board was created by ordinance in 1913. Modern transportation facilities have made Cambridge also an important distributing center. Many national producers have established here their Boston headquarters; several Boston department stores have erected warehouses and the Boston and Maine railroad in 1927 moved its general offices to Cambridge.

In addition to Harvard University, the older educational institutions include Radcliffe College for women (1879) affiliated with Harvard; the Episcopal Theological School (1867); and

the New Church Theological school (1866). Andover Theological Seminary (Congregational) moved to Cambridge in 1908. In 1915 Massachusetts Institute of Technology moved from the site it had occupied in Boston for fifty years to a tract of eighty acres on the Cambridge side of the Charles River Basin. The city has been the home of many famous literary men notably Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Higginson, and Fiske.

Eleanor Wadden, '46.

AUTHORS OF CAMBRIDGE TODAY

HOW little we know of present day writers in Cambridge! But, our authors, today as well as in the past, have added their share to the fame of our city.

A poet well-known is Robert L. Hillyer, once on the faculty of Harvard. "The Gates of the Compass" and "In the Time of Mistrust," two of his poetry books show that his writing follows the traditional English style. Thus it is understandable that the works of this Cambridge poet are very popular in England.

Certainly, everyone in this school is on friendly terms with "Old Greek Folk Stories," but did you know that Josephine Preston Peabody, the arranger of this book, spent most of her life in this city? However, Miss Peabody is particularly famous for her plays and poetry. "The Wayfarers," "The Singing Leaves," and "Harvest Moon" are some of her collections of poems; "The Piper" is one of her most famous dramas in verse.

Another of our present day authors is Howard Mumford Jones, a professor of English at Harvard. He has written many essays, poetry, and history, and is often a contributor to magazines on literary topics.

"Salem Kittredge" and "The Plated City" were written by Bliss Perry, a former professor of English at Harvard. He is particularly noted for his studies of prose fiction, poetry, and American literature; also he has written many critical appreciations of earlier poets.

Helen Bequaert, '47.

CAMBRIDGE IN THE LITERARY WORLD

"HAVE you ever lived in Cambridge?" I have, as have many of the famous personages in the literary world. Perhaps the most famous of these is Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Although he was not born in Cambridge, the great poet thought of historic Craigie House on Brattle Street as his real home. Sitting in his study, he could look out upon the Charles River and up and down Brattle Street. "Under a spreading chestnut tree" down the street, the town blacksmith shop was situated. This was made well-known by Longfellow's famous poem, "The Village Blacksmith." Many years after the poem was written, the huge tree was cut down and the children of Cambridge contributed to have the tree made into a massive arm-chair for the "Children's Poet." Longfellow had the chair placed in his study where it can still be seen, a proof of the children's love for their poet.

A famous literary contemporary of Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, was born in Cambridge at the family residence, Elmwood, situated near the Mount Auburn Cemetery. The house was an old Tory mansion surrounded by beautiful English elm and ash trees. Lowell described the birds and trees on the grounds in his "My Garden Acquaintance." His four children (three of whom died in infancy) were born at Elmwood. The one who lived was alluded to in his famous poem, "The First Snowfall." Bret Harte, the noted American writer often came to Elmwood to visit his friend.

William Dean Howells, a one time editor of the Atlantic Monthly, found a haven in quiet Cambridge. In his house on Concord Avenue, he found the place which he had sought for so long. Possessing a horror of ugliness and dirt, Howells found in Cambridge a refuge where even the air was a stimulus to thought. Mark Twain was a very good friend of Howells whom he often visited. Although some of the Cambridge socialites were horrified at Mark Twain's behavior, Howells enjoyed his eccentric ways. They tried to write a play together but were unsuccessful.

Following the lead of Howells, Henry James came to Cambridge. He and Howells often wandered all over Cambridge, hoping to find inspiration for their works.

These are but a few of the great literary personages who have lived in Cambridge. It is said that after the Civil War, you could not speak to anyone in Cambridge who did not have a relative who was the author of two or three volumes. Charles Darwin once said that there were enough minds of ability here to furnish all English universities. We Cantabrigians are proud of our literary forefathers and we feel sure that Cambridge will keep its place in the world of books for many more centuries.

Betty Anne Galvin, '48.

THE SEAL OF THE CITY OF CAMBRIDGE

FOLLOWING closely upon the act of incorporation of Cambridge as a city, the city fathers moved to accept a design for the official seal of the new form of municipal government, and with its acceptance passed the ordinance which reads "The City Clerk shall be the custodian of the city seal."

The seal as we know it today differs radically from the form in which it was accepted in May, 1846. The name of the designer is mentioned nowhere but the evident purpose was to combine distinctive elements of Cambridge with the seal of the State governing body. The description of the seal at the time of its acceptance reads:

"In the center thereof, a shield, bearing upon it a view, in distant perspective, of Cambridge and Boston, united by a bridge; on the extreme left, the towers of Gore Hall, and on the extreme right, the dome of the State House, to indicate the two places; under the shield, the inscription shall be—'Cantabrigia condita A.D. 1630, Civico Regimine Donata, A.D. 1846.' Around the seal as the city motto shall be the words, 'Litteris antiquis novis institutis decora'."

At the time of the semicentennial exercises it was felt that the seal should be simplified and after several months of indecision and debate, the elements referring to Boston were eliminated. The seal as we know it today was adopted on December 4, 1896. The description as then given reads: "The following shall be the device of the seal of the city, to wit: In the center thereof a shield bearing upon it a view on the right, the towers of Gore Hall, and on the left the Washington Elm; under the shield the inscription shall be 'Cantabrigia Condita A.D. 1630 Civico Regimine Donata A.D. 1846'."

The first Gore Hall is gone and so is the Washington Elm. Gore will be remembered as the building which housed the library of Harvard College before the present Widener Library was built. The elm under which Washington took command of the Continental Army was a beautiful specimen as the pictures show it. In spite of much tender care on the part of the Park Department the tree yielded to Time and collapsed without warning. Why these two elements were incorporated into the design of the seal was explained later with a statement to the effect that the Elm stood for all that represented the "town" and Gore Hall for the influence of the college and "the union of town and gown" was symbolized in the combination.

The translation of the Latin inscription adorning the seal is given as follows: "Adorned with ancient literature and new institutions, Cambridge, founded in the year of our Lord 1630, established under city government in the year of our Lord, 1846."

Margo Downey, '46.

CAROLINE CLOSE PRIZE ESSAY CONTEST
Winners 1946

English I
Richard Twardzik

English II
Jessie Dubay

English III
Arthur Schatz

English IV
Catherine Curtiss

THE SPLITTING OF THE ATOM

THE structure of an atom is simple. It consists of a center, called a nucleus, in which are situated protons and neutrons. Outside this nucleus, are irregular, oval rings of electrons. The number of protons in the nucleus must equal the number of electrons outside the nucleus. The atom, the most minute particle in the world, is very unimposing, if let alone. However, when the most careful, brilliant scientific minds of the world work together to split this atom, the scene changes. The atom makes the headlines!

When the atom was split, great energy was released. As we were in the midst of a great war, we harnessed this energy to end the conflict for us in the form of an atomic bomb. Utter devastation was wrought upon two Japanese cities, and soon after, the enemy surrendered. Thus, by the splitting of the tiny atom, countless lives were saved from the slaughter of war.

However, in the bombing, human beings and man-built structures were completely obliterat-

ed. The world realized that it had on its hands a veritable time bomb. Another war could not occur, if the universe were to continue its existence. Such a weapon, in the hands of two duelling forces, would bring an end to the world. War must be prevented. Peoples of various nations must learn to understand each other, sympathize with each other, and appreciate each other's points of view. There must be more justness in the world if the world hopes to continue living.

The splitting of the atom brought much more than destruction and fear. It brought to the scientist and to the layman who read his wise words, excitement and impatience for the realization of the good the splitting of the atom could do.

More cheaply and more quickly, homes, offices, factories could be lighted and heated. Through atomic energy, manufactured goods could be made less dear to the consumer, and could save the factory owner waste material and time. Those of the medical profession who had been working feverishly to combat cancer, looked with a hopeful eye toward the split atom. Surely, it might be used to better the health of the world.

Thus, in splitting the atom, scientists released upon the world great hope for the future, a future abounding in understanding of nations, great efficiency of man-operated machinery, and better health for its people.

Catherine Curtiss, '46.

WHAT MAKES A LASTING PEACE

TWENTY seven or so years ago the leaders of the victorious Allies sat down at a peace conference table to plan a fitting end for their "war to end wars," a lasting peace. Today we realize only too well that they failed in their task and we have had to pay the price of their failure. This year, history, according to the popular belief, repeats itself and we are confronted once more with the task of establishing a method whereby the nations of the world may live together in harmony. Why did the plans and ideals of the leaders of the last war collapse? Some will tell you that the terms presented to Germany were too harsh. Some will blame it on the failure of the United States to join the League of Nations. Pierre Van Paasen in "Days of Our Years" and Taylor Caldwell in her novel "The Final Hour," express themes which, if I did not know Van Paasen as I do, I would believe to be slightly Communistic. According to Van Paasen, and his ideas, strangely enough, resemble the Communist argument for revolution as opposed to the Socialists' more peaceful platform, the Armistice and end of the war came about as a direct result of fear on the part of the munition makers, government leaders and the upper classes that the people of Europe exhausted by the struggle would fall easy prey to the tidal wave of Communist propaganda drifting toward the trenches from Moscow. Miss Caldwell takes up the situation from there by saying that Hitler and Mussolini attained power in their respective countries by reactionary capitalists who visioned their own downfall in countries seized by radical parties.

How much of this is fact and how much is opinion is not safe to say. I would not, however, discredit it entirely as I have seen personally that the Wagner Bill in Congress last year which demanded abrogation of the Palestine White Paper was suddenly deserted by our government because the near Eastern policy of the United States seems directed not from the State Department but from the offices of the Standard Oil Company.

In order to secure a lasting peace this conception must be totally done away with. Another great evil is the old "balance of power" and "sphere of influence" policy. As we have seen in Greece and in Iran this will bring nothing but bloodshed and international wrangling. Nations must be fully prepared to give up extra territorial claims for the sake of world order. Perhaps this greed for territory was one of the main causes for the failure of the League of Nations. When Wilson in the midst of his conferences with Clemenceau, Orlando, and Lloyd George began making drastic but necessary changes in the map of Europe, these three leaders protested violently to his depriving them of what they considered to be the rightful spoils of war. Wilson then turned and asked them if they were not prepared to surrender their territorial claims for the sake of peace, and upon hearing their vehement "nos," he said sadly, "Then you don't want peace; you want war."

This balance of power policy will surely do a great deal of harm to the plans for world peace. It is a system which has supplanted the method of obtaining territory by marriage, probably started by Solomon and carried on by the Austrian Empire on so great a scale that it gave rise to the popular saying of the day, "Tu felix Austria, nube!"

The title of the book by the late Wendell Willkie, "One World" brought forth a new solution for peace, that of an international government, all nations in one federation mak-

ing it truly "one world." The arguments, pro and con, on this idea have been many and varied. Chief objections to it are differences in language, custom, religion, and method of government.

Recently many great religious leaders of all faiths met with a group of famous scientists, many of whom had worked on the atom bomb, in Florida and after long discussions came forth with the above mentioned idea of world government as the solution for peace in the atomic age. They are convinced that through common dread of obliteration and common desire for eternal peace, this plan will be quickly adopted by the nations of the world. Opposed to their theory stands a group headed by a great professor and teacher in the famous Theological Seminary in New York. The world, claims this great professor of theology and famous author, is not yet ready for international government because the nations are not willing to surrender their sovereignty and turn their nationalism into internationalism. It will be a long time, he predicted, before the nations of the world will be willing to forget their national pride and tradition and join in a single world government. Perhaps it will take a third world war to eliminate all the evils of mankind from the minds and hearts of the leaders of the nations. For the sake of a lasting peace let us hope his predictions are wrong.

Arthur Schatz, '47.

EASTER

SOFT, narrow beams of sun shone through the beautiful, stained-glass windows, and gorgeous prisms of color danced gently on the floor of the small white church which nestled among the large oaks and firs. Strains of heavenly music formed a background for the angelic voices of the choir as they sang, "He is risen, He Is risen." Tiny drops of dew on the pure white lilies which adorned the richly decorated altar caught the light of the flickering candles and glowed like tiny gems. When the music ceased, the sonorous voice of the minister pierced the heavy silence as he told the glorious story of the Resurrection. Dressed gaily in their colorful brand new suits, the congregation listened and rejoiced.

At the back of the small church, however, seeking haven in the darkness of a remote corner, knelt a small boy. As he raised his face to the distant crucifix a large tear streamed down his soft cheek. In a low, childish voice he prayed, "My Father, who gave His life to forgive the sins of the world, please look down upon mommy over in Europe and bless her this Easter Day."

Far across the vast expanse of the Atlantic, in a ruined village in the outskirts of Poland, knelt a thin, tortured peasant woman. Around her were the charred and blackened ruins of the home she had once lived in with her happy family. Her liquid eyes were fixed on the top of a partly destroyed steeple of a distant church. In her bony hands she clutched a scorched fragment of a small cross. Down her wrinkled cheek a lone tear had found its way. In a voice deadened by suffering and worry she prayed, "Dear Lord, who suffered death upon the cross for mankind, bless my little son somewhere in America." At that moment the thick clouds, which shrouded the vast destruction, parted and a glorious beam of light burst forth. Angelic strains of music floated over the scorched mountain side. The humble peasant woman raised her tearful eyes and beheld as in a dream, a vision of the Lord. His pierced hands were stretched forth as if in benediction. The peasant woman clutched the fragment of cross nearer to her heart and her face became radiant. She knew that on this Easter Day, Christ had looked down upon and blessed her son, as He had looked down and blessed the whole world on that Easter Day long ago.

Jessie Dubay, '48.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

THIS is the year one thousand, nine hundred and forty-six. I am sitting, at this precise moment, in room two hundred and twenty-six ready to write a theme on the world we live in. As I examine my subject a feeling of awe overcomes me, for when one studies carefully. closely, and meticulously this wonderful world we are living in, all the mechanical wonders that we are responsible for and accept as a matter of course take on new meaning and make one's head reel with astronomical figures.

Just think of it! One hundred years ago, an infinitesimal drop in the great whirlpool of time, men were so ignorant and bigoted as to believe that a steamship, yes, and its inventor were both the product of the devil. Yet this steamship developed from a faulty, broken-down experiment to a ship such as the Normandy whose size and innumerable complexities class it as a veritable wonder of the world!

Examine closely electricity, that power so plentiful that practically every house is equipped with it and so powerful as to be able to propel

enormous locomotives, operate gigantic turbines and open and close tremendous bridges. Electricity along with waterpower and natural fuels has been harnessed by science to work for the good of mankind.

But science has also worked for the destruction of mankind, witness tanks, flame throwers, and one of the greatest headaches of all times, the bomb derived from Uranium. An invention born of war, Radar, has lived to help science with innumerable tasks. Radar has made contact with the moon! Would any professor have deemed this possible in 1900? Yes, science works for mankind helping to make this troubled world a better place, a safe place in which we, pugnacious trouble makers that we are, are able to live in friendship and understanding.

Richard Twardzik, '49.

THE TELEPHONE

WHEN Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone in 1876, I wonder if he realized what he was doing?

Today the telephone is an essential piece of equipment in almost every office, store and home. Business men install telephones in their offices to reach their customers and discuss matters with other executives; managers install them in stores for the convenience of "Telephone shoppers," and, oh yes, the housewife installs a telephone in her home to simplify her shopping and to reach "hubby" at his office to remind him to stop at the Hat Shoppe for the hat she bought that day—and pay for it, too. But he won't discover that until he arrives there.

To simplify her shopping?—and to learn the latest gossip, too. Women of this modern world are not different from those of years ago, when means of communication were poor. Women everywhere call a friend to get "that cake recipe that takes only one cup of sugar" and soon find themselves deep in a discussion of Mrs. Jones.

Idle gossip on the telephone has caused thousands of dinners to be ruined, ironing boards to be burnt, and dishes to be left undone. Besides that, the housewife's husband cannot reach her on the phone to find out what she wants him to buy at the grocery for dinner, her son cannot find out whether he can stay at Jimmie's for supper, and her daughter cannot reach her to inquire about a new dress she saw down town.

Gossip does cause trouble; yet, because they could not reach her, Mr. Johnson got the chops he had been yearning for; Suzie Johnson decided she didn't like the dress after all, thus saving on the budget; Tommy Johnson didn't want to stay at Jimmie's for supper anyway when he found they were going to serve liver; and Mrs. Johnson spent a very pleasant afternoon talking to Mrs. Olson on the telephone.

In America we have freedom of religion, freedom of the press, and FREEDOM OF SPEECH! What would we women do without it?

Helen Mahfuz, '46.

KEY NOTES

NOW that "Pops" is in season, I'd like to to mention a few of Arthur Fiedler's best recordings. There are the *Washington Post March* by Sousa, *Roses from the South,* the *Overture to La Belle Helene* by Offenbach, the *Warsaw Concerto,* and *The Polonaise in A Flat* by Chopin. If you can't get some of these records, why not try the original? Why not join us up in the second balcony at Symphony Hall? In my opinion, there's nothing more enjoyable than an evening at the "Pops".

At only seventeen, Georges Bizet wrote a light symphony. Because it's so tuneful and imaginative, Arturo Rodzinski has recorded the *Symphony in C. Major* (Columbia).

There a new young pianist, E. Robert Schmidt who plays Debussy's *Preludes,* Book I (Victor). You have probably heard *The Submerged Cathedral* and *The Dance of Puck,* which was inspired by Shakespeare.

The powerful tenor of Jussi Bjoerling rings out in *Questa O Quella* from *Rigoletto,* and *Nessun Dorma* from *Puccini's Turandot.*

As we now brush our long hair out of our face, we see several very nice popular recordings like, for instance, Johnny Desmond of The Teen Timers Show, with *Don't You Remember Me?* and *In The Eyes Of My Irish Colleen.* Bob Deckard and Billy Williams wrote *I'm Headin' East,* sung by Billy, with *Lonely Corral, Old Pard'ner*

Some hot jazz is scratched on plastic by Henry "RED" Allen and his trombone man, J. C. Higginbotham, with a pairing of *The Crawl* and *Drink Hearty.* Did I say it was hot jazz? Well, correction! It's absolutely sizzling. And there you are; that looks like all for this year, but in the meantime, I hope you'll notice that our country is finally getting some really topnotch composers.

We've really got something to dance to, listen to, and think about, and we realize that America is now coming into her own in the world of music.

LILY ROOT, '46.

OUR LAST CHANCE

WITH the discovery of the atomic bomb, all nations received their last chance to work together for world peace. The atomic age began with an explosion and is likely to end with an even greater explosion unless we teenagers start working immediately against the annihilation of the human race.

Our elders, realizing the seriousness of the situation, have organized the United Nations to perpetuate world peace. Although still in the embryonic stage, this organization has had more than its share of difficulties; despite these many impasses, however, it is still functioning. It is, nevertheless, hindered by members, who, although they may be more conversant in world affairs than teenagers, have in their fifty years or more of life acquired many prejudices along with their knowledge. They are perhaps still too interested in the worldly prominence of their country instead of in the welfare of the peoples of this universe. Moreover, these delegates have participated in two world wars and many minor wars. They are weary; the burden is too heavy for them to carry.

But these men have planted the seedling; it is our job to nourish it into a hardy oak. We have already begun. Last October six hundred delegates, representing sixty-three nations, met in London to draw up the constitution for the World Federation of Democratic Youth. These delegates ranged from eighteen to forty years in age, but most of them were in their twenties. Here the youth of all races, creeds, and colors discussed their own national problems and world problems. Their purpose is to build a foundation for everlasting peace. They realize that the next war means annihilation or the subjugation of the greater part of the world.

The World Federation of Democratic Youth has established its headquarters in Paris and plans to hold meetings annually. Although we shall not, perhaps, be present at these meetings, each one of us is an essential part of this organization. It is our duty to keep informed on world affairs, to read about current problems, and to form our own unbiased opinions about them. In this way, and only in this way, can we learn to govern the United States of tomorrow. On our active interest and participation in civic affairs, both national and international, depends the future of this world. We must be interested not only in political questions, but also in problems of an economic or social nature. To keep our democracy and world peace we must be forever vigilant that our country plays its role in the new world organization and that the other nations also adhere to the principles of the United Nations. This is our last chance to work for world peace, trusting always in God to guide our erring steps.

Lucia Toscano, '46.

BLAME IT ON HARVEY

AUNT Martha was very self-reliant and composed about nearly everything. This was one time when Martha Pennington was at a complete loss. Finally, in desperation, she telephoned the zoo and asked to speak to the head keeper. When she reached him she asked in a timid voice, "I . . . I wonder . . . that is, I wonder if you have a rabbit in your zoo; a white rabbit, six feet tall, whose name is Harvey!" These last words came in a rush.

There was a shocked silence as the keeper apparently meditated this over. At last his voice rang over the wires, "No, lady, but we have a nice little cage in here for you!" With this he hung up.

Aunt Martha turned from the telephone and thought disgustedly, "At least people could act civilly when you ask them a simple question." Just as she was trying to find the telephone number of the Animal Rescue League, her brother stalked into the house. It was obvious that he had had a hard day at the office and was in no mood to be bothered with trifles. Aunt Martha, considering her problem a major catastrophe, called after her brother, "John, come here a moment! I'm in terrible trouble and I need your help!"

"I'm coming," he growled, meanwhile wondering whether to become a hermit or not.

"John, we've got to find something." Then, realizing that John had no idea what she was talking about, she added, "It's a white rabbit, six feet tall, named Harvey."

When she saw the look of amazement on John's face, she hastened to explain, "The most terrible things have been happening around here, John, and I just know that Harvey's to blame!"

"What?" exclaimed her brother. "Where did you ever get that idea?"

"Well," she began, "when Janet brought some girls home last Monday, some plates were

broken and Janet said that Harvey did it. Do you remember your hat that someone sat on? I happen to know that Harvey did that too!"

She became very excited when she explained that Harvey had stepped all over her petunia bed and had used up the last of her sugar to make fudge.

"So you see," she concluded, "we'll just have to find this Harvey creature and speak to him about his behavior!"

Janet's father knew very well what was meant by Harvey but he could not find the words to make it clear to Martha.

"Janet!" he called. "Tell your aunt who Harvey is. Now, Martha, you sit down here and listen carefully to what Janet says."

Janet came into the room and stood in front of Aunt Martha.

"To begin with," she said in a very dignified voice, "there just isn't any Harvey. That's just an expression everyone in our crowd uses." Then she narrated to Aunt Martha everything about the play in which Harvey, an imaginary rabbit, played an important part.

She said in conclusion, "Besides, Harvey is invisible!"

Her father chuckled over this last piece of information but Aunt Martha looked startled.

"You mean you can't see him?" she asked.

"Why, that's right," responded Janet a little puzzled at her aunt's apparent interest in Harvey.

"Oh!" exclaimed Aunt Martha as she jumped up from her chair, a look of consternation on her face.

"I couldn't see him . . . you said yourself that he is invisible and . . . oh Janet!" she paused, then gasped, "I think I just sat on your friend, Harvey!"

Connie Bolduc, '48.

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

THE Dramatic Club is offering a host of talent in its new production, a melodrama entitled "Pure as the Driven Snow" or "A Working Girl's Secret." This melodrama has the usual villain, hero, and heroine, whose feats of daring used to thrill the audiences of fifty years ago with thrills and suspense. The Rotary Club has asked to have this play put on for them the twenty-third of May at the Commander Hotel. In order that you may see this melodrama in its full glory of costume and scenery, we are going to present it in the Leslie L. Cleveland Auditorium, Friday evening the fourteenth of June. The cast is made up of Warren MacIsaac, Carolyn Townsend, Dallas Burrows, Thomas O'Loughlin, Karen Enebuske, Roland Perkins, Elenor Connors, John Leary, Iris Roach, Mary Reilly, Rose Garoian, Ina Couture and Betty Anne Grove. With such a cast of well-known and capable thespians, "Pure as the Driven Snow" is bound for success. Helping behind the scenes we have Alice Harris, Margo Downey, Edward Irving, James Prior, and John Murray.

At the June meeting, four plays, freshman, sophomore, junior and senior, directed by senior members of the club will be presented. The two which are judged the most outstanding will be produced on June fourteenth with the melodrama to benefit our scholarship fund. Mr. Hockman has kindly consented to be the publicity and business manager for this production.

April twenty-fifth, six outstanding members competed for the Liberty Prize Speaking Medals. The judges had a difficult task in making their decisions as the performance of all the contestants was excellent. However, Warren MacIsaac and Betty Anne Grove with their respective selections of "The Ugliest Man in the World," and "Our Town" were awarded the medals.

To complete the year's activities, we will have a joint Dramatic-Debate Club picnic at which next year's officers will be installed. I sincerely hope that the members in years to come will have as much fun as I have had in the Dramatic Club.

Betty Anne Grove, '46.

OUTING CLUB

AT LAST spring is here, and the Outing Club has had a chance to have a few meetings out of doors. Fresh Pond and Mount Auburn Cemetery were the stamping grounds for our last two meetings.

Among our plans for May are a supper hike and the weenie roast that was scheduled for Christmas vacation but postponed because of the weather.

You are all invited and I look forward to seeing you at both.

Noreen Buckley, '46.

C. H. L. S. - Spotlite

ARMING ourselves for the last time with aspirins and wet towels comma we furiously type our final Spotlite while watching the dawn rise five days after the printer's deadline. However, Dottie Dooley appreciates our efforts; she says she reads the column before anything else in the Review . . . (Time out for a coke) . . . Seen at Anne Foley's recent party were Chuck Conley, Joe Rogers, Chuck Tyler, Nancy Rose, Roberta Reardon, Carol Dias, and Ty Cleary . . . We've heard some complaints lately about the lack of doilies in the lunchrooms . . . Mary Francis, Ellie Russell, and Mary Fraser are spending their time practising furiously for the G. A. A. tennis matches (We're not quite that good; in fact our friends won't even play with us) . . . Has anyone ever seen Ann Sullivan without a pencil behind her ear? . . . No doubt you have all seen or heard Earle Rosenberg's loud new necktie . . . Barbara Tager, Frances Ehler, and Jean Emery are inseparable . . . We hear that Roberta Reardon takes the lovliest pictures (with Jack Galvin's camera) . . . Marion Murray and Joan Williams have decided to make note-sending legitimate. Seems they've organized an organization or something of the like . . . (Mostly or something) . . . Bill Mottla's typing must be improving; he takes it only one period a day now . . . Along with his other prolific talents, Kirk Taylor has taken up the fine art of writing poetry . . . Oh well, live and let live, we always say . . . Our nominee for the girl with the Pepsodent smile is Phyllis Monroe . . . When the Senior class rings came out, Edna Fairbairn received hers first period and didn't see it again until fourth! . . . Doug Crockett is forever looking for news . . . Just another columnist (plug) . . . Jean Donvan had so much fun during vacation that she forgot her locker combination upon returning to the ol' schoolhouse . . . sad case . . . Time is no element to Rose Fratianni . . . She walks casually into school these days at 8:45 . . . Seen in the Review office during recess periods are Marilyn Wright and Ricky Garoian talking busily, advertising agent Tom Sullivan (usually without the advertising), Joe De Feo with water pistols, archery sets and the like, Steve Biddle eating chocolate covereds (good thing this is the last issue), Tom Harney wandering in at intervals, Lorraine Roffer trying pathetically to keep order, and Buddy Winn and Herby Wasserman doing the heavy looking on . . . At Jane Irwin's recent party were Jimmy Curry, Ray McKarren, Oakie O'Connell, Marion Murry, George Lakis and many others . . . Did you know that Betsy McKinly makes all those darling cotton dresses she wears? (We make 'em too, but they ain't darling by any stretch of the imagination) . . . Gene Sullivan keeps his own little calendar with the remaining school days marked in black ink . . . Pat Sargent insists that her pearls are more cultured than she . . . Joan Fitzpatrick is of the opinion that socks should not be turned down . . . Speaking of socks, have you ever noticed Bill Kokinakis' luscious looking argyles? Not to mention (just look at them and you'll see why) Dave Most's stripes or Melvyn Zax's startling yellow affairs . . . Dave Walsh recently got the bargain haircut . . . whiffle to you . . . Doddie Voss' mislaid glasses are usually found on the top of her head . . . A favorite expression of Claire Rodgers seems to be "Charger" . . . No questions, please . . . Peculiar circumstances seem to surround Ellen Earle and Valarie Broussard third recess periods . . . Senior assemblies seem to be a gathering place for the humor of the day, according to Anne Rosie and Mary Reilly . . . At the first of these assemblies, the graduates had the pleasure of hearing Nancy Kautrakis' pleasing voice . . . While away from home, Sonny Curcio takes great pains to send postcards to all of his acquaintances . . . Congratulations to Charlotte Johnson who was chosen valedictorian of the class of '46 . . . We consider ourselves lucky to graduate even . . .

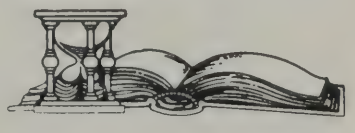
Those gals in the mocassins are Mary Kennedy, Doris Duffy, and Doris Jorden . . . Cute hairdos about C. H. L. S. include Barbara Casey's top-knot, Phyllis Kane's upsweep, Sandra Bayliss' and Claire Connolly's famous pigtails, and Nancy Burgess' new short bob . . . Also Dave Sheehan's convict crew cut . . . Janet Irwin seems likely to be voted the best baby minder of '48, at the rate she's going . . . We hear Hughie Graham doesn't do so badly either . . . Different variety, of course . . . Betty Dawe is always looking for pencils . . . Who isn't? Georgie Nyman and Paul Crowly seen together anywhere from the movies to Dorothy Muriel's . . . Lorraine Palmissano and Eleanor O'Brien find more things to do with themselves . . . Congratulations to the winners of all the prizes, to Sylvia Duncan Hall for her class poem, to Teddy Downs for her song, and especially to Maudelaine Beckles for her beautiful original music . . . Bill and Bernie Goldberg are skepti-

cal about the fate of the baseball team . . . Practising away in the Latin Hall every afternoon are those talented (two bits, please) actors, Tom O'Laughlin, Karen Enebuske, Carolyn Townsend, and Betty Grove . . . Helen Bradly spends her type class learning popular songs . . . Entertaining but hardly educational . . . (We do the same thing) . . . Eleanor Sullivan has a passion for orange sherbet ice cream . . . Among those seen regularly at the Canteen are Jean Kennedy, Honey Boudreau, John Dwire, Pat Foley, Jeanne and Joanne Rose, Bob MacManus, and Nancy Salvato . . . Josephine Rana . . . always so friendly . . .

One bright Monday morning Helen Scannell walked into her third period classroom at the beginning of second period . . . Rose Cormier always looks so cheerful . . . Dorothy Amendola is a speedy typist . . . We use the search and poke system . . . Regina Tierney is well practiced in the art of combing her hair when the teacher isn't looking . . . Jean Sullivan and Anna Tracy put on their nail polish during the recess periods, but Mary Keneally and Susanne Thorne prefer to brighten their fingertips before school . . . Thelma Murray is . . soo quiet . . . That blur you saw pass by was Eli Wadden, dashing around as usual . . . Alice Blue has been walking about in a dazed condition since she received the good word from Simmons. Bluey still can't believe it's true . . . Jack Donahue and Ernest Siegried use third period study to sharpen their conversational power . . . Bob Twomey is counting the days until graduation . . . Who isn't? . . . Claire Barrett is loafing around as usual . . . Eleanor Davis plans to visit New York after graduation . . . Ruth Turner is going to work in California in the fall . . . Oh these people! . . . Norma Higgins seen running hither and yon . . . The topic of conversation among senior girls is the Senior Reception. Some lucky girls are set already . . . At one of its recent meetings, the French Club put on a play, "Dans Le Metro" ("In a Streetcar" to you illiterates) starring John Boucher, Leo Hammel, Melvin Miller, Dolores Rossignole, Ida Martin, and Louise Sahody . . . While we're speaking French, the latest translation of "Quel homme" is What . . . a man! . . . Laugh now, please . . . Lydia Spenser dashes to German class early each morning, just at the time we're rolling over for forty winks . . . Seen at the G. A. A. informal were Cathie Curtiss and Jimmy Fandel, Caryl Hayes and Bob McKarron, Barbara Goepper and Eddie Bradshaw, Babe Kelly and Dave Sheehan, Alice Seelinger and Olden Paris, Joyce Tessmer and Joe Freeman, Jean Foley and Billy Coveny . . . Among those seen at the March of Democracy were Theresa Fitzgerald, Dorothy Azadian, Pat Grogan, Brita Brunskog, Pat Landrigan, Lily Root, Marie Callahan, and Freddy Sherman . . . Dedie O'Brien, Barbara Scanlon and Margo Downey ushered . . . Congrats to Claire Russell who was chosen Queen of C. H. L. S. by you Latinites and crowned by the mayor . . . June Carlson and Maudeline Beckles played the music for the show . . . Much applauded were the 30 boys who sang songs from the first and second World Wars. Stan Hollis, Bob O'Brien, Larry Donelly, Dick York, Huck Wallace, Joe Murphy, Sheldon Saltman, Angus Hogg, Charlie O'Rourke, and Joe DeFeo were in this group which was under the able direction of Noreen Buckley . . . Among the soloists of the evening were Jackie O'Neil, (the freshman whom we mistook for a senior!), Fred Hitchcock, Mary Gonsalves, Jerry Costa, and Betty Grove. While Betty was singing "How You Goin' To Keep 'Em Down on the Farm," Joan Howard, Peggy Dinan, Lois Hanlon, and Marion Sullivan danced across the stage in cute red costumes . . . Sound effects, please . . . Shirley Adams, Frances Cupill, Jean Yorston, Dedie Nevins, Mary Hildebrand, and Loretta Sheehan danced in the minuet . . . Dan Nyman enjoyed himself playing with the lights . . . Orchids to Jean Culhane for her lovely ballet . . . Dallas Burrows provided the humor for the evening with the aid of his cacophanous band of 4f's which included John Hayford, Joe Sullivan, Earl Levine, Jack Kaufman, Dick Wood, and Salvy Lombardo . . . Jimmy Fitzgerald acted as narrator and Janice Banks managed the curtains . . . Everyone in the show did a grand piece of work . . . Before penning out names for the last time we'd like to say to the freshman . . . Take heart; next year you'll shine in the Spotlite . . . and to the seniors . . . Good Luck in whatever you plan to do . . . and to our successors . . . we recommend our latest masterpiece, "The Art of Spying."

Barbara Karbaum, '46.

Lucia Toscano, '46.



'N' THEY DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE

CLIFF HERMAN 'N' YERS TROOLY FIGURED IN A TRIPLE TIE FOR FIRST PLACE IN THE HIGH JUMP
TO CHINA
KOKE
WALTHAM LOST MORE HIGH-JUMPERS THAT WAY!!!
CHLS CLASS-B CHLS
DEFENDING STATE CHAMPIONS
THE FRESHMAN RELAY TEAM OF 'JACK' RICE, HARVEY KAUFMAN, RONNIE FLINK AND JOE SULLIVAN MADE A GOOD SHOW[ING] AGAINST WA[LTH]AM'S VARSITY TE[AM]
CHARLIE DURAKIS SCORED IN THE 100 YD. RUN AND WON THE 220 AND THE BROAD JUMP FOR A TOTAL OF 11 POINTS.
ALSO RAN
DAVE SHEEHAN
BOB KILEY
ELIOT EPSTEIN
DAVE ASHTON
JIM WHITE
RUSS WOOD
OUR SHOTPUTTERS ARE: JIM LANG, ALAN BOWSER, FRED HISCOCK AND GEORGE LAKIS. LANG WON IT.
CAPTAIN BILL GOLDBERG GOT BOXED BEHIND TALL DAKIN OF WALTHAM AND HAD TO BE CONTENT WITH 2ND PLACE WHILE DAKIN BROKE THE TRACK RECORD. DICK HARRINGTON TOOK 3D.
CHLS 41 WALTHAM 27
-AFTER WINNING THE 880 YD. RUN, BACKED BY RAY MYERS AND LAKIS, DICK BARBERA KEPT THE TAPE AS A SOUVENIR.
JOHN PAREDES TOOK TIME OFF FROM BASEBALL TO SCORE IN THE 100 YD. DASH.
BERN GOLDBERG REALLY PUTS HIS HEART INTO HIS BROAD-JUMPING - BERN IS STATE CHAMP HURDLER, BUT SINCE WALTHAM HAD NO HURDLERS, HE HAD TO BE CONTENT WITH THE DASHES.
S'LONG FELLAS
SNIFF
JACK KAUFMAN '40

REVIEW STAFF

YEAR BOOK STAFF

HOMEROOM COMMITTEES

K. B. CLUB

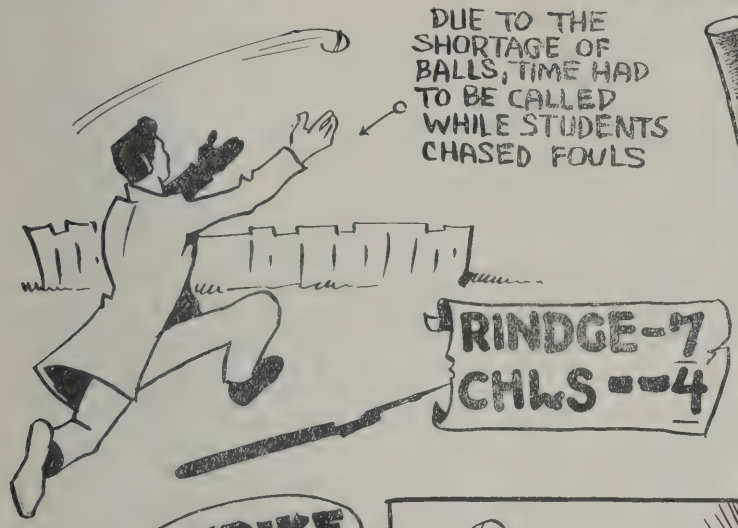
G.A.A.

VETERANS — 1946

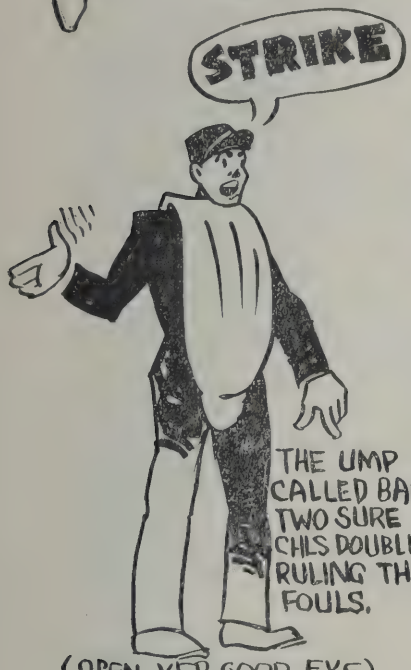
BASEBALL TEAM

HOCKEY

TELL US NOT IN MOURNFUL NUMBERS....!

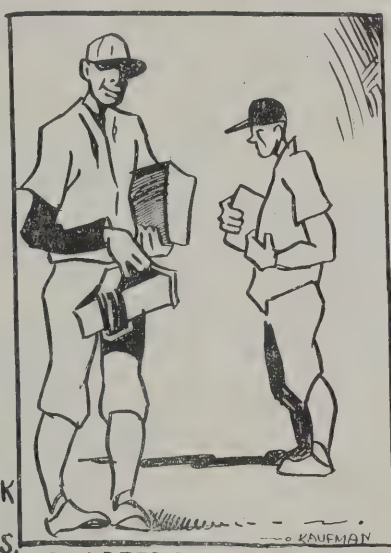


WHO WERE THOSE FELLAS AND GALS WHO LOOKED AS THOUGH THEY WERE HOLDING THE FENCE UP?



THE UMP CALLED BACK TWO SURE CHLS DOUBLES, RULING THEM FOULS.

(OPEN YER GOOD EYE)

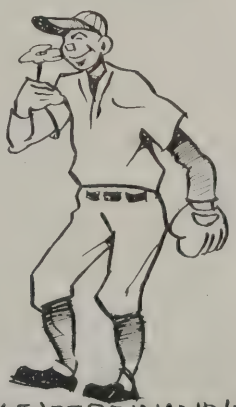


GOLDBERG AND PAREDES STOLE MORE BASES!!!

SINCE CHLS HAS NO STEADY PITCHER, JOHN PAREDES, GEORGE COSTA AND WILL GOLDBERG TAKE TURNS AT IT. COSTA HANDLED THE TWIRLING IN THIS GAME 'TIL WILLIE TOOK OVER IN THE 7TH.

DICK RIGARZIO SPENT MOST OF THE GAME FLAT ON HIS FACE.

HANSEN HURLS A MEAN SPIT-BALL.



JACKIE 'FERDINAND' LEE OUT IN LEFT FIELD.

CATCHER JIM LINEHAN CAUGHT A TECHNICIAN STEALING TO SECOND. →

STEVE BIDDLE, JACK BARRIE AND EARL DAURIE ON THE SACKS.

FRESHMAN NOTES

VACATION is rapidly approaching and our freshman class has emerged from its state of "greenness" with which it first stormed the sumptuous ramparts of our old C.H.L.S. So to the events of its joyful present we now turn with undivided interest . . . we wish loads of luck to the recently opened Freshman Canteen . . . among its first patrons were Leo Flannigan, Margy Herman, Bernice Jordan, Tye Cleary, Barbara Carlson and Dot Alamanos . . . We hear Irma Peters finds singing an enjoyable pastime . . . at least from her performances in the Latin Hall . . . the recent pride of 102 was Janice Bland who won the waltz contest for the freshman class . . . sharp ties seem to be the rage among certain freshman boys . . . not mentioning any names, Danny . . . the change from hockey to baseball has had quite an effect upon our freshman class . . . we have been asked where Ray Kelley acquires all that gum . . . he seems to know pretty much how to use it . . . Joan Anderson is always ready to give out with news of her cheery pals . . . "pullman row" in 106 becomes rather unpopular by sixth period . . . especially for a certain "honor roll" student . . . Dolores Sparen is recuperating (hastily we hope) from a series of wounds inflicted by a metal edged weapon . . . a ruler, to be precise . . . Tye Cleary and Danny Collins make our latest "gruesome twosome" . . . watch for Mary Christopher for the styles of 103 . . . a rather pleasant job I've been told . . . two new additions to the honor roll were made this term by Leola Moore and Claire Owens . . . we've received some special requests for Tom Colleary's yellow sweater . . . don't ask Dickie Freeman to elaborate on his snake stories . . . he undoubtedly would . . . we wish all the success in the world to the oncoming G. A. A. informal . . . and so with regards to next years "green crop" we close the freshman notes for the class of '49.

Suzanne Gilman, '49.

ALUMNI NOTES

WE, WHO are about to enter the Alumni ranks, salute you with this last offering about our graduates.

Tony Frasca, '45, one of Latin's athletic greats, is planning to enter Boston College in the Fall. Eddie Waitkus, '37, another of our "All Stars" is playing a grand game at first base for the Chicago team of the National League. Eddie has a magnificent service record. George Moran, '39, who is at present associated with his father in the hotel business, plans to enter the Hotel School at Cornell University in September. Freddy Sateriale, '45, last year's peppy Class President, was among the number that took the College Board hurdles in New Lecture Hall recently. Freddy hopes to matriculate at Tufts. Alice Sweeney, 45, and Irene Swyers, '45, are both working for the Liberty Mutual Insurance Company, and Irene is also attending Burdett College Evening School. Gloria Smith, '44, is combining work at Harvard with music at the Longy School. Barbara Calhoun, '44, and Mary Barrett, '44, are completing their sophomore year at Regis. Marion Gilmore of the class of '44 well-known member of the C.H.L.S. orchestras, is planning to enter New England Conservatory of Music. Shorty Morrison, '43, is back in civilian clothes after discharge from the Army. Herbert Schlein, '45 valedictorian, is in Chemical Warfare Service. Patsy Cardillo, '45, visited the school recently while on leave from the Navy. Pat Donovan, '45, and Margaret Chandler, '45, played parts in a minstrel charity show recently. Calma Howe Gilkey (Mrs. James Gordon) was elected the Massachusetts mother for the year 1946. Her husband is also prominent in Alumni ranks. Barbara Sheehan, '45 and Terese Downey, '45, are attending Chandler School. Bucky Hooker, '43, expects to be discharged from the Army shortly. Jimmy Lakis, '45, is stationed in Korea. Robert Guest '43 who played many roles when a member of the Dramatic Club, read from Shakespeare in one of the Oral English classes while visiting the school. Louise Waldfogel, '45, is at Salem Teachers' College. Claire Moran, '44, is completing her sophomore year at Simmons. June Becker, '44, is a secretary at the Harvard Law School.

Margo Downey, '46.
Barbara Karbaum, '46.
Lucia Toscano, '46.

THE CHESS CLUB

IN THE suburban league chess matches your representative managed to reach to fourth place. We lost 47½ matches and won 32½. Those who contributed greatly to our cause are Eliot Epstein, Arthur Schatz, Jack Aranson, "Kenny" Carwile, Allan Epstein, Jack Oster, Edmund Gifford, Harvey Steinberg, "Dick" Barbera, William Ratner, and Lillian Marshall.

We thank Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Cohen for the great help they have contributed. Please help us bring this record up.

Jack Aranson, '47.

GRADUATE HONORS

Balcom, Lincoln
Barr, Irene
Belbin, Laura
Camelio, Elizabeth
Cherelli, Evelyn
Cooper, Roy
Curtiss, Catherine
Days, Lillian
Dooley, Dorothy
Downey, Margaret
Downs, Theodora
Enos, Mary
Fitzgerald, Theresa
Goldberg, Marshall
Gomatos, Peter
Gordichuk, Mary
Hall, Sylvia
Iwanski, Wanda
Johnson, Charlotte (First Honors)
Marathos, Catherine
Martin, Carmen
Reid, Cynthia
Root, Lily
Rosenberg, Earle
Rosie, Anne
Sargent, Edna
Scanlon, Barbara
Scannell, Helen
Sparkes, Hazel
Toscano, Lucia
Wadden, Eleanor
Weisman, Ruth
Wilson, Elaine
Winn, John

C. H. L. S. SONG HITS

All Through the Day .....daydreaming
One in a While .....I'll hook
How Many Hearts Have You Broken .....with those marks
I'm Lost Without You .....during a test
If I Could be With You .....on the Honor Roll
That's For Me .....Friday nights
Out of this World .....at the formal
Strike Up the Band .....I passed
It's a Grand Night for Singing .....graduation
Give Me the Simple Life .....after graduation

"AROUND THE WORLD"

FOR those of you who appreciate good entertainment (and who does not?) there was an unusual play in Boston last week. It was Orson Welles' "Around the World in 80 Days." The play was adapted from Jules Verne's novel and Mr. Welles, that versatile young man of the theatre, wrote, directed and produced it. It was the story of Phileas Fogg, a Londoner, who made a bet with the members of the Whist Club that he could go around the world in eighty days. For one to tour the globe in that time, the year 1872, was remarkable. Nevertheless, Phileas Fogg did it and won the bet.

The play contained comedy, adventure, and a little love, so no matter what type of play you prefer, you would have enjoyed this one. When Phileas Fogg, our hero, was in Japan, in the midst of his travels, the Japanese put on a circus in which Orson Welles acted as Fu San, a magician. The circus was marvelous and it, itself, was worth the price paid for the entire show.

Last but not least, I mention the music of Cole Porter which was a part of the show. And so with Orson Welles, that extraordinary character, and Cole Porter's satisfying music, I am convinced that this play is bound to be a hit!

Gerrie Jackson, '48.

DEBATE CLUB

. . . Flash! The Debate Club has gone dramatic with its sensational Flag Day Program, which was enjoyed by the Freshman class. June has been a busy month for us. We had a picnic with the Dramatic Club, which was enjoyed by all. A suggestion has been made that the outing at the close of the year become an annual affair. Some of the members brought cameras to a meeting and took pictures which could only be shown in the "Hall of Horrors." The teams for the Durrell Debate are as follows:

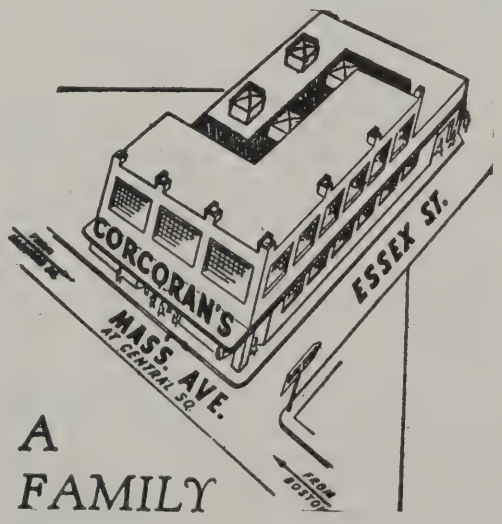
Arnold Levine
Marie Lombard
Kenneth Korb

Donald Murphy
Estella Gianatiempo
Roland Perkins

Those who have contributed much to our activities are: Stella Gianatiempo, Kenneth Korb, Roland Perkins, and Evelyn Cherelli.

The members are hoping for an even more active season next year as well as an increase in membership.

Marie Lombard, '47.



A FAMILY STORE
Corcoran's

SPORTS

SCHOOL spirit was at its best a few weeks ago, when The Cambridge Latin Track Team held an interclass meet on the board track outside of the school. It was open to boys of all classes, regardless of age or size, in order to uncover new talent and also in order to pick out the most outstanding performer for the entire meet. Varsity men, that is, men who had received letters for past performances, were unable to compete in any event, except in one in which they had never before participated. The competition was keen and all the boys made an excellent showing. The outstanding runner was Sophomore George Lakis. Ronald Flink, stellar runner for the Freshman squad, also shone as an individual standout, and as a result, he was awarded second honors.

Ribbons were given to the first three places in the various events, and the boy, (George Lakis) who in the eyes of the judges, excelled above the rest, was presented with a book on track. There were a great many other boys who also placed in the several events, but their exhibition wasn't quite good enough to compare with the two before mentioned. The results were as follows:

First: Freshmen
Second: Sophomores
Third: Juniors
Fourth: Seniors

In the first dual meet of the season, our stalwarts chalked up 65 points to win a decisive victory over St. Mary's of Waltham. The Waltham team managed to scrape together 12 points as our squad took a first place in every event. The meet was held on the Freshman track at Harvard College next to Harvard Stadium because the regular track at Russell Field was under construction for repairs. Bernie Goldberg breezed away in the hurdles and the running broad jump. Dick Babera got quite a scare in the 880 when a St. Mary's boy started to sprint along the backstretch and came up fast around the last turn; but Dick had a lot left, and he went ahead to win. Bill Goldberg and Dick Harrington paced a swell quarter to finish first and second respectively. Jim Lang outdid all competition to top the shotput, but the biggest surprise of the day came when Charles Durakis, who had had only one day of practise before, won the 100 yard dash and the high jump. Hiscock, Rice, Jack and Harvey Kaufman, Flink and Lakis, all scored points in the different events and in the relay.

Just one week later, our lads journeyed by bus to Waltham to encounter the Watchmakers in a dual meet on their home track.

Between the dark clouds, the rain, the wind, and the soft track, our team fared well as they emerged victorious, won that is, by a 41-27 score. Jim Lang, as usual, nonchalantly threw the 12 pound put a distance of thirty-eight feet (which is a poor throw for Jim) to get a first place. In the 100-yard dash, John Paredes and Charles Durakis netted us a second and a third. Durakis also won the 220 yard run and the running broad jump. Bill Goldberg finally met his Nemesis in Waltham's Bob Dakin. Bob gave everyone present, including Bill, a big surprise when he finished a stride or two in front of Bill in the 440 in the amazing time of 53 seconds. This time, incidentally, broke the former mark to establish a new record. Ray Myers came from behind in the 880 to give Dick Babera a run for his money. The two fought it out for the last 200 yards matching stride for stride until Dick pulled ahead at the finish to win. Other places were: Dick Harrington's third in the 600, Bernie Goldberg's second in the broad jump, George Lakis's third in the 880, and Jack Kaufman's and Clifford Herman's tie for first place in the high jump.

The team has a triangle meet with Belmont and Winchester lined up, after which the Belmont Relays and the State Meet follow. The State Meet promises to be a thriller, as Weymouth, who won the Indoor State Meet, tangles with The Defending Champs from The Candy City in an effort to wrestle the crown from the Latinites. We have a pretty good idea who is going to win, and you readers will know how accurate our prophesy is if you attend the meet. Give the boys the moral support that they deserve and they won't let you down.

The victory man hasn't showed too much favoritism toward the baseball team as their record now stands at one win against three defeats. It all started when the team took a trip to Exeter to open the season with an exhibition game. All went well until the last of the ninth. With the score tied at nothing to nothing, the Cantabs became nervous and booted two grounders. A bad throw which went into left field sewed up the game and an Exeter boy raced home from third to win the game. After losing two straight, the Cantabrigians drubbed a mediocre Watertown nine, 14-2. Again the team received a defeat at the hands of league-leading Newton. With six

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334 BOYLSTON ST. KEN-6789

games remaining, although it has suffered three losses in four starts, Latin faces the rest of the season in confidence and with high hopes.

And thus we come to the end of another year. It has been a great pleasure writing about the various teams because a great bunch of fellows who were continually in there pitching played on them. Next year Latin shows promise of being tops in all sports, and we are confident that it will.

William Kokinakis, '46.
William Craig, '47.

K. B. CLUB

SINCE my last report, several important events have occurred. First in line is the K. B. Valentine formal held on February the 15th at the ballroom of the Commander Hotel. A committee headed by Carolyn Townsend decorated the room for the formal and won high praise. Everyone turned out for the dance and all had a wonderful time.

On April 8th, the girls were hostesses at the club's tea and reception to the faculty.

Miss Ruth B. Elliot, one of the club's earliest faculty advisors, passed away on April 17th. Although we girls do not remember her, many of the teachers will recall Miss Elliot as a very sweet, kind woman, and will mourn her death.

Meetings were held at the homes of Florence Kelly and Mary Reilly. These were social meetings and we had our usual grand time.

With the year drawing to an end, we all wish to thank Miss McElroy and Miss Young, our faculty advisors for their kind and helpful guidance through a most enjoyable year. I hope that next year and the following years will bring to future members as much joy and success as we have had.

Eleanor Wadden, Secretary.

C. H. L. S. BEST SELLERS

C. H. L. S. Diary .....the year book
"Life" at C.H.L.S. .....the Review
"The Spy" .....the Spotlite
"The Human Comedy" .....studying
The Prince and the Pauper ..Senior & Freshman
The Pathfinder .....the Outing Club
The Tempest .....the Debate Club
Treasure Island .....the library
A comedy of Errors .....freshman's first day
Uncle Tom's Cabin .....the office
The Wonder Book .....the dictionary
The Scarlet Letter .....failure slip

Sandra Bonanno, '46.

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G. A. A.

HI, GIRLS! The G. A. A. is looking forward to two special coming events; namely the Informal Dance and the annual picnic. These are always lots of fun and full of excitement.

The dance will be held at the Commander Hotel, May 17, at 8 P. M. Fredie Duncan, who has played at many other school dances, will provide the music. Look your prettiest because a prize will be awarded to the "smoothest couple"; this includes dancing and appearance. We are fortunate to have for patrons and patronesses: Mr. and Mrs. Frisoli, Mr. and Mrs. Hockman, Miss Bligh, Miss George, and Miss McLaughlin.

Our picnic is on June 1, and the members will leave on the early train which will take them to Miss Brown's beautiful home in Kendall Green. The fresh air should give everyone enough vigor to participate in the sports and the other amusements. We shall by then know the result of the present elections of our new officers.

At this time I would like to express the thanks of the Association to you who have made this a successful year. We appreciate the efforts of Miss Brown, who aided us at all times. The officers, who have worked hard this year and who hope that you are satisfied with what has been accomplished, have enjoyed working for you and thank you for attending the dances and parties. I too have enjoyed writing this column and I hope that you have found it good reading. Best wishes for a good vacation.

Anna Cash, '46.

JUNIOR RED CROSS

THIS final installment of the Review bulletin of the Junior Red Cross is an appeal to the pupils to keep up their interest in Red Cross Activities during the Summer months and to pledge a continuance of effort in the years to come. The year just concluded has been one of rich achievement. Some of the contributions we have made may have seemed small in themselves, but when combined with what other schools have done, the sum total becomes impressive.

The Red Cross Front, the local bulletin of the Red Cross acknowledges these contributions in its most recent publications. Keep up the good work—much still remains to be done.

Margo Downey, '46.

GERMAN AND SPANISH CLUB

Top Row: Durinda Fernandez, Mary Gonsalves, Agnes Keosian, Arlene Marlin, Lily Root, Lillian Connors, Jennie Katsulis, Catherine Curtiss, Betty Grove.
Front Row: John Kaufman, Dorothy Dooley, John Paredes, Helen Karchmazeski.

FRENCH AND ITALIAN CLUB

Back Row: Joan FitzPatrick, Joan Kelley, Patricia Grogan, Lily Root, Peter Gomatos, Noreen Buckley, Eleanor Wadden, Theresa Fitzgerald, Jean Foley, Lucia Toscano.
Front Row: John Bouche, Sylvia Hall, Jennie Parisi, Bernard Goldberg.

JUNIOR HONOR ROLL
Third Marking Period 1945-1946

Alfaro, Juanita
Alger, Gerard
Amendola, Dorothy
Amdella, Ida
Barbera, Francis
Bequaert, Helen
Burne, June
Cardillo, Eleanor
Cardosi, Frank
Carter, Barbara
Center, Marilyn
Chao, Lensey
Chapman, Lorraine
Chaulk, Lois
Connolly, Katherine
Connors, Lillian
Cotter, Angela
Coutumas, Wilma
Cremens, Carolyn
DeVito, James
DiBiase, Ruth
Dinan, Eileen
Donoghue, Evelyn
Enebuske, Karin
Falbo, Theresa
Flynn, Arthur
Fosgate, Charles
Foti, Matilda
Garoian, Teny
Giannotti, Mary
Gramolini, Gloria
Grogan, Patricia
Grossi, Dorothy
Hogan, Paul
Katsalis, Jennie
Kelly, Joan
Kenealy, Patricia
Kief, Margaret
Kinckle, Helen
Kristal, Sylvia
Latham-Browne, Beverly
Layne, Dorothy
Lee, Ann
Lee, Nellie
Lewis, Florence
Lewis, Herbert
Lopolito, Giuglio
MacKenzie, Arthur
MacLeod, Doris
McCarthy, John
McCarthy, Virginia
McCusker, Anne
McDonald, Theresa
McDonnell, Frances
McGovern, Dorothy
McMenimen, Anne
Maloney, Helen
Marcus, Georgia
Minkiel, Stephen
Murphy, Phyllis
Nichols, Marie
Obelsky, Eileen
O'Brien, Robert
Olive, Gloria
O'Neil, Lorraine
Panselinas, Catherine
Payzant, Anita
Pereira, Amelia
Phelan, Margaret
Ponte, Joseph
Powell, Agnes
Priester, Mary
Puntonio, Mary
Radiatis, Helen
Regillo, Sarafino
Ridlon, Florence
Robichaud, Gilbert
Romaniecka, Mary
Rosenberg, Rita
Rosenberg, Selma
Roxborough, Laura
Ruff, Lillian
Russell, Eleanor
Ryan, Donald
Sampainho, Esther
Schatz, Arthur
Slater, Glenna
Small, Mary
Smith, Fred
Souza, Alice
Spangaldo, Marie
Spitzer, Joanne
Thomas, Emma
Taylor, Kirk
Townsend, Carolyn
Warren, Charlotte
Wilkshire, Persis
Wright, Marilyn
Zukowski, Clara

SENIOR HONOR ROLL
Third Marking Period 1945-1946

Alexander, Freida
Andrews, Edith
Appleby, Alice
Azadian, Dorothy
Aslanian, Veronica
Balcolm, Lincoln
Barr, Esther
Barr, Irene
Boffito, Phyllis
Botelho, Rosemary
Brown, Guy
Browne, Barbara
Buckley, Noreen
Budra, Walter
Burke, Paul
Camelio, Elizabeth
Cameron, Bruce
Carlson, June
Champi, Dolores
Cherelli, Evelyn
Coleman, Margaret
Collins, Helen
Connors, Eleanor
Cooper, Roy
Crawford, Jacqueline
Culolias, Helen
Cummings, Thelma
Curtiss, Catherine
Dambrosio, Catherine
Dansereau, Geraldine
Davis, Drusilla
Davis, Eleanor
Days, Lillian
DeMond, Charlotte
Dooley, Dorothy
Downey, Margaret
Downs, Theodora
Enos, Mary
Fandel, James
Fitzgerald, Theresa
FitzPatrick, Joan
Foley, Jean
Fraser, Mary
Fratianni, Rose
Galligan, Elizabeth
Gent, Ann
Goldberg, Bernard
Goldberg, Marshall
Goldberg, William
Gomatos, Peter
Good, Matthew
Groff, Barbara
Grove, Betty
Gruhn, Louise
Greene, Cynthia
Hagstrom, Earl
Hall, Sylvia
Harvey, Barbara
Harris, Alice
Hatfield, Hazel
Hayes, Elizabeth
Hayford, John
Hill, Muriel
Hoban, Susan
Hogan, John
Hollis, Stanley
Howard, Joan
Iwanski, Wanda
Jenkins, Theodore
Joaquim, Betty
Martin, Carmen
McCarron, Robert
McCarthy, John
McDonnell, Dorothy
McLaughlin, Beatrice
Monroe, Doris
Most, David
Nevins, Muriel
O'Brien, Deirdre
O'Brien, Marjorie
O'Brien, Phyllis
O'Donnell, Richard
Palmisano, Lorraine
Parades, John
Phelan, Loretta
Pietrowicz, Irene
Pullan, Marilyn
Ravanis, Georgia
Reid, Cynthia
Reilly, Mary
Root, Lily
Rosenberg, Earle
Rosie, Ann
Ryan, Dorothy
Sargent, Edna
Sartan, Gertrude
Scanlon, Barbara
Scannell, Helen
Schertzer, Phyllis
Seelinger, Alice
Simmons, William
Smith, Marie
Sparkes, Hazel
Spencer, Lydia
Stampe, Earle
Stevens, Florence
Sullivan, Lillian
Sullivan, Marion
Taylor, Edith
Toscano, Lucia
Traver, Gloria
Vaudo, Ann
Voss, Darlene
Wadden, Eleanor
Wadden, Eleanor
Walsh, Peter
Wasserman, Herbert
Weisman, Ruth
Wilson, Elaine
Winn, John
York, Richard
Zakszewski, Arlene
Zeles, Alfreda

LITERARY CLUB NEWS

On Monday May the 20th at Longfellow House on Brattle Street, the Literary Club entertained the English teachers of the faculty at tea. Tea was served on the veranda after the teachers were taken on a tour of the house. The garden was in full bloom with pansies, English violets, columbines, and tulips, and was enjoyed by both the teachers and the members of the club.

A. M Seelinger, Secretary

FRESHMAN HONOR ROLL
Third Marking Period 1945-1946

Andrews, Norma J.
Aronson, Adelle S.
Babin, Irene
Barnes, Joanne M.
Bates, Barbara A.
Belbin, Margaret
Bond, Mary
Boudreau, Wilfred
Boyes, David
Brewer, Dorothy
Brogan, Dorothy
Carbonano, Alice
Cardullo, John
Carrieri, Guy
Carwile, Kenneth
Chao, Balla
Christopher, Mary
Compton, Ann
Conway, William
Cullinane, Catherine
Culolias, Nicholas
Curry, James
Darcy, James
DeAngelis, Antoinette
Donnelly, Ruth
Douglas, June
Dubay, Joseph
Eldridge, Alice
Ellis, Patricia
Evans, Nancy
Foley, Doris
Foti, Virginia
Francis, Claire
Gallup, Ruth
Giampetrezzi, Josephine
Gilman, Suzanne
Gordon, Aletha
Gorman, Elizabeth
Gouvura, Laura
Graves, Zelda
Greene, Ruth
Greenstern, Saul
Halliday, Barbara
Harrington, Barbara
Harrison, Lois
Hayes, Barbara
Heffron, Jean F.
Herman, Margaret
Humphrey, Ann I.
Hurlbert, Ruth E.
Ifill, Jean E.
Jencyawski, Mary
Johnson, Gladys
Johnston, Claire A.
Jones, Carlotta
Jones, Esther
Serpa, Robert
Shaw, Mildred
Sheehey, Dorothy
Singer, Anne
Smyth, Nellie
Snell, Geraldnie
Spaneas, Helen
Sparrey, Thelma
Steinberg, Harvey
Surman Selma
Sutherland, Marjorie
Talarico, Grace
Jordan, Bernice
Kagan, Miriam
Katsulis, Christine
Kaufman, Harvey
Keegan, Phyllis
Kelley, Ethel
Kirylo, Marion
Korb, Kenneth
Ladner, Patricia
Lampron, Nancy
Lightfoot, Patricia
Little, Margaret
Livingstone, Margaret
Lorenson, Pauline
MacLeod, Marguerite
Marcantonio, Elizabeth
Marshall, Mary
Mathison, Edith
Mayo, Patricia
McCarthy, Joseph
McCarthy, Kevin
McClellon, Claire
McDermott, Theresa
McDonnell, Gertrude
McLeod, Jean
McPartlin, Nancy
Mello, Alice
Miller, Marilyn
Modest, Barbara
Moore, Leola
Monte, Clara
Murphy, Barbara
Murphy, Garret
Nazarro, Mary
O'Connor, Jean
O'Keefe, Mildred
Oliva, Verna
Orom, Elaine
Ordesky, Merrill
Oster, Rose
Ottaviono, Virginia
Owens, Clair
Perry, Barbara
Ramsey, Harold
Randazzo, Yolando
Rice, Ralph
Rich, Arline
Rodman, Alan
Rosa, Edith
Russell, Claire
Ryan, Philip
Saladinio, Anna
Saltman, Sheldon
Sapack, Helen
Scantalides, Thalia
Schlein, Milton
Timmins, Jacqueline
Traveis, George
Travers, Virginia
Varandes, Diana
Venturini, Joan
Vinos, Marios
Wagner, Florence
Welch, Louise
Willman, Peter
Woodworth, Clayton
Zacharakis, Anna

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Baiko, Mary
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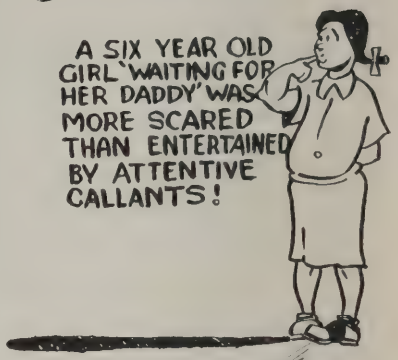
Bolduc, Constance
Bonacci, Theresa
Brickley, Virginia
Brogan, Patricia
Brown, Shirley
Burgess, Nancy
Burke, Carroll
Burke, Dorothy
Camelio, Louise
Canning, Audrey
Capraro, Gemma
Carr, Helen
Carwile, Roger
Cheever, Constance
Ciampe, Lucille
Colarusso, Jean
Connell, Barbara
Cosman, Alice
Cronin, Barbara
Cronin, Timothy
Davin, Eleanor
Dedesus, Dorothy
Dixon, Belvia
Donnelly, John
Donoghue, Margaret
Dooley, Pauline
Dragun, Phyliss
Drolet, Helen
Duggan, Marjorie
Dubay, Jessie
Durakis, Charles
Dwyer, Daniel
Economori, Gloria
Fields, Doris
Filipe, Eugenia
Fleet, Martha
Fletcher, Cecelia
Fulkerson, Lorraine
Galvin, Betty Ann
Gates, Isable
Goffredo, Margaret
Goldberg, Norman
Green, Shirley
Greene, Helen
Greenstein, Mary
Griffith, Elaine
Grossman, Selma
Gut, Genevieve
Harnum, Edna
Haskell, Cecily
Hernon, Mary
Hill, Gladys
Hill, Veronica
Iosue, Louise
Irwin, Janet
Isabella, Mary
Jones, Eleanor
Jordan, Colleen
Joyce, Eileen
Karlson, Walfreda
Kelly, Marie
Landis, Ellen
Landry, Marilyn
Lawrence, Lorraine
Leahy, John
Levenson, Bernice
Levine, Arnold
Lombardi, Josephine
Lowry, Mary
MacInnes, Phyllis
Marasi, Elia
Martin, Ida
McKeown, Helen
Mello, Dorothy
Messuri, Mary
Michalowski, Gladys
Moriarty, Eleanor
Mueller, Elizabeth
Murray, Marian
Nelson, Gloria
Nicoletta, Claire
O'Brien, Elizabeth
Parisi, Jennie
Perkins, Roland
Rixon, Lela
Roach, Marilyn
Robertson, Helen
Roseman, Gertrude
Rutkowski, Edward
Saidnawey, Elaine
Sargent, Grace
Scalise, Frances
Sidoian, Roxie
Silva, Rose
Silverman, Eva
Smith, Margaret
Souza, Manuel
Sperakis, Sally
Stead, Osberta
Stearns, Muriel
Sullivan, Florence
Sullivan, Marjorie
Taverna, Marie
Taylor, Marjorie
Tenore, Elizabeth
Thornhill, Elsie
Toribian, Isabell
Torp, Phyllis
Traveis, Leonard
Urbonavich, Anna
Walter, Mary
Walthrup, Carol
Ward, Dorcas
Ward, Joan
White, James
Wilkins, Barbara
Williams, Joan
York, Margaret

WALTZ ME AROUND AGAIN, WILLIE

THE VETERANS OF TWO PROMS OR MORE CAN ALWAYS PICK OUT THE FIRST NIGHTERS BY THEIR NERVOUS LOOK.

JOE DEFEO AND BEV GARFIELD —TOPS IN TERPSICHORE.



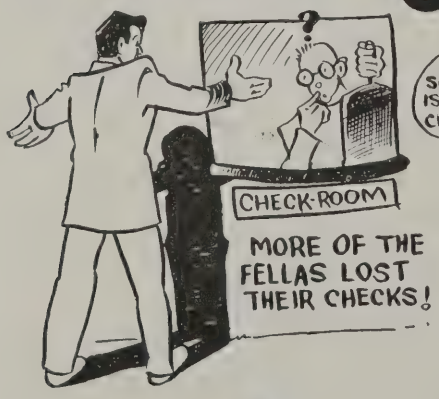
A SIX YEAR OLD GIRL WAITING FOR HER DADDY WAS MORE SCARED THAN ENTERTAINED BY ATTENTIVE CALLANTS!

AT THE 'GREASY SPOON-DAVE WALSH AND BETTY GROVE, JOHN PAREDES AND JOAN HOWARD, BILLY O'BRIEN AND NORMA HIGGINS.

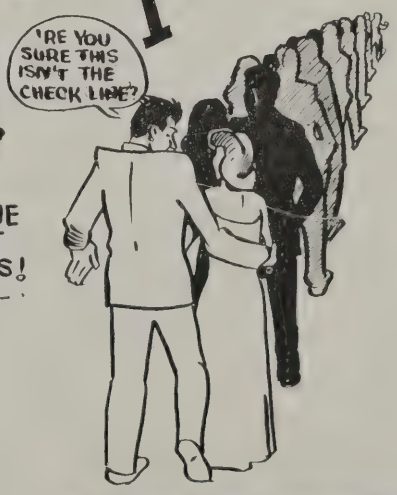
WHAT FUN AT..... THE Junior prom

JACK KAUFMAN —o AT THE COMMANDER

THE SPORTS-HERB LEWIS, LES ROFFER, SONNY KARAS AND SOLLY HELLER WENT TO THE BRADFORD ROOF AND THE MAYFAIR AFTER THE DANCE!!!!



MORE OF THE FELLAS LOST THEIR CHECKS!



THE DANCE WAS MANAGED EXTREMELY WELL AND EVERY-THING WENT OFF SMOOTHLY-THE LINE TO THE PATRONS AND PAT-RONESSES STRETCHED FROM ONE SIDE OF THE HALL TO THE OTHER!!

'THO IT WAS THEIR PROM, THE JUNIORS WERE OUT-NUMBERED!

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